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Three Hundred Years American

In 1854 a young English physician and his American wife, who had been living in the Midland town of Wednesbury, England, came out to the Middle West to settle permanently in Madison, Wisconsin. This is their story, which begins, for him, in Old England in the time of Henry VIII; and, for her, in New England, in early colonial days.

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To the Memory of Our Mother
SYNDONIA JOSEPHINE (HOBBINS) JACKSON

PREFACE

The story within these pages is not fiction. It is the story of an American family, beginning with the earliest known records, in England, of more than four hundred years ago: a will dated 1536, in the time of Henry VIII, a death notice of 1549, and a yellowed parchment deed drawn up in the reign of Elizabeth. It has been painstakingly compiled from old documents—from wills and deeds; from birth, marriage, and death certificates, and entries in old family Bibles; from the vellum-bound registers of venerable churches, and from weathered gravestones within a quiet English close or in some drowsy New England cemetery; from sheaves of old letters with their unbroken records of family life through long years; from the pages of old diaries, unpublished autobiographies, and notebooks; from files of worn newspapers; from genealogies, government records, and the musty volumes in vital records offices of old New England towns. And throughout, the story is inseparable from its contemporary historical background.

From these varied and widely separated sources have been gathered all the thousand and one parts of the chronicle—parts often seemingly unrelated, yet eventually fitting neatly together to form a composite and intelligible whole.

The characters are all actual persons, bearing their own names, and all locations retain their true nomenclature. The theme is the struggle of an American family through several centuries in its quest of the inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

It deals with the departure of early ancestors from Old England for the Colonies in the mid-seventeenth century, and their families' two hundred years in New England; the departure of other ancestors from Old England in the early nineteenth

century, as a result of the Industrial Revolution; and the part these originally unrelated families played in the Great Westward Migration from the Atlantic seaboard to the Mississippi Valley throughout the nineteenth century.

In quotations the old orthography, grammatical forms, and punctuation—or lack of it—have been carefully preserved, since they are always characteristic of individuals and their periods. Only here and there has a comma been inserted or omitted to clarify the meaning.

None of those who have a role in this chronicle could have foreseen his relationship to his contemporaries across the sea; but we of today can clearly trace their paths from generation to generation as they slowly converged, from Old England, from New England, into the heart of America, the Middle West, in Wisconsin.

* * * * *

We are indebted to our late brother, Russell Jackson, for some of the Revolutionary records of the Jackson family of Newton, Massachusetts, for photostatic copies of certain wills and letters, and for the use of his collection of the genealogies of the related families.

To our English cousins: Frank Ward of Torquay, for records and genealogical charts of the Hobbins family in England; Philip H. Johnson of London, for the loan of the Notebook and other documents of Henry Wright; and Edmund Hurd of Carshalton Beeches, Surrey, for genealogical charts and data on the Hurd family of Ashbourne, Derbyshire.

To Eugene Jackson Koop of New York City, Weld A. Rollins of Boston, Barbara Keith of Lynn, Massachusetts, and Helen Jackson Struthers of Noroton, Connecticut, for various items of family interest.

To the *History of the Early Settlement of Newton* by Francis Jackson of Newton and Boston, published in Boston in 1854, for much valuable information about the Edward Jackson families down to the middle of the nineteenth century, from

which point the present volume carries forward our descent from Edward's younger son, Sebas, into the twentieth century.

We wish to express special thanks to Dr. Clifford L. Lord, Director of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, for his interest and encouragement; and to Miss Livia Appel, Supervisor of Book Publication, for her solicitous and careful editing of the manuscript.

Alice F. Jackson
Bettina Jackson

"Nonantum"
Madison, Wisconsin
June, 1951

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BOOK ONE

Old England, 1536–1854

Old England, 1536–1854

In Europe the great spiritual Gothic age was waning; the old age of faith was merging into a new and mundane age, the Renaissance. And in the prosperous England of Queen Elizabeth and Shakespeare life was for the great and wealthy a festive pageant. For the humble classes it was still simple and crude; most of these were self-sustaining, whether they lived in town, village, or rural district; they were largely settled in scattered hamlets or on tenant farms of landed estates, where the husbandman cultivated the soil with primitive implements and raised a few vegetables, fruits, and grain. He had swine in the sty and a few kine and sheep grazing in common pasture. His sheep yielded meat for his table and wool to be woven into stout homespun for family garments.

His thatched and wattled cottage, more picturesque than comfortable or sanitary, was scantily supplied with staunch oaken pieces: an uncouth chair, a long, low chest, a bench and joynt stools. A clumsy trestle table was set with a few wooden trenchers, pewter mugs, and tankards. Glazed paper or bull's-eye glass filled the one or two windows, and rushes or sand was strewn over the earthen or stone-flagged floor. At night, rush lights or tallow dips gave a feeble light, and the log-filled hearth served for cooking and heating.

Men traveled over rough dirt roads, afoot, on horseback, or in a rumbling, springless coach, stopping by night at wayside inn or guildhall. For safety they often went in groups: merchant journeymen, students, minstrels, and pilgrims on their way to Canterbury as in the olden days of Chaucer.

In contrast to the homely life of humble folk was that of the fortunate few, the favored statesmen, wealthy gentry, and prosperous merchants. In their fine mansions Italian Renaissance influence in architecture and furnishings reflected the rich and somber dignity of the age.

THE HOBYNS FAMILY AT GREAT ALNE

Late in the sixteenth century Sir Robert Throckmorton was living on his wide demesne at Great Alne, Warwickshire, as had many of his ancestors. In 1085 Great Alne had been a tract of land listed in Domesday Book, that dread and meticulous inventory instituted by William the Conqueror, of which the *Saxon Chronicle* recorded that "there was not a single hide [*a measure of land*], nor one virgate of land, nor even, it is shame to tell, though it seemed to him no shame to do so, an ox, nor a cow, nor a swine was left, that was not set down." But not until some four hundred years later, during the reign of King Henry VII, was built at Great Alne the fine Tudor hall, Coughton Court, where the Throckmorton family first came to dwell.

On a small section of their fine wooded land also lived the Hobyns family, sturdy yeomen for generations, and free tenants of Sir Robert's ancestors. They were not holden to their landlord but cultivated their acreage and tended their animals at their own time; and in their spare hours worked where they willed. Their thatched cottages were furnished to their modest needs and decently kept; their womenfolk spun and wove, grew herbs and flowers in the kitchen garden, raised geese for food, and used the feathers to fill their ticks. These Hobyns men and women were by nature lovers of the soil, the hills, and the forests; and in this Warwickshire village they were near the great Forest of Arden, which extended far into the Midland counties, its entrance marked by a great carved stone cross.

In the days of Henry VIII there were living at Great Alne

three Hobyns brothers, William, Richard, and John. The first extant record of the family is the will of their father, Thomas Hobyns, dated 1536, which runs in part: "I be quethe to John Hobyns my sonne, and to Isbell my daughter 2 pots and 2 pans, a quartyr [*eight bushels*] off whet and a quartyr off barley . . . and will my Wife Mergery to be true Executrix and to have therefore the rest of my goods to God's pleasure."

William and John, according to record, also held land in the hamlet of West Bromwich, near Wednesbury, Staffordshire. Here the record of two of the three brothers ends, and the variant spelling Hobins appears. Collateral branches at Stratford-on-Avon, Warwick, Feckenham, and Red Marley spelled it Hobyn, Hobin, Hobins, or Hobbyns. Tradition derives the name from the Norman Aubyn, which when transplanted to England acquired an *H*.

But William, the eldest, had married and left three sons, Thomas, Oliver, and Robert; and with the consent of a later Sir Robert Throckmorton and his son Nicholas the Hobins family renewed their tenancy of land at Great Alne. The document they drew up on October 23, 1578, in the twentieth year of Elizabeth's reign, was witnessed and signed by Sir Everard Digby, father of that Sir Everard Digby who was later involved in the infamous Gunpowder Plot to blow up the Houses of Parliament while King James I was presiding at the opening session.

THE HOBBINS FAMILY IN THE SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES

The Tudors were succeeded by the Stuarts, whose reigns were interrupted briefly by Cromwell's Commonwealth, the dour simplicity of which was despised by the returning Stuarts, Charles II and James II. The former comfort and elegance of court life was to be surpassed in the late seventeenth century by their magnificent extravagance. Mansions of this period were elaborate architecturally, and their furnishings were in-

fluenced by the Louis XIV style. Social life for the upper classes was indulgent and unrestrained. Yet, despite lavish expenditure and domestic and foreign wars, the wealth of England increased, her population grew steadily, and she began to envision a future empire. The fleets of her growing East India Company began bringing home rich cargoes from the Orient and extending her trade to the young colonies in the New World. Moreover, religious persecution in France forced thousands of Protestants—professional men, scholars, artists, and craftsmen—to seek refuge in England, which furthered and broadened the nation's development. So toward the end of the century life was becoming less arduous for those of moderate means. New industries increased employment, improving the laborer's condition. Dwellings became more comfortable, clothing better, and in many a home friends sat of an afternoon at little tables, indulging in the new pleasures of tea, coffee, and tobacco.

At Great Alne the eldest of William Hobins' three sons, Thomas, had retained the tenancy on the Throckmorton land until his death in 1589. It was then continued into the next century by his son Nicholas Hobbins, who had married Phyllis; and likewise by their son Oliver and his wife Alice, which lady died "1 June, 1699 about four of the clock in the afternoon." And by the grace of God the latter couple had five sons, who carried the family name on into the eighteenth century. They must have been kindly men, for one of them, John, bequeathed "20 shillings a year to the poor of Inkberrow charged on a close called Brook Meadow End at Great Alne"; and his brother William, who died in 1729, left "£4 a year out of his copyhold estate in the parish of Shipston-on-Stour, Worcestershire, for clothing for four poor men."

But two of the five sons, Oliver and Nicholas Hobbins, had other interests than caring for the land. As lads they had oftimes gathered with others around a famous weather-worn old pirate, Captain Fortesque, listening for hours on end to his salty

tales of wild and perilous adventures at sea. These same tales they retold in time to their own young sons, who in turn handed them down in the family with lively embellishments and lasting influence. For in later years Oliver's descendants, after nearly three hundred years at Great Alne, turned from the persuasion of the soil to the persuasion of the sea, and to the Five Ports they went.

At Falmouth, in the Parish Church, William, grandson of the Oliver who as a lad had long ago listened to the old pirate's tales, was married to Syndonia Stanton, daughter of an old and honored family of Presteign, Radnorshire, just over the border in Wales. As all maidens were wont to do, Syndonia had displayed her talent for "stitchery" in samplers; but now she began one on which she proudly needled her new name, spelling it, however, Hobin. The three sons of this couple, William, Thomas, and Joseph, all followed the main, which was natural enough, since from infancy they had listened to the call of the deep.

They were a seafaring folk, those inhabitants of Falmouth, whose protected harbor down near the tip of Cornwall was dominated by two coast castles, Pendennis and St. Mawe's. It was a small packet station, a busy little port. Through its narrow streets sauntered sun-tanned sailors; in the yards shipwrights plied their trade; and along the slimy docks weather-worn fishermen dumped their hauls and spread their long nets in the sun to dry. All this had enduring effect on the lives of the three Hobin boys, each of whom was born in or near a different port.

William, the eldest, was born at Puckrage, Hertfordshire, on November 25, 1781. When old enough he went to sea and entered His Majesty's service, during which time he sailed out to the West Indies. He was often spoken of as "a fine, smart fellow." He married Elizabeth Bratt of Wolverhampton, and they had an only son, Joseph. William died in 1840 at the age of fifty-nine.

Thomas, the second son, was born in Prittlewell, Essex, in 1784, but not long afterward the family moved to Portsmouth, an ancient and important harbor on the south coast with great dockyards. Here, in the busy maritime atmosphere of ships and seamen, Thomas Hobin spent his early boyhood; and when he was not yet quite twelve years old he too went to sea, to find adventure.

For some years he remained in the service of His Majesty, George III. During this time he married a young girl named Elizabeth, saved sufficient money to buy a house in Portsmouth, where they lived for many years, and reared a family of six children. When his good old wife died in 1867, Thomas was eighty-three years old but still remarkably active, an intelligent, handsome, and agreeable old gentleman. But his children were grown and he was very lonely; and so, ere long, he took unto himself a second wife, a young woman of thirty also called Elizabeth, and they, too, had six children. The youngest was named for her grandmother Syndonia, whom the child greatly resembled.

In his later years Thomas Hobbins, as he now spelled his name, loved to walk on sunny days in Portsmouth's Southsea Common, or sit on a bench reminiscing to young sailors about his early days at sea.

"Why, me lads, I was but a mere boy when I climbed to the top o' this very wall to watch the *Boyne* as she went up in flames out yonder on the water. And I saw another fine ship, *L'Impétueux*, burn in this harbour."

"Were you a 'First of June' man, Mr. Hobbins?" he was asked one day.

"No, I was not in that glorious fight, when Lord Howe defeated the French fleet off Brest in 1794. I was only a lad of ten, a bit too young for service, but I remember it well."

"Were you ever in a naval battle, sir?" a young sailor would ask.

"Lord, yes! I was in service only a week when I was in action in Lord Bridport's battle off the French port of L'Orient. Our squadron attacked the French fleet of twelve ships of the line, eleven frigates, and some small cruisers. I was on the *Sans Pareil*, an 80-gunner, a 'First of June' prize, Captain Lord Hugh Seymour, one of the finest men who ever sailed the seas, and we came out pretty well, lost only a few men. Lord Seymour always said that, if there was a single 'First of June' man aboard, the whole ship's company should have double allowance of grog on the anniversary of that battle, and it was good grog, too, me lads!"

"Were you in other battles?"

"Yes, three years later, when the *Mars* captured the French *Hercule* after a terrific struggle. Captain Hood was mortally wounded, but lived to hear the great cheers of victory. The fight I remember best was against the French in Egypt, in 1801, Old Bony's time, when I was but seventeen. We were landing forces in Aboukir Bay and it was a stubborn battle, but we beat the French, all right."

The venerable seaman Thomas Hobbins died at the age of ninety-five and was laid to rest in the Portsea Old Cemetery, Portsmouth.

* * * * *

The Hobin family had in the meantime returned to Falmouth, where Joseph, the third and youngest son of William and Syndonia was born on May 28, 1788, and where he spent his early years. When only eleven he too yielded to the lure of the far stretches of ocean, with all its mystery, and ran away to sea. Life on shipboard, he found, was often hard, and he was early schooled by rough treatment and much bullying from his fellow seamen; but soon he learned to fight back in sailor fashion, the opponents straddling the opposite ends of a chest and each held down by another tar.

Before young Joseph was seventeen he had experienced battle action in eight engagements under Admiral Lord Nelson. But the signal event of his service occurred when the great commander, after skillful maneuvers, met the combined French and Spanish fleets off Cape Trafalgar on October 21, 1805, with resultant victory for England but death for himself. During the Battle of Trafalgar young Joseph, who was dispatch bearer, was carrying a message to Nelson, but when he reached the flagship *Victory* the great admiral had been wounded and was dying.

He acted as recruiting officer for a while, but, still longing for the sea, he later rejoined the navy, serving under Sir John Lewis, and, being active and intelligent, was promoted to Sergeant of Marines.

Once while he was at home on leave, his brother William suggested that he pay court to a pretty girl from Wolverhampton, who had dark curly hair, sparkling blue eyes, and rosy cheeks, and whom he himself had met in Wednesbury but could not afford to woo. Acting upon this advice, the more fortunate Joseph fell in love with the fascinating Elizabeth Smith, proposed marriage, and was accepted. But her father objected, because Joseph was only twenty, she eighteen, and they had known each other a mere fortnight. Nevertheless the young lovers planned to elope to Birmingham, where brother William was to meet them. Joseph obtained the license, but the vicar there refused to marry them unless some relative of the bride was present to give her away. So the anxious groom left his still more anxious Elizabeth at the Nelson Hotel in the Bull Ring while he went to seek her father, who was employed in the town, and persuade him to go to St. Martin's and give his daughter away. The obdurate parent refused. Joseph then sought his uncle, who lived there, and who consented to act. Thereupon they proceeded with the bride to St. Martin's Church, where the marriage took place. In the register they used the newer spelling of their name:

Joseph Hobbins of the Parish of Saint Philip, Bachelor, and Elizabeth Smith of this Parish, Spinster, were married in this Church by Licence from the Rev. Ol. Croft this Thirteenth Day of October in the Year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eight by me G : Croft Sectr.

Jos. Hobbins

This marriage was solemnized between us

her

Elizabeth Smith X Mark

In the Presence of Wm. Hobbins

Ann Ambury X her mark

The sailor bridegroom returned to the service, and after several voyages Sir John Lewis, relaxing his rule, allowed Joseph to bring his lonely little bride on board. One day during an action the captain, catching sight of her on deck, shouted the command, "Woman below!" Later he summoned her.

"What do you mean by coming out at such a dangerous time?"

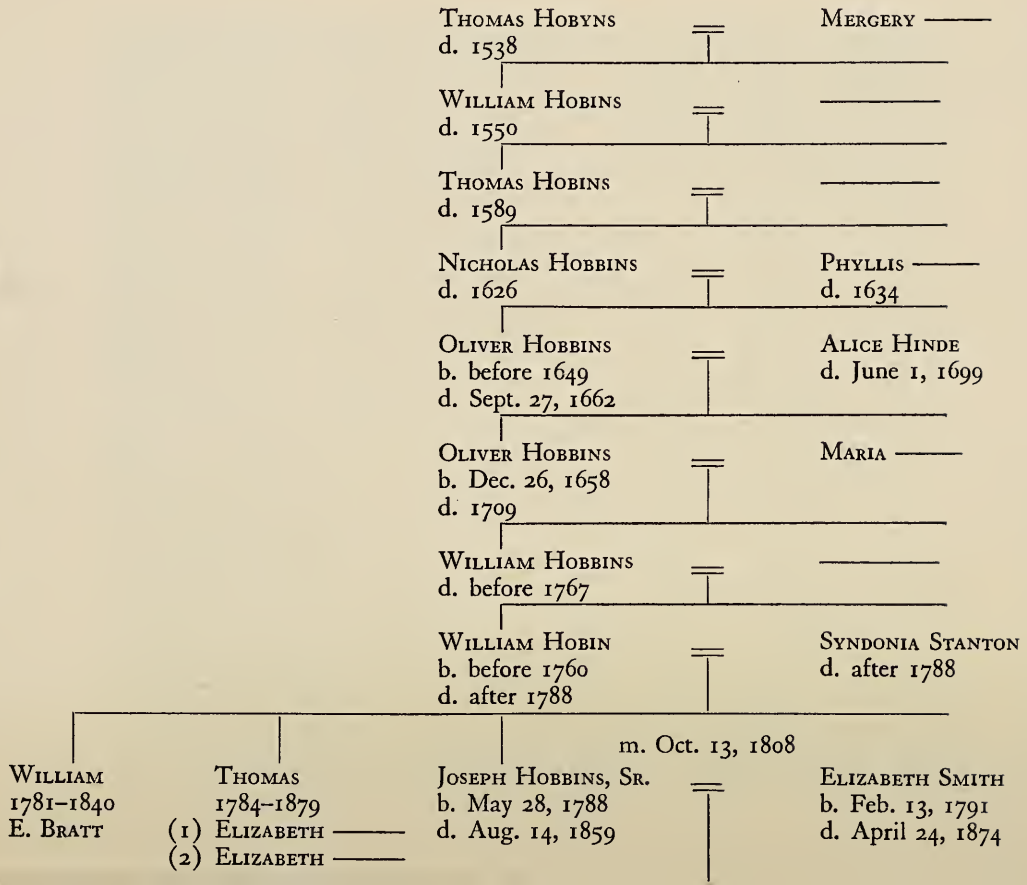
Her eyes flashed, and she replied with spirit, "I thought, sir, I might hand my husband ammunition."

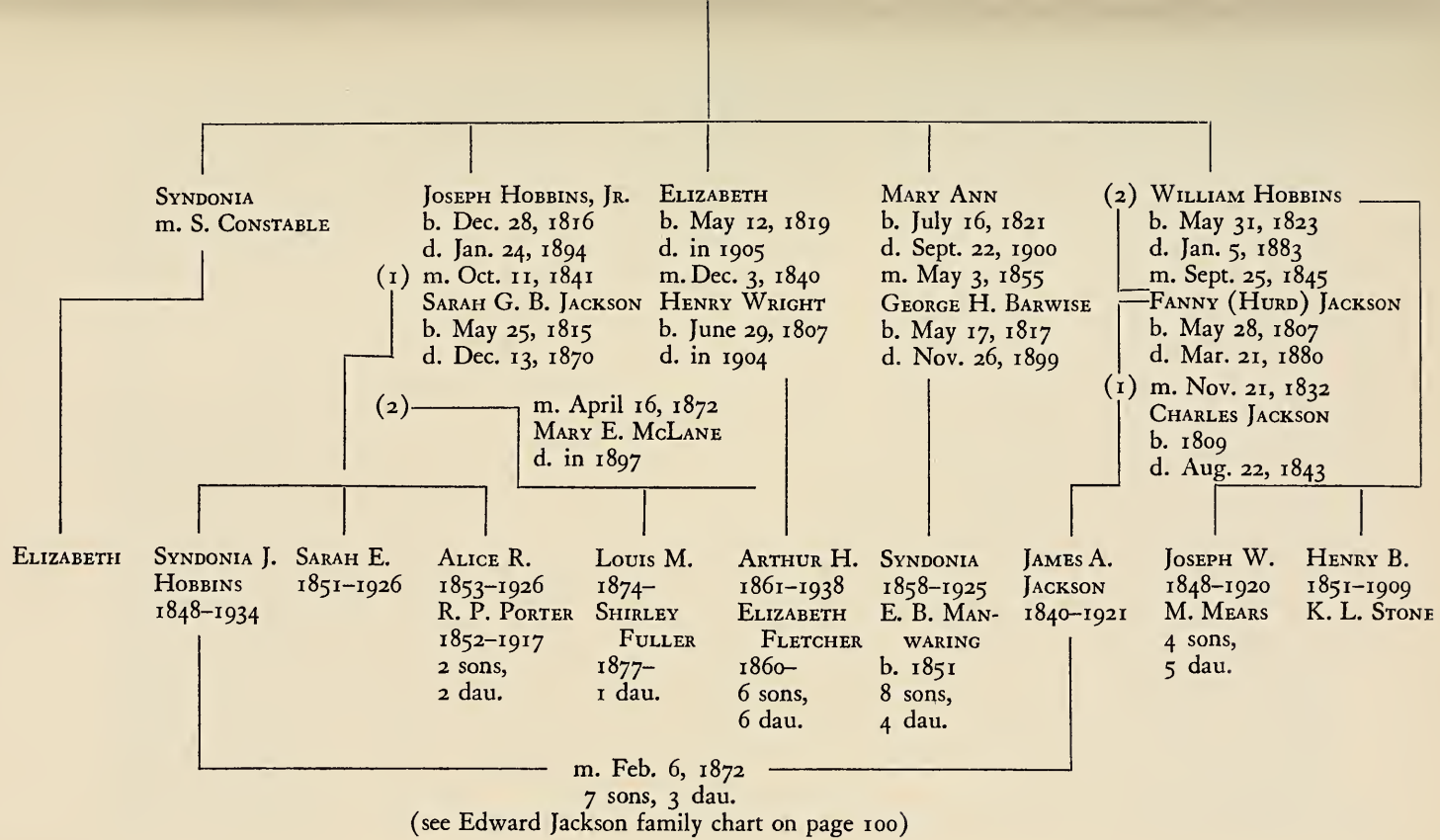
The captain shook her hand and exclaimed, "You're a brave woman, Mrs. Hobbins!"

During a voyage to Spain Elizabeth was one day up on deck washing her hands. Suddenly her wedding ring slipped off her finger and, despite her frantic efforts to catch it, rolled across the planks and into the Bay of Biscay. When they presently put into a Spanish port, Joseph wished to take her ashore for a bit of a lark; but the ringless and disconsolate young wife stoutly refused to leave the ship until her husband should go and fetch her another ring.

In one action under Sir John an enemy cannon ball shattered the mast, tearing off a large splinter which struck Joseph on the forehead and left a bad scar. On another occasion, when temporarily in command of a ship, he found himself short of men, so put in at an English coastal town to enlist several re-

THE HOBBINS FAMILY OF WEDNESBURY, ENGLAND





(see Edward Jackson family chart on page 100)

cruits. There he found the inhabitants greatly excited over an imminent execution. A young man named Hamilton had stolen a new and rare vegetable, a variety lately brought to England, a precious turnip, a theft punishable by death! Sergeant Joseph followed the turbulent crowd to the town square, where a rude scaffold had been hastily erected, and presently two officers whom he knew came forward with the terrified culprit between them. Recognizing them, and feeling that the crime did not warrant the punishment, Joseph begged their permission to take the young fellow aboard ship for service. After deliberation the officers consented, on the condition that they be given a certain sum of money. As Joseph felt sorry for the young man and liked his appearance, he willingly paid it and took his purchase on board.

It proved to be a great investment. About a year later Sergeant Hobbins, having captured a French vessel, took Hamilton and other members of his crew aboard the prize, to take off their prisoners. This required some little time, and during the interval he ordered the French chef to serve dinner; and a few minutes later he himself went down to the cook's galley, where he saw a large chunk of beef boiling in a great iron pot. Tempted by the appetizing odor, he drew his sword, leaned over, and cut off a bit to see whether it was done. Just as he was bending over, the irate chef sneaked quickly up behind with an axe. At the very moment when he raised his arm to strike, young Hamilton unexpectedly appeared in the doorway, having come in search of his officer. Instantly drawing his sword, he sprang at the Frenchman and ran him through the body, and as the latter fell his axe just grazed Sergeant Hobbins' head. It was a narrow escape. As a souvenir of the event Joseph took away with him a piece of the beef, which he kept thereafter in a little glass gold-bound casket. In time this odd relic came to resemble a piece of blackened porous peat about the size of an egg (1).*

* This and subsequent numerals in parentheses refer to the list on page 347.

After about sixteen years of faithful service in the British navy, during which he took part in some forty actions, mostly small ones such as cutting out prizes from harbors, he finally decided to give up life at sea and settle down on the land. On the occasion of his retirement, at Chatham, the great naval center in Kent, he was presented with a silver cream jug (2), on which was engraved:

A Tribute of Gratitude
from the Seamen of H. M. S.
Medina to Joseph Hobbins
Serjent of R. M. for his
Ship Mate like Behaviour
Paid off at Chatham
Jan'y 4th, 1816.

Also six silver teaspoons (3), numbered consecutively, each bearing on the face of the handle a part of the same inscription.

JOSEPH AND ELIZABETH HOBBINS SETTLE IN WEDNESBURY

Joseph and Elizabeth Hobbins, with their infant daughter Syndonia, namesake of her paternal grandmother, now turned to the Midlands, where some of their forebears had lived, and settled in Wednesbury, where Joseph owned a piece of property. It was a village of great antiquity, founded by the Saxons, who called it Wodensborough after Woden, their god of battle. Gradually the name changed to Wednesbury. In 912, according to Saxon annals, Duke Ethelred, son-in-law of Alfred the Great and viceroy of Mercia, died. His wife Adelfreda ruled with great wisdom, fortifying the town with a castle on the crest of the hill.

Here were wooded hills and green dales through which coursed many clear streams; blue skies and sunshine by day,

and moonlight and stars by night. From the hilltop where centuries earlier Adelfreda's castle had frowned, the lovely old Gothic church of St. Bartholomew, surrounded by a close where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," looked down over the cottages and the narrow streets of the village beside the river Tame. And here, where the distant landscape still held much of its peace and quiet loveliness, Joseph and the patient Elizabeth established their home; and in Wednesbury were born their other children, two sons and two more daughters — Joseph, Jr., with whom this story is most concerned, Elizabeth, Mary Ann, and William. This, they concluded, should be their permanent abode.

* * * * *

A great social and economic change, the Industrial Revolution, was spreading over England, a change which had begun in the eighteenth century and was to affect drastically the future of the nation, and with it the future of the Hobbins family.

The growth and expansion promised by the preceding era were being realized. England was fast becoming an empire, increasing wealth was flowing into her coffers, and national life began to quicken. Stimulated by the growing use of coal in place of wood, which was disappearing with the age-long depletion of the forests, men sought improved mechanical means of meeting the increased demand for both the necessities and the luxuries of life. The reopening of coal fields in the Midlands started a movement of people to this locality. And the presence of iron mines and clay beds were further inducements for new industries, notably potteries, porcelains, cutlery, hardware, iron goods, and textiles. The greatest impetus to the Industrial Revolution was Boulton and Watt's application of steam to a power-generating engine, which was to be utilized by industries of all types. This industrial growth brought about a shift in population from rural to urban dis-

tricts. England was turning from agriculture to industry, and in the once pastoral Midlands particularly the new industrialism was gradually to change both landscape and atmosphere completely.

Even before the opening of the nineteenth century the substitution of machinery for manual labor had inevitably increased unemployment and poverty among the working classes. Furthermore, conditions among all classes were unfavorably affected by more than thirty years of disastrous and exhausting warfare: the American Revolution, ending in the loss of the remunerative New World colonies, the French Revolution, and the Napoleonic wars. During these years there had grown up in England a large middle class, composed mainly of trade, business, and professional groups. Above them, capitalism and war were making the rich grow richer; below them, industrialism and war were making the poor grow poorer. The lot of the middle class, between them, was none too happy.

Under such economic depression the little Hobbins family had a struggle during their first years in Wednesbury, for the father, whose long years at sea had made him utterly unfit for labor ashore, found it difficult to secure suitable work; and all the while his frugal savings were dwindling. He tried boating on the canals, but found it unsatisfactory. In time he obtained employment with the Lloyd, Foster Company, which had a large foundry and ironworks for engineers. But though his pay was good, Joseph found the task too heavy. Gradually, however, through persistence, he worked up to the position of foreman, and eventually manager, of a large gas-tube works, a new and promising Wednesbury industry.

But by now the rural charm of this district was disappearing with the increased working of the South Staffordshire coal mines, including the Wednesbury fields, which had been among the first to be explored. Before the middle of the nineteenth century a marked change had come over the Midlands

as a result of the exploitation of the mines, around which many foundries were established, and the conversion of the streams into power for factory use.

Around Wednesbury the green hills and dales were growing drab, the blue sky was becoming gray and sunless, and the clear streams were losing their purity. The landscape presented a somewhat desolate and grim aspect, for the great number of furnaces, foundries, and kilns, with their flaming and smoking stacks, were slowly blackening everything. Great caverns of abandoned mines and unsightly heaps of slag and ashes were disfiguring the surroundings. Vegetation was being stunted and blighted by the constant smoke, soot, and fumes. Throughout the heart of the region, particularly around nearby Wolverhampton, the clank of forges created pandemonium, and at night the flares cast a lurid, horrifying glow. This once beautiful and forested part of the Midlands was already known as the "Black Country." In the coal districts life for the very poor was becoming intolerable. Even women and girls toiled in the black, airless tunnels of the mines, crawling painfully as they dragged carts of coal through passages too low for mules.

Yet here, in Wednesbury, during these changing years, Joseph and Elizabeth lived happily and prospered, rearing their children in pleasant and comfortable surroundings. Joseph had steadily risen in business, was now reaching affluence, and could afford to indulge his family. They were an altogether handsome couple in the prime of life. Their portraits, painted in 1830 by Harper of Wednesbury, an artist of ability, reveal them as robust and vigorous. Joseph's calm blue eyes and serious, farseeing gaze bespeak years of acquaintance with the distant horizons of the sea. From his high, unwrinkled forehead his brown hair waves softly back, brushed forward at the temples in the style of the day. His firm, square chin appears between the points of a soft, high collar, above a white stock and waistcoat. The wide rolling collar of his black coat is high

at the back, with triple-notched lapels; and from his watch chain hang a seal and his Masonic emblems.

Elizabeth's portrait depicts the British matron at her best. Serenity and good nature are expressed in every feature, though the lower part of the face is rather too plump for beauty. The eyes and eyebrows are especially fine; above them an abundance of dark curly hair shows beneath the frills of a voluminous beribboned lace cap; and her shoulders are draped with a soft silk shawl, brocaded in light blue.

Their three daughters received a "genteel education," first from governesses, then in a "select school for young females," Innage House. While there young Elizabeth, the mother's namesake, wrote often, as on August 9, 1834:

My dear Mother

It is with great pleasure I write to say that I am quite happy for the Miss Smyths behave so very kind to me that I cannot be unhappy indeed I begin to get quite fat and I think that I shall soon accomplish your wish by being upright I have held the backboard two or three times since I have been here and I think it has done me a great deal of good I must now conclude for I said so much in Sister's letter on Thursday that I have little to add Please to present my dutiful regards to my dear Father and with love to my Sisters and Brothers and all my friends and believe me

My dear Mother Your ever affᵗᵗᵉ Daughter

Elizabeth.

The eldest daughter, Syndonia, married a likeable young man, Simeon Constable; and on December 3, 1840, Elizabeth married Henry Wright, a promising young mechanical engineer who had recently finished his education in London. His father and uncle had been in the service of the celebrated Matthew R. Boulton and James Watt of Soho in West Birmingham, the first steam engineers, and young Henry had served his apprenticeship under their sons of the same names. Mary Ann, the youngest daughter, was still counting her teens.

The two sons, Joseph, Jr. and William, were sent to Colton Hall, a boys' school in nearby Rugely. Joseph, unlike his father, had no inclination for the life of a seaman, but chose the medical profession, and at sixteen was apprenticed to a Dr. Underhill at Tipton, a neighboring town. His parchment "Indenture of Apprenticeship," closely written on both sides, was executed "for the consideration of £98/10, Sep. 3, the third year of the reign of William the Fourth, 1832."

The new industry of gas tubing was growing and improvements were being patented, sometimes pirated. As manager of the Wednesbury Gas Tube Works, the senior Joseph Hobbins won an important infringement suit for his company, thereby giving it great prestige in the industry. By 1838 he had established his own Imperial Iron Works, thus becoming an ironmaster, a high commercial position. Unfortunately he chose junior partners whose dishonesty involved the firm in a suit which resulted in large financial losses. But with the assistance of his son-in-law, Henry Wright, he obtained restitution and the return of his property, which left him at least moderately independent.

After young Joseph had completed his apprenticeship with Dr. Underhill he entered Queen's College Medical School at Birmingham and was graduated with honors. To the great gratification of his parents he also received a gold medal (4), on the face of which appears the head of Victoria in exquisite low relief, encircled by the words: VICTORIA D:G: BRIT: REGINA F.:D. On the reverse face of the medal is inscribed the following citation:

SCH: MED-CHIR: BIRMINGHAM. GULIELMO IIII. REGE PATRONO

PRAEMIUM

INGENII

ET

DILIGENTIAE

JOSEPH HOBBINS SR., AND MRS. HOBBINS (ELIZABETH SMITH)

From portraits painted in 1830 by a Wednesbury artist named Harper, now in the possession of the authors

Joseph Hobbins Jr., about 1833; Mrs. William Hurd (Mary Bagnald); and
Harriot Caroline Russell, later Mrs. Stephen Badger Jackson and Mrs. William Kenrick
From contemporary silhouettes in the possession of the authors

And on the cover of the little leather box in which it was presented to him:

T. MERIDITH. SCHOL. MED. BIRM.

L.MM.DD.

J. HOBBINS

MDCCCXXXVIII

Continuing his preparation in the Medical College of Guy's Hospital, London, he studied under men already famous in the medical world: Richard Bright, Sir Astley Cooper, Thomas Addison, C. Aston Key, and others, who officially signed his numerous diplomas and certificates (5) and later wrote letters of recommendation for him. He concluded his education with a short period of study in the hospitals of Edinburgh, Dublin, Brussels, and Paris. Finally in 1840, in need of rest and change, he took a trip to America, crossing on the *Ville de Lyons.*

During the voyage the young doctor attended an American passenger, Miss Sarah Badger Jackson, whose widowed mother, Mrs. Stephen B. Jackson of Mendon, Massachusetts, had married William Kenrick of Newton, near Boston. Wishing to give their daughter the advantages of foreign travel, the Kenricks had taken her to Europe and after several enjoyable months in England and on the Continent were now returning to their home in Newton. The voyage was long, the passengers naturally saw much of each other, and young Dr. Joseph's poetic and romantic nature found sympathetic response in his charming young patient. They fell in love, and before leaving the ship he took from his finger an old family ring and placed it on Sarah's finger, and they plighted their troth.

During his sojourn in New England he visited Sarah at the Kenricks' beautiful home called Nonantum—an Indian word for happiness—, where they planned that, so soon as he should be established in Wednesbury, Sarah's mother would take her to England to be married.

After several happy weeks, Joseph sailed for home, full of joyous anticipation of the future. Then followed long months of delay and distressing uncertainty when the wedding could take place. Sarah, who often found relief in confiding her inmost thoughts and feelings to her diary, frequently did so during these months that were so trying for them both. On May 25, 1841, her twenty-sixth birthday, she wrote:

A beautiful morning although the sky is not cloudless. Type perhaps of the future Year — sunshine & clouds, joy and sorrow. . . . One cloud darkens my happiness today — hope is strong but yet there is fear. . . . Yet I will not look forward with forboding nor fears that may be vain but I will cast all my cares & sorrows upon Him who careth for me.

Oh loved one, oh may my prayers be heard for thee. I would not ask of God for thee Riches or honours but that my heart's affections be given to thy God. . . . Upon the whole I have had a happier birthday than I could expect. . . . The desire of my heart is granted, but under the most painful circumstances.

Although deeply in love, and planning to join her fiancée, this young girl found it indeed painful to contemplate the approaching separation, perhaps a final one, from all that was so dear — parents, home, friends, and country. Mail from England was tormentingly slow: "feel rather dispirited, I cannot be happy under my present circumstances. Oh how I long for a letter from my dear friend, & yet I dread the arrival of the Steam ship fearing it may not bring one, I shall soon be happier, or miserable. . . . I fear my heart is not right everything goes wrong, I cannot even enjoy this lovely Spring day. The trees are in blossom & the birds are filling the groves with Musick. But I have been unhappy."

Though rejoicing in her engagement, she was troubled by the continually unsettled state of their affairs. But she waited patiently and her spiritual nature found solace in prayer; on Sunday, May 31, she wrote, "Oh my Father grant me the influence of thy spirit to guide my thoughts. . . . How sweet to

think that my dearest friend may be at this moment praying for me, that we may be both reading the same chapter, thinking of each other. Oh that our love may be such that God will bless it. . . . Sometimes my heart is distracted with a thousand fears for him. But I will trust him to my Heavenly Fathers care."

The faraway young lover suffered also. He was facing the problems of every young physician who must start to build up a practice: office, equipment, new patients. At times it was discouraging, but gradually the prospects brightened. On July 11 he wrote his "dearest Sarah":

Fancy yourself seated upon the corner of *that* sofa where so oft we have sat together wiling away the time, but I will not be romantic, I am too (really) happy. And yet how often do those scenes present themselves, by night when all is hushed save the scarce audible pulsations of one's own heart. I love to recall those pleasant hours, and think and image all that was said, and draw fresh pleasure from each memoried word. But after all Sarah, this is a poor stratagem . . . .

I do wish you were here, I could look, think, do anything but write. But when I think that I shall once more see you, once more call you mine! . . . Even this morning at Church, scarcely had the service commenced when a lady, a stranger, almost the image of yourself, came in, and my feelings were so much excited I could scarcely stand. 'Tis time you were here then, if I am to be thus affected by every stranger I see. Dearest Sarah, you will receive this in all probability in 16 or 17 days, after those do I hope to see you, and how much does the knowledge that you are sacrificing friends, home, Country for me alone, endear you to my heart. My Father has read your letter and wept frequently as did my Mother that you should have loved so devotedly, so purely, so disinterestedly. . . . My friends and my family are all anxious for the arrival of one who loves him they so much love themselves. And will it not make you happy to hear that my Father is recovering from many of his difficulties indeed from most, and that since I wrote you last I have commenced practice, am opening a Drug Shop a

very nice one too, by the way of securing a sufficient income at the present, for as you must be aware, a professional practice is the most difficult of all others for a young man to attain. Still Providence has, and will protect me . . . . When I have remarked to Father that my being married will be adding another to the many obligations I owe him, his only reply is "Sarah will be but another in the family." I shall be happier and he will be satisfied. Besides Father loves you already so the sooner you show yourself in Staffordshire, the more likely you will be to secure your conquest. Come then my dearest Sarah come, and may Heaven bless our Union and make us happy . . . . May Heaven bless and guard you safe once more o'er that Sea we so pleasantly crossed before. Give my kindest respects to your Mother whom let me hope to call soon by the same endearing name, and believe me Sarah

Yours ever affectionately
J. H.

The letter was folded, addressed on the outer blank side, and secured with a seal bearing the impression of two little doves perched on the edge of a goblet, sipping the wine of life perhaps.

Joseph hesitated to take his fiancée from a home in which she had been surrounded with comforts and luxuries, and bring her to a foreign land where he had still to establish himself in practice, and where their living would necessarily be rather frugal. At times, as when he wrote on August 16, 1841, his hopes were clouded by the thought that he might be asking too much of his loved one:

My dearest Sarah

How anxiously have I been expecting you these last few days! Mother and sister Mary Ann have been almost constantly engaged in making preparations to give you a kind and affectionate welcome. Almost innumerable little matters, trifles of love, have occupied their leisure hours for the past fortnight, and Mary Ann has worked you a pretty bag. And you have not come — you have sent, how poor a substitute! a simple sheet of barely indited paper. However, since happier fate is denied me, I will not scorn them but

welcome them, those little white winged messengers of love . . . . Ah Sarah, how full indeed is love of solicitudes and fears. Were you here I should be happy, as you are absent, I am tormented with a thousand doubts and perplexities . . . . Sarah you will forgive such feelings, they are not the offspring of pride, but of solicitude for your happiness. What is it that you do not give up? A Mother who has nursed and cherished you from tenderest infancy, you her only pledge of love. A Father's guardian care and fondness, a happy home, childhood's friends, affluence, a thousand sources of joy and happiness. And for what? for whom? For poverty, care and maybe sorrow. For one who is poor in this world's goods, poorer in health and still poorer in learning, or those acquirements which buy wealth. Aye, wealth to the mind, to the heart, and dearer still, wealth to those, the idols of our love. And yet Sarah how strange, how unreal it seems! while I would urge you not to come, my heart draws nearer to you. While fear restrains my pen, love fills my bosom with ennumerable images and conflicting feelings . . . . And now, will you come? Will you forsake all for me? Heaven guide your determining and make you happy however you may decide . . . . You will be glad to hear that though I have commenced practice but a month, I am receiving £5 per week, but which unfortunately will be all absorbed for some time in the £400 I have borrowed. So that you will see, Sarah, there is much as my Mother says to be thankful for, and which I hope, should you come, will soon be sufficient to keep us respectably. And now will you forgive me for my negligent correspondence for the little I have written and that so badly, but Orpheus himself, if wracked as I have been with such painfully conflicting feelings, would never have rendered himself a God by breathing sweet music. Literati say poetry is the offspring of passion, and from Sappho on, the sad heart discourses the softest verse, but you will remember the lament of Philomel is but a sorry tho' a pretty fiction . . . . We have had a very wet summer, but this last week promises a delightful Autumn. There are now but few wildflowers, and songs of birds are nearly hushed, yet the yellow fields, the golden tinged trees, the busy gatherers of Hay & Wheat, make an evening's stroll ever pleasant. What would my feelings be with Sarah? Now as for the "lock of hair" and minia-

ture, if you want them, I shall say with Leonidas at Thermopylae, "You must come and take them." The Ancients were civil, and regarded not a whit more their arms in the feud of battle than the Moderns do in the battle of love. Will you come? or am I to fetch you, ere this reaches you I shall be expecting to see you. And now my dearest Sarah with love to your good Mother and Father

Believe me yours ever

J. Hobbins.

P.S. I am sending you by next Steamship a delicately coloured French print showing a charming young lady who stands looking wistfully far out to sea. The title is, "Viendra-t-il?" Will he come? Only, the position is reversed, it is I who am wistfully looking over the sea for you to come.

But Sarah's love was too strong to let these difficulties keep them apart, and in the autumn she sailed for England with her mother on the *Cambridge*, Captain Bursley, to be married: "We left the ship and put up at the Queen's Arms Hotel, Liverpool," she wrote in her diary. "The next day, although sick in bed, I wrote to Dr. H. of our arrival, & soon afterward he came to us. That meeting my soul can never forget. Mother & myself accepted the invitation of our friend Mrs. Cunningham to visit her at Oak Vale, a beautiful retreat near Liverpool, & here we remained until our marriage."

What this love meant to Joseph is manifest in the several letters written during the few days before he could be with her. They reveal a tender, poetic, but slightly mournful soul; an appreciation and love of nature; and a cultivated taste expressed through frequent literary and classical allusions or in poetic creations of his own:

Wednesbury, Oct. 2/41

My dearest Sarah:

. . . In the gloom of disappointment, of sorrow, and of sickness, surrounded by dangers, and a prey to despair, at once nor fearing, even courting death, as a thing that could not be worse than the state I had long been in — you, you, my own, my most loved Sarah,

appeared. How changed my lot since then . . . . He who has shown his mercies to us through so long and painful a time will not now desert us . . . . Health, peace and happiness 'till we meet again.

J. H.

good night.

And the next day:

I have just received your sweet letter of yesterday, musing and lonely in heart when it came. I was thinking that two mornings had passed without having heard from you, but how much has your sweet and natural voice (for your letters always speak) rejoiced my heart, there is ever a spell in your language, a secret sympathy that enchants my soul. And do you feel sad at times and a foreigner? I love you the more; to each chord of your heart are my feelings responsive. Do you remember when pacing the deck of our loved "Ville de Lyons" how oft you would chase the gloom from my brow, how oft you would win me from my thoughts of home, and those I had left behind? Oh Sarah you know not how I felt, how loved, but what business has poverty with love, misery with happiness, or the broken-hearted with a being so amiable, unaffected, and sympathizing? . . . You shall be my all, all my pursuits shall concentrate in your happiness; and the memory of the past, of your devotion and love, of your distance from friends and your own native home, all these my dearest Sarah will serve as tender ties, as appealing voices to my affection. . . . I cannot but feel you have left the Eden of life, the Paradise of your youth, to enter the real world of humdrum existence.

He was impatient of everything that prevented him from immediately joining her at Oak Vale, so they could make definite plans for their wedding. On the day of his arrival they settled on the time and place, and later the young bride wrote in her diary:

Our marriage took place at St. George's Church, Liverpool, October 11, 1841. My dear Mother had been for some days sick and was not present, nor any relations on either side. Ah! well I remember that beautiful morning when we left Oak Vale. It had rained many days, but the sun shone in all its glory, & the earth seemed rejoic-

ing in its brightness, & our hearts were in sympathy with it. After the Ceremony we returned to Oak Vale & after participating of a lunch and tasting the large Wedding Cake which I had brought safely from America, we bade our kind friends & my dear Mother adieu, and journeyed to Chester that day . . . . And from Chester we journeyed to Wednesbury, my husband's residence & in the future I expect it to be mine. . . . I was received by my husband's family as one of their own & even treated by them with the utmost affection. In a few days Mother joined us. Everything was new and strange to me but I became by degrees accustomed to the change.

Mrs. Kenrick was not to recross the ocean alone, for soon afterward her husband came to France on business, and she joined him at Cherbourg. In January, after traveling on the Continent, they returned to America on the sailing vessel *Hendrick Hudson*, reaching New York after a very stormy wintry passage lasting over six weeks.

Joseph's father was away from home when the young couple arrived, but he had already written to Sarah:

I much regret that business causes my absence at a time I had anticipated the pleasure of meeting you & your Mother. . . . I hope you will not make yourself strange on your arrival, I am sure you will meet with a most hearty & kind reception from my family. Please make my kind regards to your Mother, whom I hope to have the pleasure of seeing with you and my son all happy together on my return.

Joseph senior quickly took a fancy to his American daughter-in-law, who in turn found him very likeable. Now and then he would tease her about being a little Yankee Rebel, just for the fun of hearing her spirited replies, since she knew well the part her colonial ancestors had taken in the American Revolution. He was pleased when one day she asked about his life at sea. Leading her to a curio cabinet in the drawing room, he took out the little glass box containing the precious old bit of blackened beef and told her how young Hamilton had saved his life. Near it lay a battered little flat tin box.

"What is that?" Sarah asked.

Opening it, he drew out a worn, yellowed paper. Years before, it had been folded and sealed with a red wax wafer, just as letters were. She read the address: "Mr. Joseph Hobbins, Sergeant in the Royal Marines, H. M. Ship the Ganymede, Falmouth." The postal imprint showed that it had been mailed on May 22, 1810, but had not been received until January 7 of the following year, at Barbados, West Indies. Unfolding the much-creased paper, she saw that it was a copy of his baptismal registry in Falmouth Church on June 12, 1788.

"In the navy, you know, every man has to have a copy of his birth or baptismal record, and I always carried mine in this little tin box for safety."

Then he drew out something from a still smaller box. "Put this on your finger, Sarah, and see how it fits." He laughed as the large topless steel, brass-rimmed thimble slipped easily down her slender finger.

"You couldn't wear it, but I had good use for it during all my years in His Majesty's service. Sailors have to do their own mending, you know. But here's my greatest treasure!" and he placed in her hand a little leather-covered box in which lay a small gilt button. "This came from a waistcoat of my great commander, Lord Nelson. My son may have told you that I was carrying despatches to him on the flagship *Victory*, at Trafalgar."

"Oh, yes, sir, and I was greatly interested in it. But tell me, please, how did you get the button?"

Her husband, overhearing the question, laughed. "You'll do better than the rest of us have ever done, Sarah, if you get an answer to that out of him!"

Occasionally there was music in the drawing room, with Syndonia or Sarah playing the accompaniments. Joseph senior was especially happy one evening when Sarah asked for some of the old songs and ballads he had learned at sea. And in a rich deep voice full of dramatic expression he sang their fa-

vorites, *On Friday Morning We Set Sail*, and *I Courted a Bonnie Lass*. Then he insisted on some American songs, and Sarah complied with *In Ole Virginny* and several of the charming melodies of Stephen Foster, a young American song writer of the day. Then, laughing, she gaily sang *Yankee Doodle.*

One day Sarah asked Syndonia the origin of her name. "It was my paternal grandmother's," she explained, "taken from the Gospel of Nicodemus, in the Apocrypha. A poor widow's daughter, Syndonia, was a skilled weaver and used to sell her handiwork in the market-place. When Joseph of Arimathea, seeking a precious shroud in which to enfold the body of Jesus, granted him by Pilate, passed her, he noted the beautiful cloth she carried and bought it. Asking her name, he said, 'After you will I call this cloth "Syndonia."' And so, in olden times a beautifully woven length of cloth was called a sindon."

* * * * *

The outlook at Wednesbury was encouraging. The doctor not only possessed those natural qualifications which promised success as a physician and surgeon, but he had also acquired knowledge of certain subjects by which he was confident he could succeed profitably. But for his young wife it was an extreme change from the comfortable, sheltered home at Nonantum, with its many lovely flower gardens, fruitful orchards and vineyards, verdant fields and woods, the sunshine, and the loving companionship of her own family. Now she looked upon the dreary surroundings of Wednesbury; felt the strangeness of a foreign country and the unfamiliar faces around her; and saw neither sunshine nor flowers. Before many months had passed Sarah's health became impaired, and she was filled with deep homesickness and an intense desire to return to her native land. Something of this nostalgia she expressed in a poem she composed and sent to her mother, the theme of which was expressed in its opening line, "Oft I think of thee, dear Mother."

JOSEPH AND SARAH IN AMERICA

The months passed, but Sarah's health did not improve; her homesickness persisted, and her parents began to urge the young couple to come back. Though Joseph's prospects in Wednesbury were now good, he was concerned about Sarah. After much consideration they decided to return to America, and began at once to make ready. Finally the packing was completed, farewells were made, and in September of 1842 the long voyage on the *Oxford* was begun. After spending a few days at the fashionable Astor House in New York they went by steamer and cars to Newton, and great was the rejoicing on their arrival at Nonantum.

A few weeks later they were comfortably established in a new home at Brookline, Massachusetts, an adjoining town which offered the doctor better prospects than he could have had in Old England. And in its social life their gracious manner and hospitable home soon brought success and many congenial friends.

The next spring William Hobbins, discontented at Wednesbury, also came over to Brookline, intending to go into the medical profession with his brother, who had persuaded him to give up his plan of joining the navy. But William was unhappy in America and after a year returned to England.

For three years Joseph and Sarah were pleasantly situated in Brookline, and the doctor became exceedingly prosperous. But unfortunately his health now began to fail, and he suffered from an irresistible longing for his homeland and family. Time and distance had somewhat dimmed his memory of the drabness and discouragements of Wednesbury, which now seemed to him beautiful and appealing. Poor Sarah was not only distressed by his condition, but also grief-stricken over the loss of their first infant, Elizabeth. Still, painful as was the prospect of again returning to England, of once more going so far from her native land and her dear parents, she was anxious to make every sacrifice for her beloved husband. She

perceived that, though he was now enjoying greater success than would have been possible in Wednesbury, he could not overcome his homesickness.

Something of his recollections of the old home, the family and their life, and his longing to be with them all was unconsciously expressed in the Christmas letter which Joseph wrote to his father from Brookline on November 30, 1845:

My dear Father,

This is Sunday evening, the teacups not removed. Sarah is munching her toasted crusts, a bright fire is blazing in the grate; and by the aid of two oil lamps, comfortable within doors but cold as winter without, I write you the last letter you will receive from me this year. A Merry Xtmas to you all, to you, and to you who are listening or will listen. May your toast and ale go round as in other times, may your codfish and oyster sauce à la Syndonia be as dainty and choice as usual, may your turkey be properly seasoned and browned, and in due order be deviled. May your plum pudding not be dry in the mouth, but be crowned with imperial wreaths of good old brandy sauce. May your sherris to your fish, and your port to your cheese, and your octoblis at discretion, give your lips and stomach a kindly satisfaction; and above all, while a good thought for the poor is capable of giving even the best relish to a dinner, be it as good as it may, may your every heart be sufficiently susceptible to be made light and happy, happy and light, by what folk here are taught to consider such trifles.

One of the pleasantest remembrances of my life, and one of which I often think in connection with my family, was a sight I once saw, the poor of the Parish issuing from the old Dragon Gateway. To be sure, as viewed by the world, it was a thing simple enough in itself, but as viewed by the young and the kindly heart nothing could be so expressive of fine old English charity, of the open hearted liberality of an English gentleman and the gratitude of the English poor. It seems to me even now that I recognize the motley throng marching two by two, the old and infirm, the halt, the lame, and blind, the widow, the widower, and the childless, the orphan, the pauper, children all of poverty and pain, and yet with what a happy expression, what gratitude, what thanks, what

praises, what an opening of the heart and a brightening of the soul is here. Ah! They have been to thank you for their Xtmas dinner, the round of beef you have sent them, the Ale sent by Mother, the plum pudding by Donie, the long pipes and papers of tobacco. They have donned their best, have taken their crutches, and on a wintry day, headed by their Master and Mistress, have been to thank you and your family. Such a sight, where would you see in any other part of the world, at any other time? . . . To complete your good work, you would have each of the old people take something more, a Christmas glass, and each of the young, a kind word and a drop of wine. . . . The Master and Mistress, kind people both, were pleased with your goodness and hospitality . . . . It made on me an impression that grows the pleasanter the older I grow . . . . That sight alone would ensure your children from a want of charity for others; it was a lesson which I love to think of, and which has exercised a lasting good upon me and upon all of us . . . .

Sarah sends her regards, and in conclusion give my kindest regards to my dear Mother and all at home, and believe me

Yours affectionately,
J. Hobbins.

THE RETURN TO WEDNESBURY

By the end of the year it was settled that they would go back to England. That they had to leave Brookline at this time was indeed unfortunate, for the doctor had met with success, they were comfortably situated, and they had formed many warm friendships. Yet Sarah was willing to return to England, even to murky Wednesbury, on her husband's account, though she feared the change would mean a final separation from her parents and from Nonantum.

It was a blow to the Kenricks, who had looked forward to having their daughter's family near them for the rest of their lives. And Joseph's and Sarah's future welfare and happiness had seemed so assured. Bitter as was their disappointment, however, they wisely left the decision to the young people.

Only one thing did they insist upon, as slight compensation: that portraits of the two should be painted to hang in the old homestead at Newton. So they engaged the artist Henry C. Pratt of Boston, who came out regularly to work at Nonantum.

He drew the portraits almost life-size, and two-thirds length. Sarah is depicted as a charming young woman in her mid-twenties, seated in the garden of her loved home. Here are portrayed her long, oval face with its refined, sensitive features and clear, fresh coloring; her large blue eyes, arched eyebrows, high forehead, and very dark hair, which falls in long curls on either side of her pensive, tranquil face. The portrait of Joseph (6) discloses the characteristics so evident in his life: intelligence and refinement, poise and culture, a countenance at once modest, romantic, and poetic. It shows him as a young man of about twenty-five, with well-modeled features, fair complexion, and clear blue eyes; the forehead is high, and the hair dark and slightly wavy.

Soon all preparations had been made for their departure. "In January, 1846," Sarah later wrote in her diary, "my husband commenced making arrangements to dispose of his practice, which he did some weeks afterward, arranging to resume it again in three years if he should return. . . . After a few days in New York we embarked May first in the ship *Columbia*, Captain Rathbone, on her maiden voyage . . . fifty passengers . . . arrived at Liverpool, then to Wednesbury, the family delighted to see us after the long absence of more than three years."

On the very afternoon of their arrival, when the family was gathered around the fireplace, Sarah called upstairs to Joseph, "Come down, my dear, tea's ready." A few moments later he entered the room, wearing an odd-looking garment and smiling broadly.

"What in the world is that queer looking thing you have on, Joseph?"

"Why, my dear, it's my beloved old dressing gown that's been hanging in the clothes press of my old chamber ever since we left, nearly four years ago! And do let me read you the poem I pinned to it when I left it there. Truly, my wishes have been respected." Neglecting his cup of steaming tea, he read aloud,

ON PARTING WITH MY OLD DRESSING-GOWN

Rest there, old Coat, in kind remembrance rest
Of one who loved thee, as he knew thee, best;
No monument is thine, I hate the name
Of stony tribute to a well earned fame;
No gilded epitaph, nor urn I leave
To mark thy worth, true worth will ever live.
Then rest thee on, soft peace with thee remain
'Till he who sighs to leave thee, comes again.

"To think that it's been here all this time! Now, I call that consideration!"

"You remember, Joseph, we wanted you to leave it there until you came home again," remarked his mother, "because we knew you were attached to it, and we were sure you'd come back."

"Yes, and such attachment to an old dressing gown may seem simple — only to those, however, who are never attached."

* * * * *

Wednesbury, they thought, had improved. Times seemed better, and there was, perhaps, less misery. Yet, withal, they felt unsettled, and for nearly three months were undecided about their future. Finally, from necessity as well as from choice, they resolved to remain in England. It appeared to Sarah the only course if it secured to her beloved husband health and independence. His happiness meant far more to her than any fame or wealth he might gain elsewhere. And Mrs. Kenrick felt that, sorely as she missed her daughter, she ought to be reconciled to the separation if Sarah and Joseph

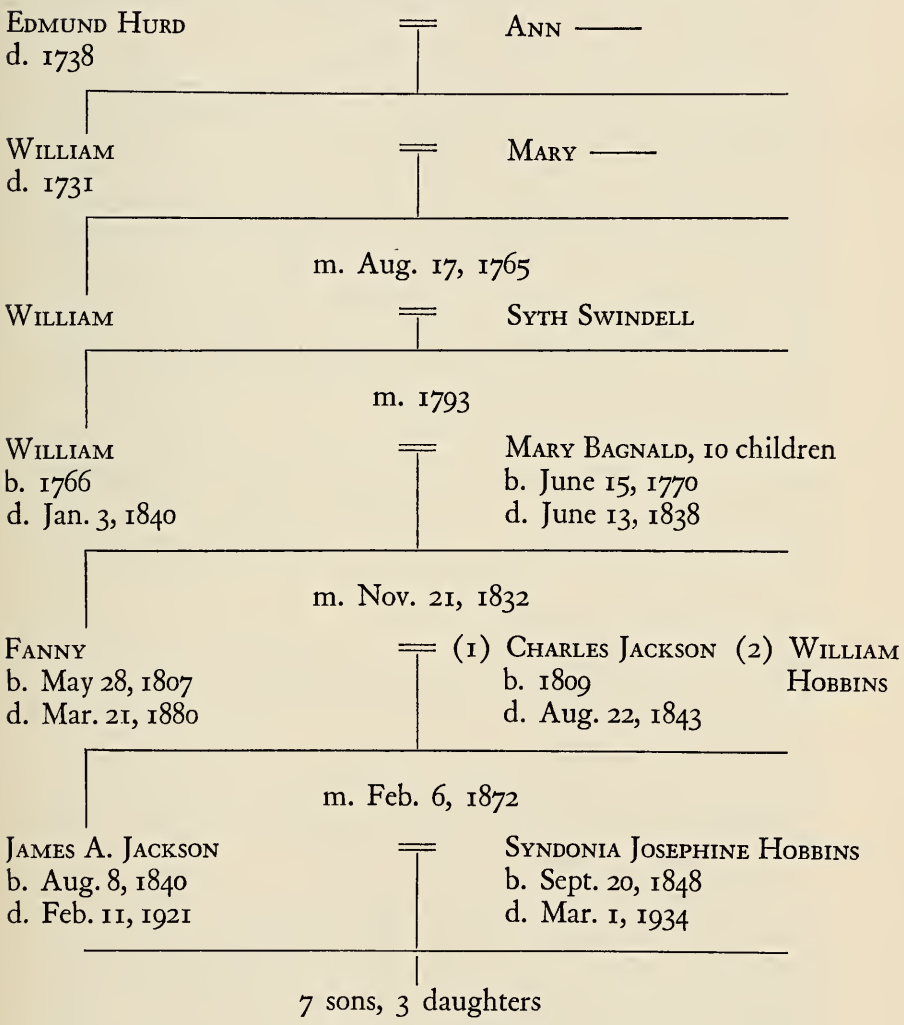
were happier in England and his health was better there. It comforted her to know that they were among kindly friends and that his prospects seemed good. "This is my consolation," she wrote Sarah, ". . . this makes your absence more tolerable than it otherwise would be, and this only can enable me to bear the separation from you with whom I have been so nearly associated from your infancy." And to this letter her father added, "To urge you to return against your inclinations and interests, would be wrong in us. We know the Doctor has left many good friends behind, who regret his departure, and would employ no other Person were he present, and with his good name, in this increasing population, he would without doubt, be enabled soon to secure an extensive practice in our City [Boston] of the best and most profitable kind."

* * * * *

After Joseph's brother William had returned to England he settled in Wolverhampton, a thriving town near Wednesbury. Here he took charge of a well-established drug and chemist shop for the recently widowed Mrs. Charles Jackson, who had been left with two little children, a boy and a girl, and the responsibility of her late husband's business at No. 8, Dudley Street. William did well in his new position; and a cordial friendship developed between the widow and himself, which led to their marriage a year later, on September 25, 1845, at St. Bartholomew's Church in Wednesbury.

William's wife, Fanny, was a native of Ashbourne, Derbyshire, a member of the long-established Hurd family, whose records had been entered for nearly four hundred years in the old registers of the thirteenth-century parish church of St. Oswald. Ashbourne, an ancient, picturesque little town on the south verge of the wild Peak District, is delightfully situated, overlooking as it does the wooded valley of the Dove, which flows close by. St. Oswald's is a fine old Gothic struc-

THE EDMUND HURD FAMILY OF ASHBOURNE, DERBYSHIRE, ENGLAND



ture with slender octagonal spire; within are tombs of the Boothby family of Ashbourne Hall, including that of little Penelope, so charmingly painted by Reynolds. In its quiet, shady close, among long grasses, many tombstones mark the past generations of this old Hurd family.

Available records begin with Edmund Hurd, who married Ann, whose surname is unknown, and died in 1738. For the next three generations the eldest son was named William, the last of whom married Mary Bagnald, also of Ashbourne, in 1793. They had a goodly family of ten, and the father one day complained to his good friend Josiah Wedgwood that he could not find a teapot large enough for his flock. Soon afterward he was presented with a huge brown glazed pot(7) decorated with embossed cream-colored floral sprays and the name William Hurd. Wedgwood himself had made this great teapot at his kiln in Etruria, Staffordshire.

One of their sons, Edmund, courted and married an attractive young Belgian woman, Theresa Cornelia Vanderseypan, governess to the children at the Hall. The Boothby family gave her an elaborate wedding; she was driven to St. Oswald's in the large handsome coach with four postillions, and two of the children acted as bridesmaids.

The Hurd family had for several generations carried on a prosperous decorating and furnishing establishment, frequently receiving commissions for decorating the fine manor houses of Derbyshire, and at times being called to take care of some elegant London mansion. And they had long owned the well-known hostelry *The Green Man and the Black's Head*, favored by travelers through this beautiful region.

The eighth child of William and Mary Hurd was Fanny, who married Charles Jackson of Wolverhampton on November 21, 1832. Charles was a chemist and druggist with a certificate of membership in the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain. Of their seven children, only two, James Albert and Harriet Louisa, survived beyond infancy. Charles died on Au-

gust 22, 1843, when only thirty-four and was buried in the close of St. John's Church. Efforts to trace his ancestry have thus far been unsuccessful. Two years after his death his widow married William Hobbins of Wednesbury.

* * * * *

Soon after Joseph and Sarah were settled in the home of his parents, the doctor took a walking trip for the benefit of his health, and with his brother-in-law Henry Wright explored the county of Derbyshire. Joseph's entertaining accounts of its beautiful scenery and its fine old mansions and castles were published in America, in the *Boston Star*. He also recorded them in his large leather-bound, brass-locked volume "Le Mien," in which he was wont to enter his poems, addresses, medical articles, and other literary productions.

In September of this year, 1846, their first son, Joseph Russell Hobbins, was born, but did not long survive. Of this second loss the sorrowful young mother wrote: "The first and only son . . . . His death severed as it were, in an instant all the ties, the fond hopes that I had thought would have bound me to England. But while I remember the sorrow and the agony of losing him, let me not forget the Sympathy & the kindness I met with from my friends & oh, may I constantly bear in mind that our Heavenly Father knows what is best for his children."

Grief necessitated a change of scene for both, so Sarah went to her old friends the Cunninghams at Oak Vale, while Joseph took a short walking trip in Wales with his father and Henry Wright.

But the enchanting scenery only made him long all the more for Sarah. "Tell me what you are doing," he wrote, "how you are enjoying yourself, and I shall be *in a manner* reconciled to being away from you, though from my heart, don't laugh, I sincerely desire to be with you again . . . . I have written two extempore sets of verses on my way here, for the

Hotel Books kept at the Roadside Inns for scribblers, and have preserved copies of them."

He returned home while Sarah was still away, and was restless and unhappy without her. Wistfully he wrote: "You see how poor a thing man is, a world in himself, to be sure, but a world without light when lost to the influence of woman, a heaven without a sunbeam, a night without a moon." Touched by his loneliness, his wife urged him to join her, but he replied:

. . . it is entirely and unfortunately out of my power. My circumstances stand thus. First, I owe to Will a sovereign which he lent me before setting out for Wales. Then I borrowed £1–10–0 for you from Mother, then I owe the tailor for my trowsers £1–10–9, and then I borrowed from my Father when in Wales 15 shillings, now see . . . £4–15–0. Now, besides this, Mother gave me, you remember, £2–0–0 to spend on my journey, and my Father paid almost as much for me while we were out together, so that I should not like to borrow more. . . . These my dear Sarah, are our circumstances, but I leave here today for Walsall, purposely to employ a lawyer to get some money for me from those who owe me, and should I be successful you may depend on my coming . . . . Should I not, you may be assured I have not forgotten my promise, I owe you a journey with myself and hope to go during the summer. Kenilworth, Warwick, and Leamington are close together, we can go for only 3 shillings and sixpence each, or less than a dollar, from our own door any morning, and thus for £2 or 3 could enjoy ourselves well for 3 or 4 days. What say you? . . . Remember, you ought to give Mrs. Cunningham's servant girl at least 7 shillings and sixpence, that is, 3 half crowns; half a crown per week, not too much considering your stay.

And now my dear Wife, I shall be heartily glad to see you again, for I am really lost without you, take my word for it, I never mean to be so long away from you again. As to my going to Italy, forgive me that I ever spoke of it. What is Italy compared to one's Wife? Come home, come home, when you are able, and your own sweet, foolish, but *affectionate* husband will once more clasp you to his heart and comfort you.

And a few days later: "Do you know, and here is a confession, I never knew what loneliness was before. I do truly feel as though my 'best half' was gone from me. The folks laugh at me every day, 'Poor devil,' says Father, 'his Wife, his Wife is all he wants. Confound him, why does he not go to his Wife!' Then Syndonia, then Mary Ann, etc., till in fact I have no peace, nor indeed do I expect any till you come back."

His last letter, dated June, 1847, was written in more serious vein, and was eloquent of the fact that time and sorrow were strengthening their love:

My dearest Sarah,

So you are really and truly counting the hours till our meeting, a meeting how much desired by myself I should be almost ashamed to confess. I *would* tell you how delighted my heart is in the anticipation of your return, how much I long for and desire your presence, how I *love* you and how miserable I am without you. I would tell you this and very much more . . . we are more than lovers . . . ours is an attachment, my dear Wife, less now of the passions. It has for its binding power a stronger and better link, sweeter, more endearing, and far more lasting ties. We have outlived the frivolity and waywardness of our wedding day, the romance of the honey moon remains no longer, but with the ideality has gone also the "trying time" of assimilation, the accustoming ourselves one to the other, the wearing off of personal peculiarities, the sense of being as yet, two distinct persons. This time, my dear Wife, so unhappy to some and to all a trial more or less severe, we have happily now passed. You have been a mother, we have been parents and hope to be again (ah how magical the tie), you are still and always will remain a mother in my heart and truly do I feel that *we* are indeed *one* in heart, soul, and body. It is not my dear Wife, man's nature to love like woman, to love as woman loves, but it is his nature to feel the necessity of being loved; it is his nature to crave it, to live for it, and to die for it. To be loved, is man's greatest and almost his first and last desire, and though he may not be capable of the same intense or continuous passion, he will cherish the one who loves him, through life unto death, this is his feeling, his love, his duty, his honour and his life. It is woman's

nature to cling, to attach herself, it is man's to support, to cherish and protect. You have often my Wife, my *weak one*, begged me to unfold my heart; but this can never be, you can do so, it is woman's privilege and above all her greatest charm, while it is man's weakness, too often counterfeited and consequently almost invariably his shame. We love, both man and woman, according to an all wise law . . . .

But I am forgetting your note in my dreamy prosings . . . . I cannot procure any money. I am delighted with your little poem, sister Mary Ann has stolen it. Thank your friends from me for their great kindness.

Your ever affectionate husband
J. H.

Evidently his practice was good, but collections poor—a certain forecast of hard times. Hoping to increase his income, in November he again opened a drug shop; and of this Sarah made entry: "The whole household are busy with my dear Husband's preparing for his new business, the *Drug Shop*. To me a pleasing event, the prelude to a home once more to call our own, the realizing of hopes anticipated for more than a year; yet how mingled with bitterness & grief are my feelings, for it is the seal set upon our remaining in England. The sacrifice of all my husband's ambitions and hopes. My heart is touched with sorrow for him, so talented, so fitted to occupy a more elevated position in life, he who has been so beloved & respected & who has moved in so different a sphere, doomed to a life in which I feel he is compelled by necessity, by misfortune; but unavailing are regrets or tears." In England the change from professional to businessman implied a slight decline in social status; nevertheless a good chemist was held in esteem, for he must have had some scientific training, and was usually a graduate in medicine. He must be able to compound prescriptions from their elementary drugs; and the profession of the pharmacist and chemist stood in close relationship to that of the physician.

During the past decade the industries of Wednesbury had increased, and Joseph's father had recouped his financial losses and was again prosperous. His family moved into a new house, "The Cedars," at Aldrich, a village near Wednesbury; and the younger couple remained in the old home temporarily. Meanwhile the doctor began building his own house, and wrote his wife, again visiting at Oak Vale, of its progress: "The masons are getting on finely . . . the garden wall is finished and being ornamented along the top, very pretty. They are slating the house, putting the garden into trim, cementers are at work, and on your return everything will look well, and you will be surprised and delighted."

Soon afterward, on April 17, 1848, Sarah entered in her diary: "Commenced housekeeping; the eventful morning has at last arrived that we are to take possession of our own home. Oh, what enchantment hangs upon that little word! This is a very busy morning. After breakfast I proceeded at once to the Cottage, where Ann, my new servant, is busy making fires. Carpets are being put down, feather beds airing; carpenters & lockmakers are at work—a scene of confusion. . . . Heartily tired when night comes at last, this busy yet pleasurable day, for I anticipate it as the prelude to much enjoyment. Tonight we take possession of our large and airy chamber, and this closes the day, which has been as lovely above as my heart has been happy." A little later Sarah said to her husband one day, "I begin to feel attached to this place, the only spot I could ever call home in England."

An entry made in the autumn of the same year reads: "Born Sept. 20, 1848, at half past nine, my dear Babe . . . my third born. She has come to shed a light upon our solitary home, to gladden my lonely heart, for I feel that it would indeed be desolate without her, short as is the time that she has been given to me." In the parish church, St. Bartholomew's, this "dear Babe" was christened Syndonia Josephine, after her aunt and her father.

The mother's deep love for this infant is expressed in numerous entries: "My dear Babe is five weeks old today. Oh, with what unutterable love does my heart cling to this precious gift. How I shall talk to her, if she lives, about the beautiful home of my girlhood. When I look in her dear face & her laughing blue eyes, I feel a sweet, delicious joy, as only mothers know; as her little hands unconsciously clasp mine I feel there is yet a strong tie binding me to earth." A few months later: "She knows me now & puts out her little arms & I rejoice that she is becoming a joy & solace to her father." A year later: "Here I am, comfortably seated on our American sofa. Little Josephine is at my feet & has thrown some flower buds in her hair . . . she looks healthy, and bids fair to be a bonnie Lassie." At two years of age: "Little Rosy, as we sometimes call her, possesses a little chubby figure & is neither very small nor large. She has a round, chubby face, & large, lustrous eyes, exceedingly beautiful & deep blue, soft rosy lips & features very good, and her hair of chestnut brown curls slightly."

Happiness and success seemed to bless the little home and family: "all necessaries, nay, more, many luxuries are ours, with prosperity in our worldly affairs; J's health is improving." Letters from Nonantum expressed great pleasure that they were at length so comfortably situated, and said that some of their household things were being sent by the packet ship *Washington Irving*.

But even in this charming cottage with its attractive garden there were times when, depressed by the constant gray skies and smoke-filled atmosphere of Wednesbury, Sarah's deep love of nature made her long for fresh air, bright sunshine, and green hillsides: "Walked in Mr. Smith's garden, the greatest luxury I have in the Town, & I almost forget the smoke & unattractiveness of it while I enjoy the fruit & flowers of this real pretty garden . . . . I fear the charming season will pass without my being out of sight of the smoke of Wednesbury. . . . Once, at least, this season I have seen the country. I

thought it would pass without even a glimpse of a pleasure once so familiar . . . . The country air, its green fields & shady woods & sweet wildflowers, with which, in the sunny days of my childhood I held constant companionship, ah, little did I think through the whole long season in which they are in their glory I should only *once* behold them." With this craving for the beauties of nature was mingled a longing for her mother: "As each season passed how eagerly I have looked for her & now the Summer is here again. The Cuckoo's note is heard once more & the sweet songbirds of England warble their melodious strains in every grove, the hedges are white with fragrant Hawthorne & the modest violet is peeping up amidst its sheltering leaves, little children's hands are clasping their favorite Buttercups and Daisies. All Nature is rejoicing in its Creator's goodness . . . . The Winter has passed & gone, the sweet singing birds are here, the budding trees and flowers once more I behold, God is merciful . . . ."

EMIGRATION, BUT WHITHER?

But her husband's ambition, hard work, and high hopes did not insure success for long. For the masses, times were generally bad and were growing worse. Under Victoria there was general prosperity with comparative peace, national expansion, increased wealth, intellectual advancement, and industrial improvements, yet the laboring classes were in dire distress. Not only in the Midlands, where the Hobbins family dwelt, but throughout England economic depression and unrest were spreading, conditions largely due to postwar poverty and the mechanical innovations which had thrown thousands out of employment. Naturally their misery reacted upon those above them, especially the business and professional classes.

For many the only escape was emigration. Some looked to the Empire's colonies, to Canada, New Zealand, Australia; others sought relief in America.

The movement began to affect the Midlands. Since many

of their friends had left, and others were making ready to leave, some of the Hobbins family, including the Wrights and the Constables, who had long discussed a possible change, now began to consider seriously whether it were better to remain in England and endure the conditions there or for all of them to leave the country. At length a decision had to be made. Hard though it might be, they must pull up the roots of the life which for centuries had been growing ever deeper into the soil of Old England. Struggle, despair, and longing for opportunity, like the blades of a plowshare, slowly began to loosen the impacted soil and release the entangled roots. But whither were all their families to be transplanted? Where were they to go? Perhaps to Australia, which then held out the promise of Eldorado.

One morning Henry Wright appeared, waving a letter from Australia. "Listen to this!" he exclaimed excitedly. "It's an answer from my friends in Adelaide. Good news!" And he read aloud: "Our family is most comfortably settled here. My wife likes it, and so do our boys, for whom I see very good prospects. Domestic service is plentiful, wages reasonable . . . and good food at low prices. Land business is profitable. My wife will write telling what to bring by way of clothing, house furnishings, etc. Life here is more unconventional than in England, and we are sure you will like it. With your knowledge of engineering, there are good openings awaiting you, and there should be no difficulty in establishing yourself."

"Doesn't that sound promising, Joseph? What a contrast to what we face here, where the future is so blank for all of us, and especially for our children. How different our lives would be out there in Australia! You and Sarah must consider it, too, and we'll all discuss it together."

Sarah, more than any of them, longed to leave Wednesbury, for she had come to hate their surroundings there, to loathe the constant drizzle that coated everything with greasy soot. She would gladly go anywhere, but in her heart she hoped

the decision would be for America. After one of many long family discussions pro and con she pleaded with Joseph, "We must go away from here! The place is becoming so unhealthy and lacking in morality. What a terrible contrast between this and New England! Your talents, Joseph, fit you for any society, but here you are shut out from all intellectual companionship. Here we live in a place absolutely opposed to our tastes. We live in a dirty, smoky town, without the hope of independence and without sufficient means for moving elsewhere. Think, Joseph, how much better off we were in Brookline!"

"Yes, Sarah, you are right. We were much better off over there. Perhaps we might try it again, in another part of America, maybe in the Middle West, in the State of Wisconsin, where some of your New England relatives have already settled. That would be better for our health, too. And yet, how could we undertake another such change? Do you think you could stand it?"

"Oh, yes, Joseph! Anything but living on here!"

And so continued the protracted discussions about leaving England, which kept the several families in an unhappy and unsettled state of mind. Arguments on the subject became more and more frequent, but though all felt they *must* leave, they could never come to any definite agreement about *where* they should go. Numerous entries in Sarah's diary show that from week to week, from month to month, during these years of indecision, plans were made and unmade, only to be remade, leaving them all in a highly distressed frame of mind:

June, 1848. I find the whole family absorbed in one subject, that of emigrating to Australia. My dear husband quite in the spirit of it, but I have little faith in this project, or else I should feel greatly concerned. . . . H. Constable talks of leaving England.

July 2. Am I to be exiled to Australia, 18000 miles away, nevermore to see my dear Mother? I cannot soberly consider or believe it.

July 9. There seems less prospect of my being banished from my dear Mother still more distant than Europe.

July 16. My mind much distracted today by more talk of Australia.

July 18. H. Constable took his departure to Australia. William Hobbins took tea with us; I think things wear a better aspect. This is cheering.

July 24. The Australia affair seems to be dying away, but I know not what course the great depression of trade may lead the family to pursue.

August 5. Mr. Wright contemplates taking his father with him to Australia.

Aug. 13. Mr. Wright and Joseph seem to be fast maturing their plans for Australia. Am beginning to view it in a more serious light.

Sep. 10. The parts of the family formerly most anxious to go to Australia are now opposed to it. J., I fear, will be much affected by this. Mr. Wright still seems determined to go.

Nov. 3. Times are getting worse & Joseph seems disheartened, but we have much to be thankful for.

The matter of departure subsided for a while. Joseph and Sarah decided to remain in England. The next year, 1849, so definitely settled were they that she wrote to have the rest of their household goods shipped from Newton, and after several months received word that they were on the way:

Nonantum Hill, Newton, Dec. 17, 1849

My dear Daughter

. . . Your things were shipped, well packed, on the new Ship *Parliament*, & consigned to Liverpool . . . no insurance thereon, as the ship was so fine so strong so new . . . . The *Parliament* of Train's Line left Boston 15 inst. on its first Voyage & carries your freight remarkably low, 20 shillings per ton of 40 feet. The passage out from Boston is also reduced to $60 and $75 for return & fine accommodations, so you need not despair but what you will one day see me in England. By advice of Mr. Chickering the Piano was delivered at his warehouse & boxed by him, the cracks of the box being covered with strips of cloth & glued on & covered with paint to prevent all axcess of damp air, important although at

some extra cost. The Bureau is packed in the next large Box and the looking glass is wrapped in the Stair Carpet & placed between the feet, the frame of the glass is in one of the Bureau drawers which are not locked but empty, so it need not be opened at the Custom House. The Bureau Keys & Key to the Writing Desk you will find in the Desk . . . . The Buffaloe skin which covers the Center Table was by accident not named in the Invoice by pure mistake which I much regret. I send you as a New Years present the life of Dr. Franklin, which we think is a most valuable National Work.

Your Papers Mr. K. and I have taken much pains to arrange, and the records of Badger and Jackson families Mr. K. has carefully copied off and preserved the copy here. There is the Diploma conferring the Degree of A. B., Batchellor of Arts on the Rev. Stephen Badger your Great Grandfather by Harvard Colledge 1747, & there is a letter written by him dated Charleston, S. C. 1748 to Miss Hill his intended wife, under the assumed name of Fidelius, over 100 years ago. Also several Commissions of the State of Congress to Michael Jackson your Grandfather all of which I hope you will preserve with care in memory of all those who have so carefully preserved them for you alone. Also the wedding Shoes of your Grandmother Sarah Badger Jackson, and your Great Grandmother Badger, the last nearly 100 years old.

Nevertheless the subject of leaving England recurred at intervals. Soon the absorbing topic of family conversation was California, of which gilded descriptions were reaching them — California, with its sunny climate, the recent discovery of its gold, and the consequent promise of great wealth. In California, surely, they could find success and prosperity. Their hopes rose, increased, the decision was all but made. To Sarah, California, though much farther from Massachusetts than was Wisconsin, was at least America. Mr. Kenrick wrote some illuminating facts about it:

California is 700 miles long, as large as England, and they have formed a *Constitution* in which *unanimously all Slavery is excluded*. They apply to Congress to come in as a State, and this *crime*

Slave holders oppose. Your cousin Edward Jackson is out there & doing well. He writes that all the stories of Gold are *true,* only people must *dig* for it. Gold is also found in a *rock,* in which 1 lb. of rock yields $11 in gold. There are Mountains or hills of the rock. Col. Frémont, a Senator of California, owns part of this vast hill or rock & is thought to be the richest man in the World. James Leighton was unsteady and was sent out from here in a Whale Ship which he left in California 3 years ago. He has lately returned and is reported worth $100,000. Mr. Holden went by Panama to California last year. He was an Apothecary, carried out his Stock & his own Medicines for fevers & ague. Britons, Frenchmen, Swiss are there, but mostly Americans, Australians & Chinamen, & others from across the Pacific Ocean & Sandwich Islands, also Chileans, Peruvians, Mexicans, Oregonians, all are there. 20 or 30 went from Newton last year, & now about 100,000 it is reported go overland by Missouri this spring.

But after interminable debate Joseph and Sarah decided that California was too far away and too unsettled, so they gave up all idea of going away out there.

The depression continued, however. In the summer of 1849 Joseph had remarked to his wife one day, "Trade is getting much worse all over England. I do not know what the result will be. And as if this were not bad enough, I fear that a calamity far worse than anything we have yet suffered is ahead of us."

He looked grave, and Sarah asked fearfully, "Joseph, what do you mean?"

"It's the cholera, Sarah. I don't want to frighten you, my dear, but that dreadful scourge has broken out in several places already, and may soon be here."

The dreadful scourge spread rapidly, exacting its horrible toll in almost every part of England. Nearer and nearer it crept toward Wednesbury until finally, on September 9, 1849, Sarah had to record: "The Cholera, alas! has struck Wednesbury. Commencing about 10 days ago, it has committed fearful ravages here, attacking principally the lower classes, and has

stricken whole families. Alas! I did not know what a state of poverty & vice existed here, and so near to us. Now the Cholera is near us, too, our very neighbors are afflicted with it. My Husband has been in the midst of it & spared, as I believe, no exertion, for the poor man is exhausted in mind and body, nor can he rest at night." The "dead cart" could now be seen passing twice daily through Wednesbury, gathering its grim burden.

On September 20 she wrote: I feel glad that it is so much in my Husband's power to relieve the distress of his patients, he has had over 500 cases of diarrhoea, 70 cases of Malignant Cholera, & 40 deaths. My sweet Baby is a year old today, but her first Birthday has been indeed a sad one." Four days later: "My poor Husband is almost worn out with fatigue & anxiety. Fortunately he has this day engaged an apprentice, who will be of some help." And a week after that: "The Cholera has broken out fresh in the higher order of people & some sudden deaths have occurred; but a merciful God still spares us."

A letter from Mrs. Kenrick is further evidence of Joseph's good work: "I feel much gratified that the Doctor has been so successful in his treatment of the Cholera, and tho' an evil, it has established his name, & he acted a noble part in bettering the condition of the poor & making improvements in the town."

An added anxiety was that while family expenses were increasing, income was decreasing, for few could pay for his services. Moreover, trade continued to be dull, in the drug shop the more so because of two new ones. Joseph and Sarah were forced to the strictest economy: "We have left our quiet, cheerful cottage home today, to return once more to the old Homestead, this will lessen expenses."

But not all their days were clouded. There were occasional bright intervals, and the cholera was abating somewhat. The doctor had acquired a riding horse, a necessity for his practice, and sometimes they drove out in their "own equipage" to dine at Aldridge, taking little Josephine with them. Holidays, too,

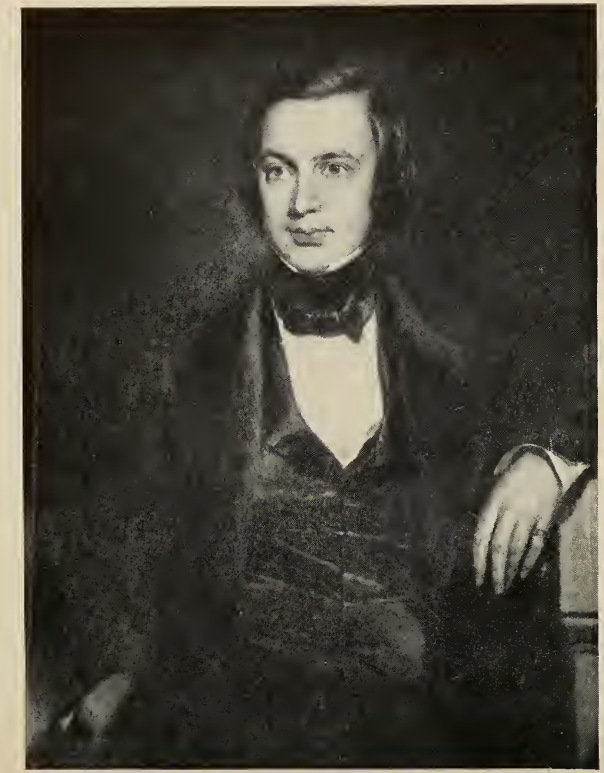
brought cheer: "Yesterday was Christmas & we were invited to Aldridge to join a family dinner party. We returned by moonlight & had a delightful drive."

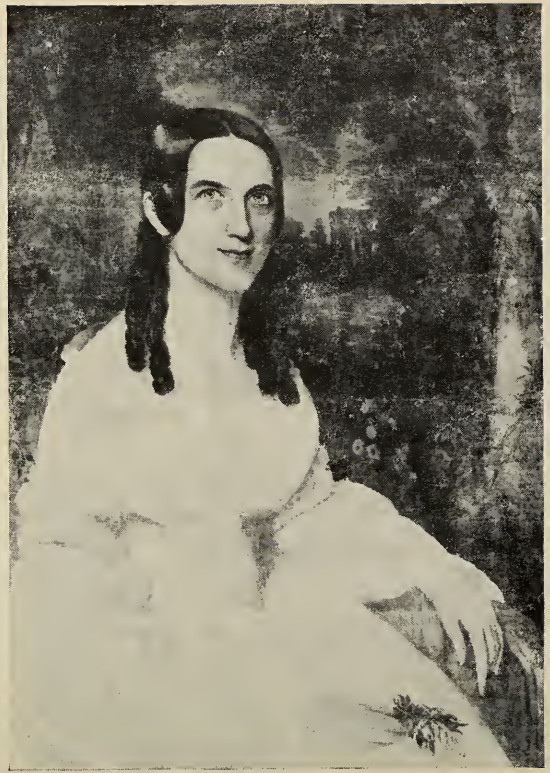
They managed to live in moderate comfort; and on January 6, 1851, another infant was born. "Here I am, seated in my cheerful sitting room upstairs," wrote Sarah in April. "Our new Baby, Sarah Ellen, is asleep, my little kettle is singing over the hearth & a bright fire burning gives a homelike and comfortable look. Joseph, too, has written a few lines to my Mother, full of kindness & an invitation to my Father to come to see us. My Husband has received an honorary Degree from the Columbia College (8), Washington, D.C. [*now George Washington University*]. Our friends in Brookline write how high in the estimation of the people my dear Husband is in America. We have many comforts, even a few luxuries, although they are dearly bought. Our income is as great, all things considered, as we ought to expect, & no doubt Joseph's practice will increase; but at present all is swallowed up in expenses."

They were better off than many in their position, and yet in their hearts there was always an undercurrent of discontent, even silent despair, in the face of a future that offered so little promise for themselves or their children. Joseph longed for financial independence, an opportunity to expand and improve his professional position, and leisure for intellectual pursuits. Sarah craved the loving companionship of her parents and friends; resenting the class distinctions of England, she pined for that freedom of spirit which her ancestors had bequeathed to her in a land that was young and virile, full of hope and promise. Her thoughts often dwelt on those liberties for which her forebears had so valiantly and stubbornly fought. Proud of their name and their record, she determined to imbue her children with the same spirit and ideals. She would teach them about Christopher Jackson of Stepney, London, his son Edward of Newton, who had left the Old World for the New,

MRS. WILLIAM KENRICK, THE FORMER MRS. STEPHEN BADGER JACKSON

From a portrait painted by Henry C. Pratt in 1840, in the possession of the authors





DR. JOSEPH AND MRS. HOBBINS (SARAH BADGER JACKSON) ABOUT THE TIME OF THEIR MARRIAGE IN 1841

The portrait of Mrs. Hobbins, by Henry C. Pratt of Boston, is owned by the authors; that of Dr. Hobbins, presumably also by Pratt, by Louis M. Hobbins of Madison, Wisconsin

and General Michael Jackson, who had loved liberty so much and with his brothers and sons had fought for it in the colonies.

Yet despite occasional depression Sarah was constantly buoyed up by the expectation of a visit from her mother, who had long planned to come to Wednesbury. The previous year it had seemed certain, for she had begun inquiring about steamship rates, as England was preparing for her first international exposition, to be held at London in 1851. She had written:

If I go to England in the Spring I shall go in company with many Americans, as many Ships are then going loaded with Passengers to the "World's Convention," and a Passage then to go and return after 6 or 8 weeks' stay in London will be very low as advertised, the round trip for $100. Great preparations are being made in America to send out various Productions of American manufacture & a National Ship of War of America has been appointed to load and take free of all cost of freight all American Productions for exhibitions. I believe it will be seen that the Americans are not behindhand in all various & useful inventions in Art & Manufacture.

I saw by the papers that "Train" is going to fit up packets for the Exhibition at favorable prices. I think many will go from this Country, both male and female; and they are arranging cheap fares for inside cabins. Train's great Ship now building, is to be called the "Staffordshire," in honor of your English county. I suppose I ought to patronize her? If not, I shall wait to go to our American "World's Fair" next year in Long Island.

In America the glories of the Exposition were being well advertised by a young and alert, though somewhat flamboyant, showman, P. T. Barnum, then becoming famous through his introduction of "General Tom Thumb" and the great prima donna of the day, Jenny Lind. Mr. Kenrick was impressed:

My dear Daughter:

In Boston last week I went with your Mother to Armory Hall to see the splendid Panorama of the Crystal Palace. Mr. Barnum sent superior artists to London and got it up faithfully, as it cost him $30,000. All the figures appear as large as life, and the Panorama

was moving on canvas 15 feet high. First, a view of the Crystal Palace itself & of London; Westminster Abbey & Monuments, Parliament Houses, Palaces & Parks. Next, the interior and Inauguration of the Exhibition. In the Transept sat Victoria on a Throne & Prince Albert as President stood reading the address. Then the Guards in line, the Mayor of London, & Abbot Lawrence [*U. S. minister to Great Britain*]. Behind the Queen stood the Duke of Wellington & other notables. There was the Crystal Fountain of Glass 37 feet high & magnificent Trees. The moving Panorama shewed us the productions of all nations, & the Painting is the most magnificent of all the Panoramas I have ever seen. Lastly the Yacht America was shewn in the race on the Sea & other yachts.

* * * * *

In Wednesbury, aside from tending his shop and practising his profession, the doctor was active in bettering the unsanitary conditions of the town. The Health of Towns Act, of which he was the originator, and to which he had given much time, influence, and money, had been passed; and now he was equally concerned in getting a proper water system for the town, for the shortage of pure water in the Black Country was one factor in the periodic outbreaks of cholera. He and Henry Wright headed a movement to obtain the passage of an Act of Parliament remedying conditions, and eventually it was accomplished.

The cholera had at last subsided, but the economic depression had not. Discouragement once more seized the doctor. And again, like some dreadful recurrent nightmare, came up the question of leaving England, of deciding, once for all, whether to go to America and settle in Massachusetts or Wisconsin, or to go to Australia, which seemed to him the promised land. From Australia continued to come glowing descriptions of the good positions for professional men, cheap lands, and abundant and cheap food and labor. And with the continued discovery of gold, several members of the family had almost decided to go there, Joseph among them:

May 25, 1852: my dear Husband seems to have decided today the important question of leaving England for Australia. Sudden fortune has its all-powerful temptation, but at what sacrifice! Truly, it is a prospect I trust may never be realized. Joseph's father affirms that he himself will not go to Australia, & Mary Ann is as opposed to it as myself. There is some hope that we shall not go, and this again revives our last plan, that of returning to America, of my dear Husband's commencing a Consultation Practice in Boston, of residing in the Country for its healthfulness, of being near my beloved Mother. I hoped he would thus acquire independence & occupy the station he is fitted for. But now it seems doubtful if we are to remain in England, leave for Australia, or America. But it is my duty to consider the obstacles in leaving for America—the extremes of Heat and Cold to English Constitutions, the danger of my Husband's health relapsing as before, and the difficulty of securing a Consulting Practice.

Received a short time ago a letter from my dear Mother and from Father . . . . He was a kind, indulgent, generous Father, simple, honest, unassuming, original, and a man of no common kind. It is hard to think of going still farther away from them.

Australia was favored by the several families, and Sarah, though filled with despair, decided not to oppose the idea any more. Sadly but courageously she set about planning for the long, long journey, and for the making of the children's clothes. She wrote her parents of her husband's decision and of their preparations. And in June, 1852, she wrote in her diary: "Unless Providence determines otherwise, it is now settled that we shall go to Australia. J. has again advertised his practice. Mr. Wright and Mr. Constable are selling their properties." But a fortnight later: "While the present mania for Australia prevails, the feeling about it is not quite so strong."

For with the influx of gold-seekers everything was altered, and very different were the reports that now came to them, especially in Mr. Kenrick's letter of July 7, 1852, which he hoped would dissuade them. Sarah read her father's letter to the family:

My dear Daughter,

I rcd yr letter of June, and read it, as you may imagine, with much surprise, not unmingled with extreme sorrow and grief. I gave it to your Mother, and her sensations on its perusal may be better imagined than described. The question naturally arises, what *call* have you to go at this time to a *far* country — away from Parents & kindred & friends & Country and to another country, the most remote possible and of which you know not. From what my brother has told us of the kind offers made to your husband at Brookline if he returns, *The Call of Providence* seems to be that you come hitherward, where the Dr. is already so favorably known, and where he might calculate upon a Practice worth $4,000 a year, which might increase indefinitely.

And this in a Country whose climate is the finest on earth, as evinced by the Longevity of its People, where health is acknowledged as the *greatest wealth*. A Country whose People are renowned above all others on earth for their religious institutions, for Education, Industry, Enterprise, Intelligence, and Principle. The descendants of a People elected of God from all others. A Country abounding in all the necessaries and luxuries of life, in all the finest *fruits* of the *temperate climate*, and the *Tropics*, brought here by Steamships, and perfectly fresh, in a voyage of about 4 or 5 days . . . . What are the advantages of Education here? And what are they in Australia? You will doubtless be told that there are fine teachers and fine schools there; as though the Education which children receive was not rather *outside of schools*, especially in the society of Massachusetts.

People go there as to the Antipodes of all for which our forefathers came here, for Religion & for liberty's sake, and from Principle alone; to bring up their Children aright & aloof from the evil example of the World. But for what, alas, do many go to Australia? *The Christian Register* informs us that the condition of Society at the Gold Diggings there is now worse than in the worst Periods in California; & other accounts have stated that the very worst class of emigrants into California were those who came thither from Sydney in Australia.

To leave Parents & friends & Kindred and Country under all the extraordinary circumstances of the case, might indeed be a

very great *Error*. An *Error* which always finds its own retribution even in this present World; for so Providence seems to have foreordained. And Children who thus *leave* Parents and Kindred & friends and a *better country*, how soon may they not, in their turn, be separated from their own?

In this Country, an Englishman, if he be talented, stands about an equal chance to rise in respectability & in honors as a native citizen. . . . How happy should I be to see you—I had anticipated much pleasure in your return, and in the hopes that you would be settled with the Doctor near us, and should be happy to do all in my power in aid thereof, as well on your own dear Mother's account as on my own. I know your kind heart is here. How earnestly I wish you were here, what a comfort it would be to your Mother and me to have you always nigh. The only daughter of an only Mother.

Your affectionate Father
William Kenrick

P.S. When the Telegraph Submarine is laid from Nova Scotia to Saint John's in Newfoundland, now in Progress of construction, & the Galway line of Steamships is established we shall be able to communicate a message from here to London in little over 5 days, and reduce the Passage to 6 or 7 days.

Henry heard too from the friends in Adelaide that the gold rush was indeed bringing about very undesirable changes, completely altering the pleasant conditions of life there. Prices were rapidly mounting, domestic help was obtainable only at exorbitant wages; and servants, laborers, mechanics, and tradespeople were flocking to the diggings. So the men of the family, though disappointed, now hesitated to take their wives and children to so distant a land, where social conditions were becoming objectionable, and where they would be called upon to endure many discomforts.

The pendulum continued to swing. Joseph was still unable to sell his practice, and decided that meanwhile he would go to Edinburgh to take an examination for a degree. He did not receive it, but he did acquire a much wiser outlook on life

and on his future, as he wrote from Carlisle, where he spent a night on his homeward journey:

My dear Sarah

You see I am half way back . . . . *No Diploma*, but do not care, glad that it is over and that time is my own again. They would not give me the Senior Examination, I was too young, but I made the attempt with a dash and got *disappointed* again. They advised me to come again after 3 or 4 years, but I will see them at —— first. I have had altogether the most delightful journey . . . but expect the greatest treat at the Lakes and wish you were here to enjoy them with me. Never mind, I have done now with all speculation and ambition, I will try to be content with what I have, make the best of present circumstances, and I am determined that we will enjoy ourselves *together*.

It is evidently no use my trying to get forward in this world with a *jump*. I was not born under the influence or the sign of Mercury — I must go steadily on. Well, perhaps it is best, I have too much ambition, and know not to where it would lead. But enough, let us be wise in the future and enjoy what we have rather than living for things which we never shall have. I am determined now to sit down and pick up my daily living like the greater and perhaps the wiser part of Mankind, and who knows but what I may prosper the more. Kiss the children again and again for me. What is Josephine doing?

Your affectionate husband
J. Hobbins.

* * * * *

When Sarah's parents received her letter telling of the families' imminent departure for Australia they were appalled.

"William!" exclaimed Mrs. Kenrick, "What shall we do? How can we let them go to that wild, remote country, thousands of miles away from us?"

"No, Harriot! They must not go there! We should never see them again! But what can we do to prevent it?"

"The others may go if they wish, but Sarah and Joseph and their children, never!"

With characteristic New England determination Mrs. Kenrick quickly made up her mind. "There is just one thing to do, William. I must go to England at once, on the very first steamship. You go to Boston tomorrow and secure my passage, while I pack my things." It was a bold decision, for women did not take such long and hazardous voyages alone. William of course demurred, but business matters and uncertain health prevented him from accompanying her.

The next day he returned from the city and announced, "I have good passage for you, Harriot, on the *Daniel Webster*, which sails in four days. How surprised Sarah will be! for there is not time to let her know you are coming."

And so, on the very next day after Joseph's departure for examinations at Edinburgh, Sarah's mother arrived at the door quite unexpectedly. The diary records their meeting: "I was busily engaged preserving fruit in the kitchen, dressed for the occasion. Then George, the doctor's apprentice, suddenly announced the arrival of my dear Mother, and I was very much overcome with so sudden a meeting, after separation of nearly seven years. In my dear Mother's face was written much of the anxiety and sorrow she had passed through, and she looked thinner. She, too, was struck by my appearance and thinness."

But even before Mrs. Kenrick's arrival the plans for going to Australia had been virtually abandoned, a decision that lightened the hearts of both mother and daughter. Yet the future was still uncertain; for although it seemed decided that they should go to America, the new argument was, should they settle in Massachusetts or in Wisconsin?

Mrs. Kenrick prolonged her visit for nearly a year, enjoying the happiness of being with her daughter and three little granddaughters. During her stay the youngest, Alice Russell, was born, on February 9, 1853. Together they made little pleasure trips into the country, to the Hobbins home at Aldridge, to Dudley Castle, Chatsworth, and Lichfield.

According to English custom, the little girls had their meals

in the nursery, but after dinner they were brought to the drawing room for "sweets," wearing little white muslin frocks tied on the shoulders with light-blue ribbons. They were allowed to bring the "automatons," or mechanical toys, which Mr. Kenrick had sent them and in which they delighted. Josephine had a hen that spread her wings, letting the chicks run about; Ellen had a little coach and four that ran about the room, evoking joyous squeals. They also had "musical fruits" with tinkling tunes; but the special treat was barley-sugar candy.

Once, when leaving for a trip, their father asked each child what he should bring her. Josephine's choice was a plum pudding, and a plum pudding she received, tied up in a bag and slung over his saddle! Sometimes the children were allowed to go into the kitchen, where there was a great open hearth, to watch the "joint" or the "fowl" slowly turning and sputtering on the spit before the glowing coals; and if the joint was beef, a "Yorkshire pudding" below would catch the savory drippings. "How good it smells!" they would exclaim.

Her father often took Josephine with him on rural calls. To foster the child's early love of flowers he would stop the phaeton to let her pick handfuls of the bluebells, violets, or primroses that grew so plentifully along the country lanes. She delighted in bringing these back to her mother.

The little girls were a charming trio, and when a young Italian artist came to Wednesbury the parents engaged him to paint miniatures of them. These were done in soft colors on ivory framed in gold, and on each was engraved the child's name and birth date. On the reverse, under crystal, was a delicate floral design fashioned from the hair of the parents and set with pearls.

TO AMERICA'S MIDDLE WEST

During the winter she spent in Wednesbury Mrs. Kenrick received letters from her half sister, Mrs. Clark, whose family had left the East and was settled on a farm near Oregon, a

village away out in the Middle West, in southern Wisconsin. Other relatives, too, had left Newton and were settled out there. John Prentice had acquired a farm near "Milwaukie"; the family of Sarah's cousin Patience Ward had gone out to Quincy, Illinois; another cousin, George Tillinghast, was out in Indiana, where he was doing well; and still another, Edward Jackson, had been for two years in California. The tone and content of these letters so interested the elder Joseph Hobbins that he wrote to the governor of Wisconsin, Leonard J. Farwell, for information about his state. Farwell directed the agent of a land firm located in Madison, the state capital, to send Mr. Hobbins printed material about land, schools, the university, etc., as well as maps of the vicinity.

About two months later he received two maps and an illustrated pamphlet, *Statistics of Dane County, Wisconsin*, printed at Madison in 1851, which described the beautiful town in the Middle West. These were quickly passed around and eagerly discussed at family gatherings. They seemed to offer a solution for all of them, and at last united them in a decision regarding where they should go—to Wisconsin, to Madison. The maps and pamphlets presented glorious visions of a new life amid brighter scenes and happier circumstances than they were enduring in their dismal iron- and coal-mining town, in a country faced with economic breakdown as steam power continued to displace hand labor, and unemployment and poverty constantly increased.

Longing intensely to escape from this drab industrial atmosphere to some haven offering social and educational advantages, a place where they might again see blue skies and water and green fields instead of the eternal murkiness and the barren slag heaps and smokestacks of the Black Country, a land promising better professional and financial rewards, they studied the maps intently and turned the pages of the blue-covered booklet from Wisconsin. Their dormant hopes gradually reawakened as they read:

[Madison] offers far greater inducements to the permanent settler, the transient man, and all others, than any other village or city in the west. . . . Persons desiring to settle in sightly locations, with magnificent views of water and wood land scenery, may find hundreds of unoccupied places of unsurpassed beauty upon and near their margins. . . . With enlightened enterprise on the part of its citizens . . . with a just appreciation of the capabilities of its position, and above all, with an open and liberal policy towards the stranger who may be seeking a new home in the west, the expectations of the most sanguine will be more than realized.

"Sightly locations," magnificent views and lakes, "liberal policy towards the stranger seeking a new home in the west." These were inviting and friendly words! They read on:

As the permanent capital of Wisconsin, as the seat of the richly endowed University of the state, and as the probable locality of other state institutions which naturally cluster about the metropolis, Madison has special advantages which cannot fail greatly to quicken its growth, and to make it a desirable place of residence, a commanding business point.

To the older people this promised financial success; to the younger, a better education. But neither social, financial, nor educational advantages were enough in themselves; and even more ardently did their innate love of nature respond to certain passages:

The surface of the county . . . is all rolling — hills and valleys succeeding each other — presenting such an appearance as we might suppose the ocean would present, if, after being lashed by a tempest, its waters were instantly congealed, and the surface clothed with verdure.

There were pictures of the central square, with an attractive capitol building surrounded by trees; the courthouse, and hotels. A view of the University showed five large structures crowning a hill, a very imposing group: a central porticoed administrative hall, and on each side a pair of four-storied

buildings for classrooms and dormitories. They read on, enchanted:

[The Capitol] is in the centre of a Park, containing fourteen acres, filled with native forest trees, and the ground slopes slightly in every direction from the building. The lakes are in view from every part of the enclosure, and on ascending to the dome, a magnificent prospect spreads out all around, wild and gentle; a couple more lakes in sight, high rolling prairies, sylvan groves, and graceful swales opening glimpses of beauties beyond the verge of the apparent boundaries of the valley. The view compasses a circuit of from six to fifteen miles, and is not excelled any where. . . . Directly west of the Capitol . . . towers the University of the State . . . elevated over 100 [feet] above the Lakes, in a park containing fifty-five acres. . . . The Institution owes its existence to the munificence of congress.

And even the chilly Wednesbury fog seemed to dissipate as they scanned such inspired lines as these:

It may be safely averred that no section of country in the temperate zone enjoys a pleasanter climate than southern Wisconsin. It is equally removed from the extremes of heat and cold. . . . Winters . . . are more commonly mild and delicious . . . . Snow rarely falls to the depth of 20 inches; . . . Summers are warm, but tempered by proximity to the great lakes.

For a watering place, or public resort during the hot seasons of the year. The beauty of its surrounding lakes and scenery surpasses anything in the Union. . . . it will require but a few years for Madison to outstrip anything inland in the west.

With the booklet that pictured for these English folk this western paradise had come a copy of the two-page Madison newspaper, the *Wisconsin State Journal*, in which the land agent also advertised:

One thousand homesteads for sale, comprising a large number of very desirable lots well located, for business purposes, or private residences, situated in the Village of Madison, Wisconsin; also one

hundred and fifty five- and ten-acre lots, adjoining the Corporation limits, within a few rods of the Madison Mill and Water Power; possessing a fertile soil — fronting on handsomely laid out avenues — well supplied with wood and water.

The advertisement of a shipping agency also offered assistance to prospective settlers:

Emigration agents to sell Prepaid Passage Certificates from Liverpool to Milwaukee. English, Irish, or Germans, having friends to bring over from the Old Country, we can do it for them at low rates and on good vessels.

Bright prospects these. "Why, our living costs there would be about half what they are here! and I could easily make ten per cent on my money!" exclaimed Henry Wright enthusiastically. "But one thing is certain: if one family goes, we must all go." This meant five separate families, numbering twenty-six members, and seven servants.

All this trustworthy information about Wisconsin — for had it not been sent them through the governor of the state? — was truly encouraging to the Wednesbury families. Australia quickly faded into the distance. America now seemed much nearer and Wisconsin in the Middle West so much more desirable than even Massachusetts that they soon began to formulate definite plans for departure. And very opportunely came letters from Newton full of enthusiastic accounts of the potentialities of the Middle West. They told of the "safe arrival of Mr. Clark's family at a place called Stoughton in Wisconsin." A little later came letters from these pioneers themselves, saying, "We are on a farm at Fitchburg, Dane County, but are waiting till the Rail Road is located before we buy. In the place where we are located there were none but Indians and wild beasts six years ago, the Climate is healthy, the soil exceedingly fertile, Provisions so abundant that nobody need starve. This state is growing fast in population, Fitchburg is but 12 miles from Madison, which is the Center of the state, a

beautiful place, it being the *Capital*, and having a fine Colledge which we hope will be of advantage to some of our descendants."

Succeeding letters described the great stretches of timberland to be felled and the wide fertile areas waiting to be cultivated. Eastern railroads were penetrating farther and farther into this undeveloped Eden. Wrote Mr. Kenrick: "Our country progresses. . . . A Rail Road in the Middle Latitudes is projected from the Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean 1600 miles long, with branches of some 500 miles each, & other parallel Roads. The first Engineers are the wild beasts, who find the best and lowest grades & passage across the mountains. This road soon becomes the Buffaloe's road, then the Red Man's, then the white hunter's, more unerring, better than any Engineers can lay the road; finally the track of the Rail Road . . . a magnificent project of Mr. Benton." Tempting outlook to any at Wednesbury who still hesitated.

Throughout her visit Grandmother Kenrick had noted with satisfaction the gradual change in the families' attitude on the question of Australia versus America; and now in the spring of 1853 she left England with a happy heart, confident that her daughter's family would soon follow. After reaching Newton she wrote:

I sailed with Captain Samson and arrived home last Tuesday after a passage of 32 days. I was the only lady in the 1st Cabin, there were four Gentlemen Passengers only . . . . We had on board the Ship 470 Emigrants making over 500 in all, our passage was not so pleasant as I expected at this season of the year and in June, adverse Wind, Storms of Snow, Hail, Rain, Thunder, Lightening and much rough weather during which time for several nights I never took off my clothes, we had every luxury on board the ship and I have had every attention paid me.

I hope we may have many Excursions together in the beautiful West on land and water . . . . It has been clear and sunny since I returned, and it seems so light that it almost dazels my eyes after

being so long in the dark Climate of England. It seems as though I had just returned from darkness to light & from night to day . . . . Give me the American Climate. . . . I shall never forget the kind attention I received from the Dr. and yourself, and from the rest of the family. They were indeed, happy months.

Later she forwarded another letter from the Clarks, now quite settled on their farm at Oregon, and Sarah read it to the family:

. . . In answer to many enquiries for your Information, we have a very good farm, one of the best in Dane County. One of the Rail Roads, going to Madison, will cross a part of our farm . . . . Father has raised 200 bushels of Wheat, 200 bushels of Barley, 500 of Corn, 500 of Oats, and will have four thousand pounds of Pork has got quite a lot of young Cattle, etc. The Crops have been large this season, commanded good prices in the Market, and the farmers begin to feel quite independent. You can see in Madison great improvements going on, many new buildings going up, and various new churches and elegant stores, a fine hotel 5 stories high, of fine white stone, and all kinds of business is very good. As to *Game*, there is plenty of Ducks, Geese, Pigeons, Prairie Chicken, Quail & Partridge, which you can find by going down to the Lake anywhere. By going farther North you can find Deer a plenty. Of Fish you can get all you want in the Lakes — Bass, Pike, Catfish, Sunfish, and a great many kinds that I do not know the names of . . . . We are in good spirits, are very happy in our Western home, and we do not regret coming out here.

As Sarah finished reading there was silence. Then Joseph exclaimed, "'Jacta est alea'! The die is cast! It shall be Madison!"

Thereupon began, in each branch of the family, a mighty planning and the disposal of all their business and properties. There were days when they almost faltered as they faced the stupendous task of uprooting so many homes, so many lives — thirty-three souls in all. But hope and faith lighted the way, courage and determination imbued them with strength to go

on; steadfastness or inherent stubbornness drove them forward; and visions of a better life upheld them.

There was much to be done, and little time if they were to leave before winter. Five homes had to be dismantled and sold, and everything they were to take to America had to be packed. The preparations were extensive, costly, and troublesome. Into leather-covered trunks, made strong with iron bands secured with large brass-headed nails, went all the warm clothing and other articles needed for the long voyage and the long, precarious trip westward. Into large wooden boxes painted green, with the owners' initials and identifying numbers cut deeply into the wood, went the rest of their belongings. In all there were upward of one hundred cases, filled with all manner of garments and household goods: furniture and carpets; iron bedsteads, linen, blankets, coverlets, counterpanes, and featherbeds; family silver, cutlery, china, glass, and kitchen utensils; lamps, books, and pictures, including family portraits, and other treasures — the lares and penates which can never be left behind.

They even packed a plentiful supply of "ironmongery" — locks, house bells, hinges, hooks, pulley-blocks and cords, and various other metal fittings. There were nails, spikes, screws, and a great carpenter's chest completely fitted with tools for the new homes they planned to build in Madison. Their hand-manipulated washing and mangling machines were crated, even a grinding wheel for polishing and sharpening the steel blades of the bone- and pearl-handled table knives. In short, every useful domestic article they could think of, for these things were to last them a lifetime. "Take everything you think you will need," urged Henry Wright, "because the American laws allow immigrants to bring in all their necessities duty free, and some of the duties are heavy." This "everything" included even their tin bathtubs!

Henry had already marked on the little map of Madison two lots on the north shore of Lake Monona, on West Wilson

Street, which he intended to buy. "I'm going to build a nice home of my own design, with English conveniences and comforts just as soon as I am able to handle the problem."

Somehow it was all accomplished; Sarah's dream was about to be realized. Doubts troubled her at times, but of these she said nothing to her husband, confiding only to her diary: "What kind of a home is ours to be, is all uncertainty. How my Husband and Children will endure that climate, how my own health will stand the new call for exertion, all is to be proved. How strange, how singular it seems, that all the family once so opposed to our going, are themselves intending to leave with us."

The unsettled state and indecision of the several families concerning where and when they should go had also affected Joseph's brother Dr. William and his wife Fanny. After their two sons, Joseph William and Henry Bagnald, were born they had disposed of the chemist shop and moved from Wolverhampton to Wednesbury so that William might resume his medical studies at Queen's College, Birmingham, where he received a degree. Their plans, too, had wavered intermittently between Australia and America; but as the time for the family exodus drew near they resolved to join the others. Among the special treasures which Fanny refused to leave behind were a large oil portrait of her father, William Hurd, and a porcelain miniature of her favorite brother, James.

The months of preparation had kept them all fully occupied, but as the day of departure approached inexorably they were at times depressed by the realization that they were severing so many ties with the Old World and venturing forth into a new, a far-off land, little known to them. Their fears were great, but their hopes were greater—and they turned westward, toward America, toward Wisconsin, to Madison.

It was settled that the first group to leave should include Henry Wright, his wife Elizabeth, and their six children—the oldest fourteen, the youngest an infant in arms; Dr. William

Hobbins, his wife Fanny, her two children by her first marriage, Harriet L. and James A. Jackson, and their two sons, Joseph and Harry, the eldest of the four being thirteen, the youngest three; three servants of the Wrights, two women and one man; and the Hobbins' one general servant. All told, the party numbered eighteen. The others would follow soon.

When Mr. Wright went to Liverpool to secure their passage, he met in the steamship office a shipowner who had been out to the Middle West, and had visited Chicago and Milwaukee. Said he, "There's a fine steamship, *City of Glasgow*, with Captain Wylie, leaving within a fortnight for Philadelphia. From there you go by rail to Chicago, by lake steamer to Milwaukee, and then by rail as far as the road goes."

"About how far would that be?"

"That, I don't know."

Mr. Wright went straightway to the docks, visited the ship, and was shown the first- and second-class cabins, which he found satisfactory. Then he asked, "What accommodations have you for our servants?"

"They're in third class, sir, good berths for a few servants."

"I should like to see them."

"Very well, sir, they're in the fore cabin."

But on reaching that section they found the hatchway covered by a great pile of heavy tackle which made inspection impossible. But assured that everything would be satisfactory, he engaged passage for his party. He then exchanged all his cash for Bank of England notes; bought a stout coach-leather waist-belt with pockets in which to carry them safely; and lightheartedly returned to Wednesbury. Later, in reckoning his own expenses, including railway and steamship fares, freight for luggage, and incidentals, he found they totaled £135 18*s.* 6*d* (about $680). This left him £572 ($2,860) with which to start upon landing in America.

On September 13, 1853, this first group of the Wednesbury families embarked on the *City of Glasgow*. In body they were

weary, in mind they questioned the wisdom of it all; yet bravely they endeavored to look toward the uncertain future with hope.

Their own accommodations proved to be comfortable, as they had expected, but those for their servants filled them with disgust and horror. Instead of "good berths for a few servants" there was a single large bunkroom, around which ran two tiers of berths separated at head and foot by boards fifteen inches high. Here were accommodations for some three hundred emigrants of various nationalities! The upper tier was assigned to the men, the lower to the women and children. A few portholes provided scant ventilation for the upper berths but had little or no effect on the atmosphere, foul from the presence of such a crowd of human beings, their unkempt luggage, the fumes from the oil lamps, and the compound smells of the ship. The stench in the lower berths was of course much worse. Angry and outraged, Wright ejaculated, "It's worse than the Black Hole of Calcutta!" Both he and Dr. Will Hobbins protested, but there was nothing to be done about it.

Only a few hours out they learned that illness had prevented the ship's doctor from sailing, and that Captain Wylie had at the last moment substituted a druggist's clerk, wholly incompetent, and frightened by his responsibility. The captain explained his difficulty to Dr. Will, who volunteered to fill the position if certain personal comforts were provided him. Because of his tendency to seasickness, he would like a cabin amidships. Certainly, it would be made ready at once. As the doctor's wife was also inclined to *mal de mer*, he would like a similar cabin for her. Certainly, it would be made ready at once. Furthermore, he would like to have daily at noon a pint of beef tea, and he would tell the cook how to make it. Agreed to.

Dr. Will's cabin became a rendezvous at noon. His wife was able to stroll in from her cabin. Under pretense of tasting the beef tea to see if it had been properly made, she managed

to make away with half of it. The first rough day out kept her in her berth, so Henry took in to her a goblet of rather stiff brandy and water. Fanny had always objected whenever he and Will had hobnobbed over grog or a small bottle of champagne, but this time she had no scruples. The dose had a soothing effect, much needed because she had just been greatly frightened by a large rat running over her coverlet.

There was a "piano-forte" on board, so the passengers got up a concert, with evening dress, dancing, fireworks, and the captain's dinner, which ended with the presentation of twenty-five dollars as a testimonial to his kindness and attentiveness. It was the first Captain Wylie had received, and he said it might lead to his promotion to a better ship.

Late that night, as Henry went to his cabin, he saw with alarm that opposite his door the thin wooden casing concealing the iron "uptake" from boiler flues to chimney stack was afire and a hole had already burned through. He immediately sent Will for the captain and quickly put out the fire with water from the jug in his cabin. As an experienced engineer he warned Captain Wylie, "Her screw vibrates so much vertically there is danger the screw shaft will break and thrust out her stern port. And if that happens, she'll sink quickly. Even if it doesn't, she'll likely catch fire again, and probably with much more serious results. The uptake should have a suitable iron or water casing."

On returning to Liverpool the captain received the desired promotion and was transferred to a finer ship, *City of Manchester*. And on her very next voyage out, the *City of Glasgow* mysteriously disappeared without a trace. She either burned, or she broke her screw shaft, Henry Wright was certain. Fortunate Captain Wylie!

* * * * *

In October, a month after Henry's group had left England, Mrs. Kenrick wrote anxiously to Sarah: "It seems as if the fates

had decided that you shall not leave Old England this year, but however, I should prefer the Spring crossing to the Autumn on some accounts. I am glad that a part of the family have already arrived at Madison as I feel the greater certainty the rest will follow."

All had successfully wound up their affairs except Dr. Joseph. Mrs. Kenrick wrote: "I regret much to learn that the Doctor has not yet sold his practice, and that you, who was the first, or the Pioneers, shall be in any danger of being left behind, as the last."

Joseph Hobbins, Sr. and his wife Elizabeth soon followed. They were the oldest, and it was hardest for them, but they would not stay behind and be separated from all their children. With them were their daughter Mary Ann, Simeon Constable, and Simeon's wife Syndonia and daughter Elizabeth. Now Dr. Joseph and Sarah were the only ones left in Wednesbury.

But by December Sarah's mother could write: "I am very glad that the Dr. has at last sold his practice, and can now make arrangements for the future. How you must miss Mrs. Hobbins, Sr. and the other families; did they leave in good spirits? I think you have done quite right in getting a good supply of underclothes for all the family, underclothes do not go out of fashion, sewing is so much cheaper than here. I hope you will come by Sailing Packet, Mr. Kenrick says accommodations for ladies on board the Steamships are amidships, not far from the furnace, the air very close and confined."

Early in the new year, on February 17, 1854, she wrote once more:

My dear Daughter

Your letter of the 7 January was not received till the 28 ult. I can hardly realize that this is the last letter I shall write you to Old England and that you are so soon to bid adieu to that Country and that we are so soon to meet again in our own dear America. Were our situation now as it was formerly we should have been delighted to have you all make us a good long visit before you proceeded West, although I hope the time will come when I shall

have that pleasure, we have not decided on our future plans, it depends upon circumstances. I should be delighted to be near you the remainder of my life, and it is not impossible but I may do so. I am pleased that you have been so fortunate as to dispose of your furniture so easily and to good advantage it certainly has saved you much trouble. . . . I only regret I was not near you to assist in packing & other preparations, a very laborious job. I am glad your nursemaid Alice has concluded to come with you as she is an excellent girl and will relieve you of much care of the children on your Voyage and after you arrive. How fortunate that Mr. Hobbins, Sr. and the others are so well pleased and that their expectations have been so fully realized at Madison and I sincerely hope it will meet yours and the Dr.'s expectations equally as well. I feel confident you will never regret leaving England. I have seen a number of persons this year who have been at Madison & all agree in saying it is a beautiful place and growing rapidly and when the Rail Roads come in it will be the making of the place, one comes in March.

We have had a very cold Winter with severe Snow Storms but I have walked several miles almost daily with my faithful dog Rollo. How delighted I should be if the children were here to walk with me. One of my favorite walks is to the top of Weedy Hill I prefer walks in fields or over the hills than on public roads . . . . How does my dear little granddaughter Josephine do? I hope she has learnt to read and sew, and will be able to read me a story when she comes to America . . . I am very glad that my little Ellen has not forgotten me I often think of the frolics I used to have with her and the Shadow Rabbits on the wall. Is she as lively and merry and pretty as she was when I was with you? I have no idea how little Alice looks, the lock of hair you sent was much lighter than I thought. Kiss them all for me. . . . Everything looks as bright in the West as it did, I hope the Dr. will not be disappointed. God grant that you may arrive safe and have a pleasant voyage.

From your affectionate Mother
H.C.K.

But in Wednesbury it was still difficult for the doctor. He had sold his practice but now had to face the possibility of losing his dearest Sarah. "In the midst of these preparations

for our departure," she wrote later, "I was taken dangerously ill. The hand of sickness lay heavily upon us, & each dear Child I thought would be torn from me."

With her health restored she and Joseph could look forward to a brighter future, but each felt saddened by the breaking of certain fond ties. The wife, thinking of the infant son, Joseph Russell, they were leaving behind, in the quiet close of the parish church; the husband, thinking of the old town that was his birthplace.

At last all arrangements were complete; everything was packed, the many cases waiting to be carted to the station. But for these, the old home was empty and silent. Sarah, drawn thither by fond memories, went to it alone in the twilight, on the eve of their leavetaking.

"How cheerless, how deserted are these rooms!" she murmured to herself, as she sadly and wearily passed from one to the other. Memories crowded her mind: "Here I must pause, it is the family dining room, strangely contrasting with the old look it wore when first I entered it, with faltering steps, a timid bride. Through the vista of long years I look back. Again I see the generous, warm-hearted mother that welcomed me to her heart and home; the little sister Mary Ann, whose blue eyes seemed to catch the sunshine, and even now I hear the echo of her merry laugh; the gentle Syndonia; the young wife, Elizabeth, who had left her home to meet me, her new sister; the impulsive, yet generous, noble-hearted brother, William; and then Joseph, who was indeed the star of this happy home, whose light and love were the ties that bound me, making me a willing exile from my home and country, and whom I trusted as only a woman can trust. What to me that I had left my childhood's beautiful home, my native land, the warm circle of friends, the dear old familiar faces, and had found another home, shadowed only by the separation from one of the noblest, the fondest of mothers. Can change, or time, or distance break that imperishable link between mother

and child? Here I am reminded, too, of the happy family meetings of after years, of the twining of holly and mistletoe at Christmas, and of the family merry-makings. And now, through piles of boxes, I make my way to the nursery; for years little feet have tripped merrily over its warmly carpeted floor. Here, too, are the marks where the pictures hung that pleased so well their childish eyes; and the windows from which they used to gaze at the street wonders, admiring the fragrant, blushing flowers fresh from the country on the old man's stall under the window, the toys and the luscious, tempting fruit for which they were excellent little customers; great market wagons, laden with the varied produce of the farm; buxom dames, and cherry-cheeked children. Here the Italian boy serenaded them, his dreary eyes brightening as they danced to his music, and still more as the half-penny dropped into his worn cap."

An involuntary sigh escaped her. Her thoughts ran on: "In that beautiful forest home in the far West, shall I have such a nursery? Will it not take years to render a home so dear to me as this? Or is it not associations that have thrown such a charm around the old nursery; is it not this that has given life and beauty to it, since lost to me, that once, but for the sunshine of childish faces seemed gloomy and prison-like?"

She passed on. "This, the cheerful little drawing-room, once fitted up with loving hands to be all our own, where the sun, when it *did* shine, threw its cheering beams, bringing back that far off land of sunshine and beauty.

"And at last the room sacred to me, hallowed by the memories of the past, of the dead — the little sculptured form is now before me, the heaven-touched face, the loving memory, the severing of another link. . . . One last look at the vine-wreathed arbor, one more stroll through the little garden. As I gaze at the drooping plants that have vainly struggled to bud and blossom in the smoky atmosphere, I think of the beautiful ones I shall gather in that Paradise of flowers, the

prairie, and how my little Josephine will think herself in Paradise. And yet England is very dear to me as the birthplace of my dear Husband & Children."

Finally the family is on its way to Liverpool: "The last trunk is packed and fastened, each little form is warmly wrapped for the long, cold, and weary journey to that far off Land of Promise. The spell of home is broken, but the world is still before us. Yet steals there not a prophetic feeling over the yearning hearts of the parents? Have coming events cast their shadows before them? But it is too late now to turn back. The last sorrowful parting is spoken, while tears dim the eyes of the servants we are leaving behind as we bid a long farewell. Reaching the station we find our arrival has been anticipated and hundreds of the working class have arranged themselves along the platform of the railway to say goodbye.

"Soon we are hurried along in the train. Our little restless Ellen is hungry and weary, and sinks at last reposing in Papa's arms, and our delicate little Alice, the best of all wee travelers, has resorted to the same remedy. Now we are whirled along that ever dreaded tunnel that brings us to the entrance of Liverpool. At the station no one carriage will contain all our family, boxes, bandboxes, etc. Cold, hungry, and exhausted, we gladly seek the cheering warmth of the fire in a room prepared for us at the hotel, and enjoy the reviving cup of tea and its accompaniments.

"The children are soon sleeping, while I await the arrival of Papa, who has gone to interview the captain and inspect our staterooms. When he returns there is a shadow on his brow, he is not altogether satisfied with the captain, who wishes at this late hour to make new arrangements; and has half a mind not to sail with him, but having been twice previously disappointed in sailing in vessels in which he had taken passage, finally concludes to go, as we have the promise of the whole of the cabin, which, with our little family, would be a great luxury, and

especially as the captain will provide every comfort for the little ones.

"On the third of March, 1854 we embarked on board the *Robert Kelly*, with Captain Lawrence, bound for New York. The final parting with friends is over, and we are at last afloat on that Ocean linked in my mind with so many tearful and tender associations. With a gay and buoyant heart in my youth I had launched forth on its waves — then had the Star of my destiny arisen, and then, when rocked upon its raging billows midst storms and tempest, had I plighted my faith. Years have passed away since then, but how has their brightness gilded many a dark hour, shedding light over the rugged paths of life."

BOOK TWO

New England, 1639–1854

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New England, 1639–1854

In the closing years of the fifteenth century the long search for a short westward all-water route from Europe to China had resulted in the discovery of a new world, the North American continent. Thereafter men's minds and efforts turned to its exploration and colonization. The early settlers came from France, Holland, Sweden, England, and other lands. A few came in the name of their monarch, or to seek land and profit, but most of them were seeking freedom from a tyrannical government, escape from religious intolerance, or economic independence. Above all, they cherished the hope of bettering themselves and their descendants. Many little groups of emigrant families began to leave the Old Country to bravely take up life in the strange New World, so far, far away.

The majority of the colonists embarked from the British Isles, and most of them were commoners. They came from cities, villages, and farms; among them were tradesmen, artisans, and laborers; a few were well-to-do, some were men of the church or educators; some were paupers and ex-convicts. They founded settlements along the seaboard: in Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Virginia, and Carolina; and by 1630 nearly seven thousand English folk had established their homes on the eastern coast.

Throughout the seventeenth century fleets of sailing vessels brought thousands upon thousands of colonists across the Atlantic. Families brought their animals, tools, scant furnishings, clothes, and other necessities. They had courage, these people, indomitable will and great endurance, a readiness for perilous

adventure, and a willingness to face toil, hardship, and privation. Having received charters or grants of land from the Crown, they felled openings in the primeval forests, cleared the ground, built their little log cabins or timber cottages, tilled the soil, and planted gardens. They started practising their trades, organized local governments, established schools and churches, and gradually built up substantial little communities. At times there were differences between various groups, and incidents of intolerance or bigotry; there were conflicts too, even wars, with the native tribes, who naturally resented the intrusion of these aliens.

To the shores of Massachusetts Bay especially came the Pilgrims and Puritans, whose towns often perpetuated the names of their former homes or ports: Dedham, Duxbury, Lynn, Medford, etc. From Plymouth to Plymouth the first Pilgrims came in 1620. In the neighborhood of ye olde Massachusetts Bay Colonye they founded Boston, Salem, Charleston, Cambridge, Concord, Lexington, Newton.

Most of them had left the Old Country in organized groups under the leadership of one or more men — men of steadfast character, strong of mind, and wise of judgment: Captain John Smith of Virginia, Governor John Winthrop and Governor Simon Bradstreet of Salem, Captain Miles Standish and Governor William Bradford of the Plymouth colony, Roger Williams of Rhode Island, William Penn, the Quaker founder of Pennsylvania, the Apostle Eliot of Roxbury, and John Cotton, the Patriarch of New England.

These strangers from Old England soon began to feel at home in New England. In the villages they came to know one another well as they traversed the winding paths or crooked, narrow streets, meeting on their way to a friendly neighbor's, gathering at the meetinghouse, village green, or burial plot.

Here was a transplanted bit of rural England. Their thatched cottages and high-gabled timber houses had beamed chambers, open fireplaces, and diamond-paned or bull's-eye casements. Within were simple, sturdy pieces of Tudor oak or Stuart

walnut which they had brought with them, or local copies of the originals. Their little meetinghouses were simplified forms of the churches in which they had worshipped in the Old Country.

Worthy garments they brought, for in the colonies, as "at home," men wore doublets, jerkins, and mandillions or sleeveless coats of buff or brown leather, breeches of pelts or tanned skins, coats and cassocks of homespun, linsey-woolsey, tawny camlet, and russet kersey; buskins and shoes of neat's leather, clogs or pattens of wood; hose of knitted homespun wools, or of cloth dyed red, green, or buff. Whether "roundhead" or bewigged, they often wore broad-brimmed, tall-crowned beaver hats or fur caps.

The women, too, had brought in "boxes" and chests their smocks, mantles, and gowns of sarsenet, fustian, lustrings, taffety, and velvet; petticoats of calico, dimity, linen, and silk; large-hooded cloaks of scarlet, green, or russet serge; hats and bonnets of straw, silk, velvet, or broadcloth; and boots and slippers with ties and large silver buckles.

Among the many thousands who emigrated from England in the first half of the seventeenth century were John and Edward, stalwart sons of Christopher Jackson, whose family lived in the village of Stepney, about a mile east of London Town, beyond Bishop's Gate. Stepney lay near the Thames estuary, and its proximity to the Channel gave it special importance, for it served as a port for the City and was the home of many seafaring men. The village attained further significance when, late in the fifteenth century, the fine Gothic parish church of St. Dunstan's was erected. From its pulpit the "Bannes of Marriage of those on the High Seas" were called; before its altar the weddings of many sailors were blessed; and in its registers were recorded the baptisms of infants christened at sea and the deaths of those buried there.

At the hamlet of Mile End, near Stepney, Christopher Jackson was born about 1575. Here he spent his boyhood and in his youth courted the maiden Susan, daughter of Philip and

Sarai (Berry) Johnson, whom he married on October 5, 1602, in St. Dunstan's, their wedding being duly recorded in the register. Susan's parents had been united at the same altar on April 27, 1579.

Christopher and his bride went to live in the nearby village of White Chapel, close to the City walls, near All-Gate (Aldgate) entry. Within a few years two sons, John and Edward, were born to them, about 1603 and 1604, and both were baptized at the font of St. Dunstan's. The parents continued to live in White Chapel, where the boys grew up, were married, and started their own families in London, which now included Whitechapel and Stepney.

About 1630 Edward Jackson married Frances (surname unknown), and before many years they had a family of several children. To earn a livelihood Edward had taken up nail forging. In England ironwork of every kind had been since earliest times an important craft, and a smithy was a popular place. Edward worked in his open-fronted "naylery" and forged his "nayles" from iron rods heated in a small hearthfire kept alive with great leathern bellows.

He prospered, but was not content. The reigns of James I and Charles I had seen an increasing antagonism between Parliament and king over the rights of the people, as opposed to the doctrine of the divine right of kings; and the dissensions within the Church between Anglicans and nonconformists, especially Puritans. The consequent dissatisfactions, added to the growing restlessness born of the many maritime adventures and discoveries in faraway lands, moved many people, especially those in humble circumstances, to emigrate to the recently established colonies in the New World.

JOHN AND EDWARD JACKSON CROSS THE OCEAN

The virus of discontent began to course through the veins of the Jackson brothers, John and Edward of London. Their parents had died, their own families were increasing, and the

struggle to make a living was becoming too difficult. Eagerly they sought news about the many little settlements being started by Englishmen along the shores of the new colonies in America. They discussed the possibilities long and earnestly, and in 1639 John decided to emigrate with his family; so they packed their household goods and set sail on the *Defense* for an almost unknown land.

On arrival they found several small settlements — Charleston, Boston, Dorchester, Roxbury, and others — the group making up ye Massachusetts Bay Colonye. After looking about, John settled in Cambridge Village, a widespread unorganized area with a few farms scattered along a beautiful river, which the Indians called Quinneguin, but which the white men, in honor of their king, named the Charles.

A few years earlier the little group of towns had considered fortifying one of them as protection against the Indians, but finally agreed that it would be better to build a *new town* on the north bank of the Charles, to be fortified at common expense. In the new town, it was decreed, "No man there shall build his chimney of wood or cover his house roof with thatch," because of a recent disaster in the town of Boston, when a thatched house had caught fire from the chimney and burned to the ground. A tax was charged "toward making a palisado . . . a fosse was dug around the New Town, enclosing upwards of a thousand acres, paled in with one general fence, about one and one half miles in length."

But within a few years the inhabitants complained of "straitness for want of land, especially of meadow land," and obtained large grants on the south side of the river. The God-fearing people of New Town organized their church and sent for the Reverend Thomas Hooker, a Puritan preacher from Holland, whither he had fled from England.

The education of their sons was also considered, and in 1636 the General Court voted four hundred pounds toward an institution of learning in New Town. But the project received little

help until an early immigrant minister, John Harvard, bequeathed to it his library of 269 volumes and four hundred pounds to complete the fund for erection of a "Schoole or Colledge at Newetowne." The village was now renamed Cambridge, in memory of the college in Old England, where many clerical and lay pioneers of New England had been educated.

The outlying rural area now became "Cambridge Village," and here John Jackson chose to locate. Soon he bought a house and considerable land, which purchase was properly entered on the proprietor's record under date of 1639: "John Jackson bought of Miles Ives, one dwelling house with eighteen acres land, on the south side of Charles river, in Cambridge bounds, bounded south-east on Samuel Holly, north-east upon the river, south-west being the upper end of it, joining the Common, and set out by stakes, north-west with a brook, and he to reach to the middle of it."

Thus John was the first permanent settler in Cambridge, and his son John was the first child born there. John senior took the Freeman's Oath; was a deacon of the church, and at various times gave land for the church, the burial grounds, meetinghouse, a school, and a "training place."

About three years later Edward Jackson the naylor, who was still living in London, encouraged by his brother's success and having saved sufficient funds, closed his naylery and with his wife Frances and their four children, Hannah, Rebecca, little Frances, and Jonathan, joined other families and sailed away to the colonies.

It was easier now, because so many families had been leaving within recent years: Samuel and John Eddy of Suffolk had sailed on the *Handmaid*, with John Grant, Master. Their voyage had been a hard one, twelve weeks at sea, with storms so heavy that when the ship arrived at Plymouth she had "spent all her masts." Richard Woodward and John Spring, Sr. had gone on the *Elizabeth*, William Andrew, Master; Simon Stone on the *Increase*, with Master Robert Lee; Dudley

Boylston on the *Abigail*, with Robert Haskwell, Master; and Samuel Hyde had recently departed from London on the *Jonathan*. All had reached the other side safely and settled in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, so in 1643 Edward followed suit.

The voyage was very long and exceedingly tedious; the vessel was small and crowded, the accommodations scant, and the food poor. For the mother Frances the voyage was especially uncomfortable, because during the passage she gave birth to a son, who was appropriately christened Seaborn, soon shortened to Sebas. But despite all difficulties their hearts and minds were strengthened by hope and the promise of what lay ahead.

The ship at last tied up at a Bay Colony port, and Edward, wishing to be near his brother John, also settled in Cambridge Village, where there were now more farms along the Charles. He presently bought a small parcel of land from Samuel Holly and soon afterward took the Freeman's Oath:

I, ____ being by God's providence an inhabitant and ffreeman within the jurisdiccon of this comon weale, doe ffreely acknowledge my selfe to be subiect to the gou'ment thereof and therefore doe here sweare by the greate and dreadfull name of the euer lyveing God that I wilbe true and faithful to the same, and will accordingly yeild assistance and support thereunto, with my pson and estate, as in equitie I am bound, and will also truely indeav^{r} to maintain and preserve all the liberties and previlidges thereof, submitting my selfe to the wholesome lawes made and established by the same; and further, that I will not plott nor practise any evill against it, nor consent to any that shall soe doe, but will tymely discouer and reveale the same to lawfull aucthority nowe here established for the speedy preventing thereof. Moreover, I doe solomnly bind my selfe in the sight of God, that when I shallbe called to give my voyce touching any such matter of this state, wherein ffreemen are to deale, I will give my vote and sufferage as I will in my owne conscience iudge best to conduce and tend to the publique weale of the body, without respect of psons or fav^{r} of any man. Soe helpe mee God in the Lord Jesus Christ.

To take this oath a man must be a churchman, and by it he was granted the right to vote. Virtually all male members of a community were thus both churchmen and voters.

Having brought about one hundred pounds from England, Edward was able, three years later, to purchase a large farm, the transaction being entered in the Suffolk Deeds in 1646: "Simon Bradstreet, of Andover, gent., granted unto Mr. Edward Jackson, of Cambridge, naylor, in consideration of £140 already paid, his farm of five hundred acres land, which was lately in the tenure of Thomas Mayhew, adjoining the Wear lands, bounded with Pastor Shepard north, Elder Champney west, and the Common south and east, with all the rights and privileges, yea, and appurtenances; and this was by an absolute deed, with warranty and bond of £2, to secure it from any claim, either himself or Thomas Mayhew."

This deed was acknowledged by Bradstreet (later governor) in the presence of Governor Winthrop. Bradstreet himself had obtained this very farm from Mayhew a few years earlier, with the house and all outbuildings, in exchange for six cows!

Scarcely was Edward Jackson settled on his farm when death took his wife and little daughter Frances from him. The father found it difficult to care for his children, oversee the farm, and carry his increasing responsibilities in village affairs, into which he was soon drawn because of his fine character and ability. After a few years he married Elizabeth (Newgate) Oliver, widow of the Reverend John Oliver, and with his four children continued to prosper. In time five more children were added to his family.

LIFE IN CAMBRIDGE

Cambridge, with its fine type of English pioneers, grew and improved. One of them was John Eliot, a minister and graduate of Cambridge University, England, who had arrived about 1631 and was devoting himself to the Indians, learning their language, translating the Bible for them, and writing a

grammar of their tongue. For his Christian teaching and labor among them he became known as the Apostle of the Indians.

On a high hill called Nonantum, northeast of Cambridge, was a camp of Massachusetts Indians, and here the Apostle Eliot preached to his humble converts. His friend Edward Jackson often went there to listen to his talks with the natives. At Eliot's request the tribe was moved in 1651 to Natick close by, a town was laid out for them, and the Indians endeavored to live in the manner of their English neighbors. The common lands of Nonantum which they had left were sold, and a large part was purchased in later years by John Kenrick, who had come from England in 1639.

The settlers' houses, large or small, were often referred to as "mansions" or "mansion houses." Edward Jackson's family first lived in the dwelling that was already on the farm when he bought it, a house built by Thomas Mayhew about 1638 and said to have been the first one in the village. When Edward's family was larger and he had accumulated enough money, he built near by "a spacious mantion" of white pine, a rectangular, two-storied structure with large central chimney and a lean-to at the rear. Within were eight rooms and a large central hall extending from front to back. The house was set among trees on a tract of about thirty-five acres, close to it were three orchards, and a path led from it across Smelt Brook to the highway. There were a "barne, a sider mill with pres," and various outbuildings.

In all directions stretched Edward Jackson's wide lands, partly bounded by the Charles River and the highway. Eventually his holdings amounted to some sixteen hundred acres, including the pieces called "Bushes Meddow, Baulding Pate Hill and meddow land, a pine forest with long marsh and upland, a sedar swamp with adjoyning uplands, and other parcels."

According to Edward's long and careful inventory, his spacious mantion contained more than the usual amount of fur-

niture for his day, hangings, floor coverings, tableware, and kitchen fitments. On the first floor, where the rooms were heavily beamed, were the "Great Parler, Southeast Parler, Southwest Parler, Kitchin and Back Roome." But most important was the large central Hall with its great fireplace. Upstairs were the "West Chamber, the Southwest Chamber," in which Edward kept his "liberary," a room for spinning and weaving, and, of course, the "Garrett."

In the two smaller parlors, as was customary, there were "bedsteds with curtaines and vallance, feather bed, bolster, pillows, quilt, 2 blanckets, coverlid and linning sheets." In one was "1 cyprus chest with 35 yard homemade cloath, 1 chest with table cloaths and napkins, a small chest with bed linning, and a truncke." There were "curtaines" at the windows and "rugges" on the floor. In the other small parlor were "1 bed, 1 trundle bedsted, chest, trunck, close stool, 1 rugge and 1 matt. In the Great Parler, 1 small table with table carpitt, 1 small deske, chaires, 1 chest for linning and 2 yrd read broadcloth."

In the roomy Hall, which also served the family as living and dining room, stood a long, stout oaken table, two simple wainscot chairs for Edward and Elizabeth, fourteen other chairs, whose hard oak or rush seats were somewhat softened by thick "cushings," and six "joynt stooles." There were on the ample "coubart 1 Guilded silver salt, 1 guilded silver wine cup, 2 silver bear [beer] cups 1 silver porringer." And in the drawers were "6 silver spuns 7 guilded spuns, 1 silver whistle . . . 4 Gold-rings." This was an uncommon amount of silverware. On the hearth were andirons, tongs, and bellows.

In his well-supplied "kitchin" were three tables, three chairs and a "chees pres." There stood at the wide hearth, besides the usual cobirons and tongs, "a jack and waits, 3 spits, 2 trammels and hucks [*for adjusting the height of kettles and Betty lamps*], 1 paire bellows, 1 fier pan [*for drippings*] 1 warming pan." On the shelf over the hearth stood three candlesticks and some rushlights; and on the wall above hung two "Carabines," a musket, and a sword.

On wall hooks, shelves, or in cupboards were kept an abundance of kitchen utensils, including "7 porringers 1 culinder . . . 1 copper kettle 4 bras kettles, 5 bras pans, 2 copper potts . . . 2 small iron potts, 1 iron kettle. . . ." For measuring and mixing there were "2 Bras paire scales an waits . . . 1 pestle and morter" for grinding corn and other grain. Pressing was done with "2 smouthing irons and heeters." Of shining pewter there were eight dishes, three great dishes, three pie plates, seven small platters, a tankard, flagon, bottle, wine cup, and several other small pieces.

In the storeroom beyond the kitchen were kept the staples and odds necessary to every farm household: six bushels of Indian corn, six of malt, three of salt, and two pecks of wheat. There were a chest, six tubs, various grain measures, several saws, "2 stub sithes and 22 harrow teath." From numerous pegs hung a saddle and bridle, a pair of "panniards," and other pieces of harness. In a corner stood a grindstone for sharpening blades, and a small "anvill" for repair work and making shoes for the animals.

Upstairs, the little southwest chamber, which was Edward Jackson's sanctum, contained a desk and chair, a table and a trunk. And here he kept his substantial collection of volumes, chiefly on history and religion, which he valued at twenty-nine pounds. Edward set great store by his "bookes," for his keen mind reached out eagerly for knowledge.

In the "Hall Chamber, the spining and weaving roome," were "3 spining wheels, 1 frame for a screne, 1 clock reel, 3 paires card paddles, bobbins and sheares." Here there was also a store of raw materials—"20 lb of sheeps wool, 40 lb cotton wool, 10 skaines cotton and linning yarne, hemp and flax"—all waiting to be spun by Elizabeth and her daughters or woven on the two heavy looms. On the floor stood "1 large iron pott, 3 sives, for dyeing yarnes and cloath."

In the dim, low "garrett" were stored "40 sider barrells and 3 half buts" to hold the quantity of apple juice they harvested from their three orchards. The "sellar" served chiefly for the

storage of foods: "1 but varjuyce [*vinegar*] . . . 1 tub of Porke, 1 small tub butter, 2 tubs of cheases, 4 casks 1 runlett [*small cask*]." Here and there stood "buts, barrells and tubs, 4 stone jugs and potts, Glas bottles, and other lumber." In the "Cheas Roome," also in the cellar, were "1 ffriing pan 1 small tub of flower 2 stone Jares, ½ firkens of soap, 1 barrill churne, 3 trais, 2 wooden bottles . . . 6 chees fats [*vats?*] candles and box [*mold*] 5 earthen milk pans, 2 wooden boles, 1 creme pott, 1 kneeding troff, 1 still with bras bottom, 1 gridiron, 1 chaffing dish," and various odds.

Edward Jackson had "50 bushells of indian corn 18 of rye, 8 of malt, hay in the barne unthrashed rye, barly and oates . . . 6 acres of standing indian corne." In his stalls or pastures were one horse and two mares, six cows, two steers, one bull, two yearlings, and four calves. In the sty grunted seven swine and four "pigges," and in the fields grazed thirty-seven sheep. A shed sheltered farm carts, implements, and garden "tooles."

As well-to-do farmers, the Jackson family lived in substantial comfort, far more so than many other early New England colonists. To help on the land Edward had among his servants two Negro slaves. A few other persons in the village had one or two, who had been brought from Africa via the West Indies. Some were given classical names—Pompey, Caesar, Quartus, and Pamelia. The Massachusetts Colony had few slaves, and the law considered them as servants and protected their rights. The idea of slavery could not be accepted by a people who were endeavoring to establish the principle of freedom, and very early they prohibited the buying and selling of human beings. A few voluntarily freed their slaves, as did James Barton, a ropemaker, who bequeathed to his mulatto maidservant Tidy her freedom and forty shillings. Most of the servants were white, and those whose passage overseas had been paid, "indented servants," were bound to their masters until they had redeemed the passage money.

From "The Liberties of Servants," included in the Massachusetts laws printed in 1648, employers learned that:

If any man smite out the eye or tooth, of his man-servant, or maid-servant, or otherwise mayme or disfigure him, unlesse it be by meere casualtie, he shall let them go free from his service. And shall have such further recompense as the Court shall allow him.

Servants that have served diligentlie and faithfully, to the benefit of their masters, seven yeares, shall not be sent away emptie.

Like many another little settlement in the region, Cambridge Village soon became something more than a loosely connected group of farms. As was customary in these communities started by English immigrants, the Cambridge Village fathers early planned the Common, for which they selected a pleasant three-acre tract of high land for a general gathering place, a training field, and other military purposes.

In 1653 they laid out definite highways, for better communication between the farms, and Edward, a good surveyor, was often chosen to supervise the work: "Mr. Edward Jackson, Edward Oakes, and Thos. Danforth, were appointed by the townsmen of Cambridge to lay out all necessary highways on the south side of the river, and agree with the proprietors of the land for the same, by exchange for common land or otherwise, according to their discretion." Four years later, still more highways being needed, "Mr. Edward Jackson, John Jackson, Richard Park, and Samuel Hyde, were appointed a committee to lay out and settle the highway, in reference to the proprietors at the end of the town, otherwise than by crossing part of the Common, as need shall require."

The roads were recorded as starting from a certain corner; bounding such a man's farm; turning at someone's barn, or a particular hill; following the river, or a stone wall; passing the pine swamp, brook, fording place, or a pile of rocks; and ending at the Upper or Lower Falls, the mill, or even at a well-known walnut tree stump! Sometimes, with the owner's consent, a highway was laid out across a tract of privately owned land, such as the John Fuller farm. Fuller's consent was obtained "to lay out an open highway, two rods wide . . . for the use of and convenience of the proprietors of said farm,

down to the town way, at Solomon Park's land, marked on a walnut tree and heap of stones . . . then a white oak tree, a peach tree . . . then a gray oak tree, then to a walnut tree, over the dam at the upper end of the wet meadow, and then to a rock." And then to a rock! Certainly a flexible, but apparently satisfactory method of surveying.

The broad sweep of the Charles, with its two falls, many creeks and ponds, afforded numerous advantages to the villagers. From its waters they took shad, alewives, tom-cod, smelts and other fish. There were also several eel weirs, one of which John Clark, Sr. bought from the Indians for three pounds. Fish reeves, elected annually, saw to it that the fishing laws were strictly observed. To the ponds, too, farmers brought their sheep to be washed, and bundles of flax and hemp to be softened for retting. The fast-flowing river was utilized for water power, and along its banks stood several kinds of mills—a sawmill, gristmill, various snuff mills, cotton, rolling, and fulling mills, and a wire mill—and an ironworks with hearth, forge, and trip hammer.

During the early years the inhabitants of Cambridge Village, lacking a meetinghouse, attended Sabbath services in the Town of Cambridge Meeting-house, for which privilege they paid an annual tax. But in time they desired their own place of worship, separate from that of Cambridge proper. For a while they met occasionally in the large Hall of Edward Jackson's mansion; and in 1660 their request for a meetinghouse was granted and the Reverend John Eliot, Jr., son of the Apostle, was chosen pastor. About thirty families attended this new church, including Deacon John Jackson and his son; Edward Jackson and his son Sebas' family; John and Elijah Kenrick, sons of John Kenrick of Boston; Deacon Samuel Hyde and his sons; Thomas Prentice and John Ward. The building served not only for religious purposes but as a meeting place for the village fathers and local assemblages. Edward Jackson, always interested in the church, later bequeathed to Cambridge

Village about thirty-one acres "for the use of the Ministry in the Village forever."

The fathers of the Town of Cambridge desired schooling for their children, and the Massachusetts Colony was the first to establish public schools. A grammar school was opened about 1643: "By the side of the College [Harvard] is a fair grammar school, for the training of young scholars, and fitting them for academical learning, and as they are judged ripe, they may be received into the College. Mr. Corlet is the Master who hath been well approved."

Some of the sons of Cambridge Village attended this school; but the General Court ordered the villagers to see to the education of younger children, hence many were taught at home to read, write, and cipher, though the wilderness had greater need for lessons in farming. John Jackson gave land for a village school, and ere long a frame structure fourteen by sixteen feet was put up and John Staples was hired to instruct the young four days a week at two shillings a day. Later, when John's son Abraham gave more land to enlarge the school grounds, a brick schoolhouse was erected and a master engaged. When money was needed "for gratifying Mr. Corlet for his paines in keeping schoole," Edward Jackson advanced ten pounds and took his pay in land so situated "as not to prejudice the Cow Common."

The land which Deacon John Jackson had given for a burial place had as yet only a few scattered graves, so the sexton considered it a fine place to pasture his cows. In later years John's son, Abraham Jackson, enlarged the cemetery by a gift of more land.

These simple, good, and kindly people of Cambridge Village provided for the poor and otherwise unfortunate, and each Thanksgiving Day they made up a fund to be distributed where the selectmen saw that it was most needed. They gave money to Samuel Hyde when his house burned down, and to John Parker when he lost his cows. The idle and disorderly—of

whom there were not many — they put to labor in the workhouse.

During these early years of the village, property owners acquired considerable land through occasional division of unsettled sections of the original grant:

1656: A large tract of land 8,000 acres in Shawshin (Billerica) were granted to Cambridge by the General Court, which were divided among the proprietors, seven of whom belonged to Cambridge Village, namely, Edward Jackson, 400 acres; Thomas Prentice, 150 acres; Samuel Hyde, 80 acres; John Jackson, 50 acres; Jonathan Hyde, 20 acres. . . .

1661: The town do agree and consent, that all common lands on the south side of the river, and the east side of Dedham Path, shall be divided into propriety, to the several inhabitants that have an interest therein.

And three years later, in accordance with the vote of a committee of selectmen,

about 2700 acres upon the south side of the river, were divided among about one hundred proprietors, only four of whom belonged to Cambridge Village, namely, Edward Jackson, 30 acres; John Jackson, 20 acres . . . .

Cambridge Village expanded in area and population. Families were large: ten to twelve, sometimes fifteen, occasionally even twenty children, each of whom was given but one Christian name. Boys' names were usually chosen from the Bible, either the simple ones — Caleb, Adam, Abiel, Lot, Hosea, or Aaron — or the unpronounceables, Zebediah, Erasanan, Eliphelet, Nehemiah, or Asenath. Some were called after the great religious leaders, Luther, Erasmus, or Calvin. For the girls, besides the favorites, Mary and Abigail, there was a long list of quaint Puritan names to choose from: Patience, Delight, Mindwell, Relief, Desire, Silence, Praisever, Harmonie, Godsgift, Remember, and Hopestill! The more imaginative parents bestowed upon their helpless infants such extraordinary ones

as Artabenus, Temesin, Sophronia, Peregrine, or Vandalina. Nearly always each parent had a namesake; thus the same names were carried down from one generation to the next, insuring endless confusion in the future.

Couples married young, the wives frequently died young, and the widowers generally married a second time, even a third. Many of the pioneers were related or were connected by marriage; and occasionally two members of one family married two of another. The brothers Jonathan and Sebas Jackson, for instance, married the sisters Elizabeth and Sarah Baker; and the two Wiswall sisters, Mary and Mercy, wedded the brothers Elisha and John Wadsworth.

Many callings were represented in the community; a cross section included a few men of the professions, a larger number in various trades, and a good many in the crafts. There were several physicians, among them Dr. John Prentice, who as a cordwainer (worker in leather) "laid aside the last and tapstone, and began with physic." Men of the church included the Reverend Thomas Shepard, the Reverend Nehemiah Hobart (graduated from Harvard College in 1667, son-in-law of Edward Jackson), the Reverend John Eliot, Jr. and the Reverend John Cotton. The young men leaned toward military or maritime service, for there was great need of both. Of farmers there were plenty, and the farms ranged from a hundred to a thousand acres. The largest, however, were soon being reduced in size by successive division between heirs, since there was no law of primogeniture. Farmer Deacon Elhanan Winchester, a man of parts who had thrice married, had eight sons and six daughters, whom he supported by the double employment of agriculture and shoemaking, to which he occasionally added preaching.

Along the rivers were the millers; and in the town were several innkeepers and tavernkeepers; Francis Marshall kept a tavern at Newton Corner and was also a "victualler." Joseph Davenport was a clothier, and John Pigeon, Jr. kept a "variety

store." Andrew Hall, Isaac Williams, John Woodward, and Thomas Greenwood were all weavers; and Greenwood served also as constable, selectman, deputy, and justice of the peace, and officiated at many of the village marriages. The shoemaker's craft, of which there was great need, was followed by Gregory Cook, Humphrey Osland, and Deacon Ebenezer Stone; and Philip Norcross, who married the elder Sebas Jackson's granddaughter Sarah and had ten children, was kept busy making shoes for his own flock. John Jackson, son of Sebas, Sr., was a tanner, as were several others. The blacksmiths were numerous, for nearly every man kept one or more horses, and they also repaired tools.

The building of dwellings, shops, and ships called for many carpenters and workers in allied crafts, including turners and shipwrights, for there was great demand for vessels. There were cordwainers and wheelwrights; coopers who made barrels, casks, and runlets; a glazier, several tobacconists, and one "horn breaker" (?). Rarely did a woman carry on any occupation outside her home, but an exception was William Hyde's wife Lydia, who distilled and sold mint water, which grog sellers and buyers called "Mother Hyde" and mixed with their toddy.

As the population increased the rural townsfolk desired to have their settlement, Cambridge Village, made a township separate from the Town of Cambridge. In 1677 a committee of five, two men from Cambridge, two from the village, and one jointly chosen, finally agreed to the following boundary line: "Corner near the widow Jackson's orchard, and a chestnut tree in Mr. Edward Jackson's pasture, and to continue until it comes to the river, then southerly by a heap of stones, four miles from Cambridge Meeting-house; thence to continue until it comes to Boston (Brookline)."

But this was not enough, for burdensome taxes and certain restrictions still remained. Next year the village fathers petitioned the Court of Massachusetts to exempt Cambridge Vil-

lage from all taxes levied on it by the Town of Cambridge. Fifty-two freemen signed this document, which was doubtless drawn up by Edward Jackson, whose name headed the list, for he strongly oppposed the double taxation to which the villagers were at times subjected. Though hotly contested, the request was granted. At their first town meeting, held on June 27, 1679, the names of the newly elected selectmen and the constable were entered in the record book. Twelve years later, in 1691, the place was granted the right to use its original name, New Town, which gradually became Newtown, and ultimately Newton.

* * * * *

The children of the earlier settlers had been growing up; most of them had married and were now rearing families of their own. Abraham, one of Deacon John Jackson's sons, had married Elizabeth Bisco, who bore him eleven children. The children of Edward Jackson and Frances his first wife were also married: Hannah to John Ward of Sudbury, and they had thirteen children; Rebecca married Thomas Prentice; Jonathan, the elder son, served his time with a Boston importer of English goods, married Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Thomas Baker of Roxbury, and lived in Boston; Sebas, he who had been born at sea, had married Sarah Baker, Elizabeth's sister, and they had nine children.

Edward Jackson the Pioneer had from the first held an important place in the growing community and was active in matters concerning not only Cambridge Village but the Massachusetts Colony as a whole. Very early he had been chosen one of the town's representatives to the General Court, or legislature, and he served seventeen years in that capacity, longer than any of his fellow townsmen. He was several times chairman of committees to lay out highways, and was "one of the Commissioners to end small causes," that is, justice of the peace. His legal knowledge fitted him for service on more important

THE EDWARD JACKSON FAMILY OF NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS

m. Oct. 5, 1602

Christopher Jackson = **Susan Johnson**
b. in England
d. London, bur. Dec. 5, 1633

1. **Edward Jackson I** = (1) **Frances ——**; (2) **Elizabeth (N) Oliver**
b. about 1604 — d. Oct. 5, 1648
d. June 17, 1681

m. Feb. 19, 1671

2. **Sebas Jackson** = **Sarah Baker**
b. about 1642
d. Dec. 6, 1690

3. **Edward Jackson II** = **Mary ——**
b. Sept. 12, 1672 — b. about 1665
d. Mar. 27, 1748 — d. 1753

m. Oct., 1733

4. **Michael Jackson I** = **Phebe Patten**
d. Feb. 28, 1709 — d. 1776
d. Aug. 27, 1765

m. Jan. 31, 1759

5. **Gen. Michael Jackson II** = **Ruth Parker**
b. Dec. 18, 1734 — b. May 24, 1731
d. April 10, 1801 — d. Jan. 14, 1815

m. Feb. 22, 1791

6. **Lt. Michael Jackson III** = **Sarah Badger**
b. Sept. 12, 1759 — b. May 7, 1761
d. Oct. 15, 1802 — d. Sept., 1825

m. Aug. 17, 1814

7. (1) **Stephen Badger Jackson** = **Harriot Caroline Russell**; (2) **William Kenrick**
b. May 16, 1793 — b. Dec. 4, 1792
d. Aug. 26, 1817 — d. June 30, 1874

m. Oct. 11, 1841

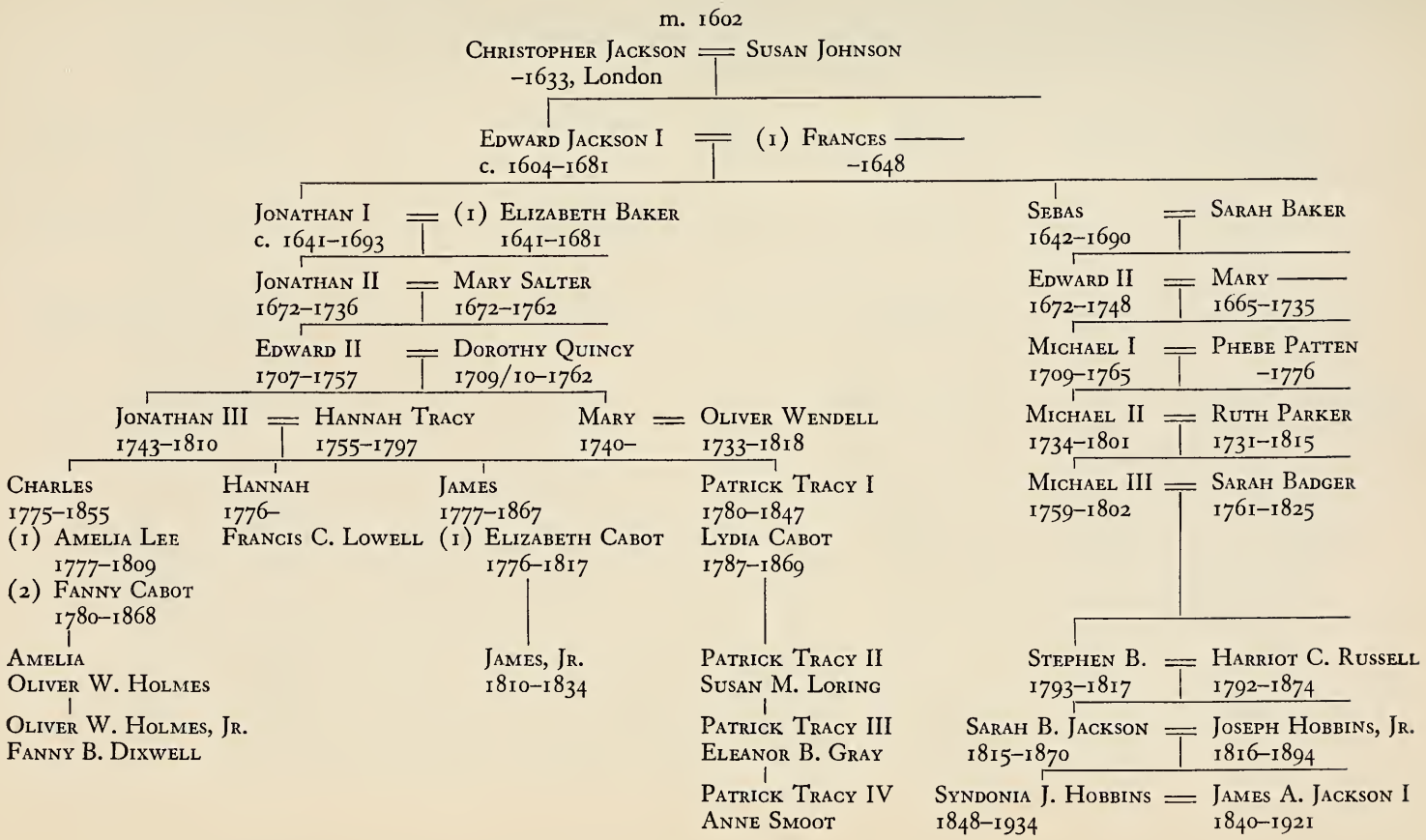
8. (1) **Sarah G. Badger Jackson** = **Joseph Hobbins, Jr.**; (2) **Mary E. McLane**
b. May 25, 1815 — b. Dec. 28, 1816
d. Dec. 13, 1870 — d. Jan. 24, 1894

m. Feb. 6, 1872

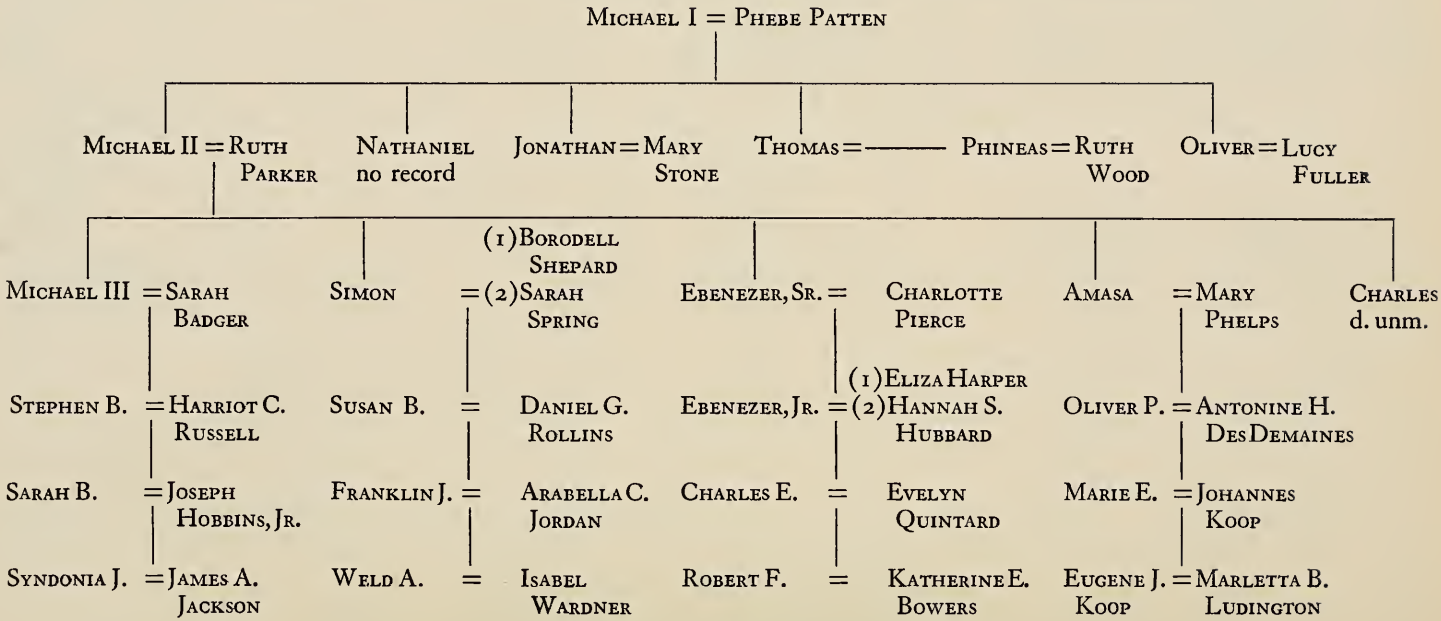
9. **Syndonia Josephine Hobbins** = **James Albert Jackson I**
b. Sept. 20, 1848 — b. Aug. 8, 1840
d. Mar. 1, 1934 — d. Feb. 11, 1921

10. **Russell** 1874–1937
Alice F. 1877–
Reginald H. 1876–1939
Joseph W. 1878–
Bettina 1880–
Josephine 1880–1881
James 1882–1883
James A. 1883–
Sydney 1888–
Arnold S. 1893–

COLLATERAL LINES OF EDWARD JACKSON'S SONS JONATHAN AND SEBAS



THE FIVE BROTHERS AND FIVE SONS OF GENERAL MICHAEL JACKSON II



committees, to which the General Court frequently appointed him, together with other leading men of the colony. At one time he was on the committee of five for reviewing the affairs of Harvard College, and "to take cognizance of all and every matter and thing concerning the college, in reference to the welfare thereof in outward things." And on another occasion he was on a committee to confer with the Royal Commissioners sent over by Charles II to deal with certain problems that had arisen in the colonies.

Edward was one of the earliest proprietors of Cambridge Village and now owned about sixteen hundred acres. He and John Fuller were the largest landholders of the community, and they divided their lands among their children during their own lives, confirming the gifts by their wills.

The bequests of these thrifty men often reveal generosity, consideration, and simple justice. Thomas Oliver bequeathed to his wife, besides other things, what apples and milk she needed, with cider, pork, and the use of a horse to ride to meetings and elsewhere, so long as she remained his widow. Thomas Hammond requested that his two sons were "each to have one third of his fruit from the orchards, year by year until Nathan have an orchard of his own, and use of the barn till Thomas help him build one." Deacon John Staples, the first public school teacher, willed seventeen of his thirty-six acres of woodland "toward the support of the ministerial fire from year to year annually." He also left twenty-five pounds to the town poor, and to his foster son twenty pounds. Isaac Williams bequeathed "half my said dwelling house, and firewood, for my dear and loving w. Judith, during her life." Often a will was accompanied by an inventory which named, besides property and other wealth, many personal items, such as guns, saddles, boots, or Bible. Elder Thomas Wiswall's included 340 pounds in money, 207 acres of land, and four Bibles.

Deacon John Jackson, first permanent settler of Newton, died in 1674, leaving an estate valued at something over twelve

hundred pounds. His brother Edward died on June 17, 1681, at the age of seventy-nine, leaving numerous children and "upwards of sixty grandchildren." His wife Elizabeth survived him many years; and all three were buried in the Newton Centre Cemetery.

Edward Jackson's will and inventory, covering twelve pages of foolscap in neat and legible script, reflects his well-ordered life, his generosity, and common sense. His estate was valued at "the summe totall of £2,477–19–00." The incredible smallness of his debts — three pounds and fifteen shillings — testifies to his honesty and thrift. Seventy-five pounds was owing him, but he himself was beholden to no man, save for three pounds, fifteen shillings.

In the division of his lands he made just and generous distribution to his wife, his children, his six sons-in-law, and even to the several children of wife Elizabeth's first marriage. There were also numerous minor bequests. The opening and closing phrases of his will express firm belief in the goodness and wisdom of his Maker:

To All People to whome these presents shall come Edward Jackson sen^{r} of Cam:^{b} Village in the County of Middlesex in the jurisdiction of the Massachusetts in New-England sendeth greeting. Know Yee that I the s^{d} Edward Jackson being infirme of body, but of disposeing judgement and memory do make this my last Will and testament as followeth hereby revoaking and disannulling all former wills either verball or written by me made at any time heretofore. I do committ my soul unto the father of all mercyes and into the hands of my Lord Jesus Christ my dear Redeemer and all sufficient Saviour. And to the blessed spiritt of grace to behold Glory forevermore. And this my body and hous of Clay to the dust untill that day of resurrection when body and soul shall be united againe. And as for that outward estate that the Lord hath committed to my trust to give him account of, I do in this maner and forme following dispose thereof . . . I do give and bequeath to my Loving & deare wife Elizabeth one silver bowle one gilded Cup one Guilded silver salt w^{ch} were given unto her by her hon-

ored father Mr. John Newgate. Also her virginals [*musical instrument*] and one Cubard and my will is that she shall have and injoy all that part of her estate which came to her by the sale of her farme at pulling point, as also what mony and plate she hath by her or debts due to her by bils bonds mortgages or any other way for mony lent by her to any of her Children or to any other persons whomsoever all which shall be of her owne pleasure to dispose of and no person to make claime to any part thereof . . . . Also I do give to my wife and to my son Edward Jackson [*only son by his second wife*] to have and to injoy my dwelling hous wth all out housing thereunto appertaineing . . . to each a like share all my corne and stock both of neatte kine, horses, sheepe, and swine all my household goods wearing apparrell and a debt of ten pounds in mony dew to me from Jn^{o} Fuller sen^{r} for land by me to him sold. And moreover to my son Edward I give my carts and plows and all maner of tooles and impliments to me belonging. I give him my silver hatband the three martire books and turkish history . . . . To my son Jonathan [*elder son by his first wife*] I give him my seale ring one silver porringer one guilded silver spoone . . . . I do give to my daughter Hannah Ward one gold ring wth this motto Gods intent none can prevent also two Guilded silver spoones and some of my linnen if my dear wife shall se caus . . . . I give to my Daughter Rebeckah Prentice one gold Ring wth this motto memento mory and two guilded silver spoons and as much linning as my wife shall judge meet to bestow on her . . . . I do give to my son Edward Jackson and to my son in law John Ward my five volumes of Purchase's History to be fore their use betwixt them during both their naturall lives the longest liver shall injoy the whole paying fifty shillings to the heirs excecutors or administrators of the deseased . . . . I do give to my four Grand Children which bare my name Edward forty acres of my remote land that is to say to each one ten acres . . . . I do give to my Grand Children and Great Grand Children to the number of thirty six, ten shillings apeice to buy them bibles . . . . I do give to my two sons in law Mr. John and Thomas Oliver, Sir Walter Rawleigh's history and doctor Willets sinopsis papismi. I do give to my daughter in law [*stepdaughter*] Elisabet Wiswall one small silver beer cup. I do give unto the Colledge at Cambr. Broughton's

Chronologie in a manuscript containeing twenty and two sheets of parchment, requesting the Reverend President and fellows to promote the printing thereof. Also I do give to the s[d] Colledge a tract of land at Billerica being four hundred acres granted to me by the towne of Cam[b] as by their towne book doth appeare. Also such debts as my Excecutors shall receive at any time from any debt or debtors of mine in old England my will is that such debts shall be given to the said Colledge . . . . Also my will is that . . . about twenty five acres shall be for the use of the ministry in this village forever. I do bequeath to my honored freind Capt. Thomas Prentice one small Diamond Ring . . . and further it is my will that if any of my Children shall put my excecutors to any trouble by makeing claime to my estate or any part thereof more than I have in this my will to them bequeathed that is to say if they or any on their behalf shall unjustly molest my heirs or excecutors by lawsuits or arbitrations he or they shall forfit all their portion in this my will to him or them bequeathed.

Blessed be the Lord God of Israell forevermore Amen Amen

Edward Jackson
and a seale

Signed and sealed this 11th Day of June in the yeare of our Lord one thousand six hundred and Eighty and one.

In presence of us Abraham Jackson Jn[o] Mason
Jn[o] Miricke Isaac Bacon

He was one of the earliest to be laid in the village cemetery for which the Jacksons had contributed several acres, and the inscription beneath the sculptured winged skull on his gravestone reads:

HERE LYES Y[e] BODY
OF EDWARD
JACKSON AGED
79 YEARS & 5[MON.s]
DEC.[D.] JUNE Y[e] 17
16 81

THE THIRD AND FOURTH GENERATIONS

In these families of early Newton were the men who, clad in doublet or jerkin, leathern or fur breeches, heavy boots, and tall-crowned beaver hats, helped to fell the dense primeval forests; who cultivated the clearings in the wilderness; and who strode down the winding paths and over rough roads to the meetinghouse to attend religious services or help solve the problems of the village authorities: new laws, winter provisions, defense against the Indians, or the education of the young. And the women who, clad in long, full-skirted dresses, cloaks of scarlet or green, wide-brimmed hats or close-fitting bonnets, and low-heeled buckled shoes, saw that the larders were filled, kept the oaken presses supplied with homespun household linen and woolen blankets, and made the family garments. And the many children who without being urged shared in the smaller tasks, went obediently and dutifully to school on weekdays, and piously observed the Sabbath. All were sturdy, hard-sinewed pioneers of liberty and freedom.

The story of their children who were to perpetuate this spirit continues: Elizabeth, daughter of Deacon John Jackson's son Abraham and Elizabeth (Bisco), married Ephraim Williams on April 1, 1714, and had two sons, Ephraim, Jr. and Thomas. Their mother died while the boys were still small, and they were reared and educated by their grandfather, Abraham Jackson. Ephraim Williams, Jr. became a colonel in the colonial army. Being a bachelor and hence without direct heirs, he stipulated in his will that his lands should be sold, and the money, plus interest from bonds and notes, be applied toward founding a Free School in a township near Fort Massachusetts, to be called Williamstown when incorporated. When the funds were sufficient, a brick building of twenty-eight rooms and chapel was erected, opened in 1791, and called Williams College. Ephraim's brother Thomas graduated from Yale, A.M., became a physician and surgeon, was twice married, and had a family of fifteen.

Jonathan Jackson II, son of Edward and Frances' elder son, Jonathan, married Mary Salter on June 26, 1700, and had seven children. The family lived in a brick dwelling on Queen (later Court) Street, Boston. Jonathan was a brazier (worker in brass) and owned much property, principally in the city. He carried a goodly stock of his own manufacture—candlesticks, knockers, brass-headed firedogs, firebacks, plates, kettles, warming pans, and stirrups and spurs. Also, a large supply of imported brass ormolu for fine furniture: locks, escutcheons, pulls, hinges, etc., obtained through his younger brother, Edward, a citizen of London, who commanded a packet ship.

In 1728 Jonathan II bought forty-five acres in Milton, on which stood a house, barn, corn mill, two fulling mills, a cider mill, and a watercourse and dam on the Neponset River. At Pembroke he built a slitting mill for making wrought nails of various sizes. Thus the grandson of Christopher Jackson, naylor, of Whitechapel, London, became the pioneer manufacturer of nails in the colonies. He was also "tything-man," overseer of the poor in Boston, and treasurer of the First Church. Successful in business, his inventory—proved May, 1736—covering over twenty pages, amounted to thirty thousand pounds.

Edward, the younger son of Jonathan II and Mary, married Dorothy Quincy of Braintree, the "Dorothy Q." of the poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes. He followed his father's trade of brazier, and among the items he advertised in the *Boston Gazette* were "sundry sorts of Nailer's Tools, as Bellows, Stakes, Hammers. . . . Also a very good new Bell of 500 Weight." In addition he carried on his father's mills and was town constable and purchaser of grain. Edward and Dorothy had two children, Jonathan III and Mary.

* * * * *

Sebas Jackson, younger son of Edward and Frances the pioneers, who had married Sarah Baker, inherited from his father

a small house, one hundred and fifty adjoining acres, and two "guilded silver spoones." The two-storied house, eighteen by twenty-two feet, had to be enlarged as his family increased. Near it was a "cold water well, a spring of great purity."

When Sebas died in 1690 he was only forty-eight, none of his seven children was of age, and the youngest was only nine months old. He left his estate to his wife Sarah, "for her maintenance, and the well bringing up of my children during her life, or so long as she continues to be my widow. In case she marry, she shall have the west end of my house, a small orchard behind the house, firewood, and £5 yearly." To his eldest son, Edward II, he bequeathed sixty acres; and he stipulated that his sons were to have "a convenient way through each other's lands. If any of my sons choose to sell their lands, their brothers to have the refusal, giving as much as another." Sebas had fought in King Philip's War under Captain Thomas Prentice, for which services his heirs received a grant of land.

Edward II and his wife Mary had five sons and three daughters. In 1734 he divided the homestead inherited from his father between two of his sons, Edward III and Michael.

Michael Jackson, a tanner, married in October, 1733, Phebe Patten, a third cousin of John Adams, later second president of the United States. They had fourteen children, the first of whom was Michael II, born on December 18, 1734.

As the oldest of this large family, Michael II early in life acquired unusual self-reliance and independence. As a youth he served in the Massachusetts Provincial Regiment, becoming a subaltern officer; and at the opening of the French and Indian War, when the British attempted to drive the French out of Canada, he enlisted as lieutenant. He was in the Ticonderoga campaign of 1758–59; the siege and capitulation of Louisburg on Cape Breton Island (July 26, 1758); and the siege and capture of Fort Frontenac (August 27, 1758); and was with General Amherst in the siege and capture of Quebec (September 17, 1759), when the brave Wolfe defeated the brave Montcalm.

His seven years' experiences fitted Lieutenant Michael for future military service, should he be called upon. He belonged to the Minute Men of Newton, who drilled once a week.

On January 31, 1759, while still in service Michael, at the age of twenty-five, married Ruth, daughter of Ebenezer and Sarah (Severns) Parker. Ruth was a descendant of John Parker, who had come from England to settle in Hingham, Massachusetts, a century earlier. After seven years in colonial service Lieutenant Michael returned to private life, to his wife and sons in their home on the old family property, near the dwelling which his great-grandsire Sebas Jackson had built in 1670.

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

During the first half of the eighteenth century the colonial villages grew into towns, and the towns into cities, some of which, notably Boston, Providence, New York, and Philadelphia, became important. Farms developed into landed estates with mansions; in the South plantations grew and prospered, and industry, agriculture, trade, and commerce expanded. Living standards rose, and education advanced, for several colleges had been founded: Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Phillips Academy.

But after the mid-century there was friction with the Spanish and French colonies; in the North, England's rule was becoming firmer; and the Indians continued to harass the settlements. Disagreements between the colonies themselves continued; class distinctions inevitably developed; and slavery, on which tobacco culture depended, was now entrenched in the South, though unpopular in the North.

Despite these difficulties the colonies were becoming more self-governing and self-sustaining; a spirit of independence was manifest, and indignation over certain policies and actions of the mother country was rising. The colonists were becoming increasingly conscious of their "inalienable rights," which, they were beginning to sense, they must sooner or later defend, pos-

sibly fight for. In the New World a new species was developing, the hardy men of the fourth and fifth generations, who had tended the fields where the seeds of liberty had been sown by their pioneer ancestors.

The population of the colonies was multiplying rapidly, and cities like New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston prospered. By the Peace of Paris, which brought the French and Indian War to a close in 1763, France ceded to England Canada and virtually all her territory east of the Mississippi, and to Spain her claims west of the river. England's position was thus strengthened, and she thought to avoid future trouble with the Indians by forbidding the colonials to migrate beyond the Alleghenies, thereby arousing the antagonism of those who were eager to pioneer westward. Furthermore, her policy of taxation fostered a resentment so openly expressed in public speeches and deeds of violence that some taxes were perforce modified or rescinded. But among others the tax on tea was retained, and it was made the issue of the day. The sense of injustice smouldered; the idea of an independent government was evolving in the minds of many; and orators grew more vocal and outspoken in airing their grievances against England. Revolt was imminent.

Swiftly and quietly the word was passed along, and on December 16, 1773, little groups of irate and determined citizens gathered in homes, inns, and meetinghouses in Boston and the neighboring villages. A plot was quickly laid, and on a certain day, at a given hour, the conspirators converged at the Boston wharf. From near and far, men hurried to the dock, many disguised as Mohawk Indians. At Newton Lieutenant Michael Jackson II, with several of his kin and many townsmen, similarly garbed, hastily mounted their horses, galloped into Boston and to the harbor, where they joined the crowd, raided the ships, and dumped nearly ten thousand pounds' worth of tea into the water.

When, after some weeks, news of the revolt reached Eng-

land, an outraged Parliament ordered the port of Boston closed to all commerce save food and fuel until the cargo of tea should be paid for, and again quartered British troops in the provinces. During the ensuing months the rights of the colonies versus those of Parliament were frequently and violently contested.

* * * * *

Before dawn on April 19, 1775, Corporal Timothy Jackson, second cousin to Michael, was on his way to Watertown a-horseback, carrying fresh produce from his garden in well-filled panniers, which would be laden with fish on the return trip. On the way he met a man hurrying down the road, who excitedly shouted to him, "The British are on their way to Lexington!" Hearing the signal guns, Timothy wheeled his horse with a quick jerk of the reins, galloped swiftly back to Newton, dismounted at the meetinghouse, climbed the tower, grasped the rope, and violently rang the great bell to give the alarm to all the villagers.

At this first signal that the British troops were marching to Lexington the Newton Minute Men gathered rapidly at the parade ground, and by sunrise the whole company except the captain had arrived. Time was short. The orderly sergeant, impatient over the nonarrival of the leader, who was ill, made a motion that a captain for the day be chosen at once. Michael Jackson, though a private in the company, had been a lieutenant, and was nominated by uplifted hands. Stepping directly from the ranks to the head of the company without even pausing to acknowledge the honor, he gave the order "Shoulder arms — platoons to the right wheel — quick time — forward — march!"

At once they were on their way to the nearby Watertown meetinghouse, where the commissioned officers of the regiment were sitting in council, and Michael was asked to join in their deliberations. After listening impatiently to the discussion for a few minutes, he took the floor and in a moving speech ad-

dressed the officers, accusing them of wasting time because they feared to meet the enemy and ending with, "Gentlemen, there is a time for all things, but now the time for talking has passed, and the time for fighting has come! If you intend to oppose the British troops, take up the march for Lexington and Concord immediately. My company will take the shortest route to get a shot at the British. Not now the wag of the tongue, but the pull of the trigger!" Without another word Captain Jackson left with his company. This rebuke broke up the council. Some followed him, some dispersed, others remained.

The critical clash came on that day. British and colonial troops met at Lexington and, a few hours later, at Concord, where was "fired the shot heard round the world." Unwittingly King George III and Parliament had impelled the thirteen colonies to unite and take up arms to protect the rights of free-born Englishmen.

Events moved swiftly. On June 15 Washington was made commander-in-chief of the new Continental Army, and two days later the Battle of Bunker Hill was fought. Michael Jackson, now forty-one years of age and a major, was in the thick of the desperate struggle; when the valiant American forces, short of ammunition, had to retreat, he rallied some twenty-five men and took a stand near the edge of the hill, thus temporarily checking the advance of the British, who suspected an ambush by a larger force. He afterward told his son Eben that in this battle, in which a British bullet just grazed his ribs, "My piece was loaded with a ball and three buckshot, and I had forty two very good shots at the enemy, many of which I deliberately fired as near as twelve to thirty yards distance." Two weeks later, under an elm tree at Cambridge, General Washington assumed command of the army.

In recognition of his action at Bunker Hill Michael was promoted to lieutenant colonel in one of the Massachusetts regiments, which in the following year was sent to the defense of New York and stationed at Hell Gate. In his own words: "We were under heavy bombardment from the British for

eight days and nights, until all our great guns were dismounted, and incapable of further use." Shortly afterward, in the action at York Island, his hand was wounded by a bullet which ripped the breech of his musket.

On September 24, 1776, he commanded an attack on Montressor's (Randall's) Island in the East River, designed to capture or rout a group of fifty or sixty British officers and men. Apportioning his 260 volunteers among five boats, they passed down the Harlem River. Mistaking them for the enemy, several American sentinels fired upon them, thereby unfortunately giving the alarm to the British on the island. Michael, with forty-two men and officers, was in the first and only boat to land, the other four having retreated under the fire of the enemy; a number were injured or killed, and only eight succeeded in regaining their boat. Michael himself was badly wounded in the right knee by a bullet which split one bone and broke the other and incapacitated him for some months. In the following January he was made full colonel and promoted to the command of the Eighth Regiment, Massachusetts Infantry, which he proceeded to organize.

At the outbreak of the war patriotism had risen to such heights in Newton that in a town meeting the citizens had voted unanimously: "That in case the Hon. Continental Congress should declare the American Colonies independent of the Kingdom of Great Britain, the inhabitants of this Town solemnly engage, with their lives and fortunes, to support them in the measure." Scores of Newton men and boys had volunteered. Many were great-great-grandsons of the early settlers. Often a father and his sons registered together, as in the Jackson families, many of whom had taken up arms during the early months of the struggle. After Washington became commander-in-chief an increasing number of Jacksons joined the ranks, and before long the names of forty-four of them were registered for three years service or for the duration of the war.

There were Colonel Michael's five brothers — Nathaniel,

Jonathan, Thomas, Phineas, and Oliver. On presenting his own five sons, the oldest eighteen, the youngest a boy of ten, for enlistment on January 1, 1777, in the Continental Army, he met with some opposition, but he persisted, and his patriotism led the Massachusetts Bay Council, on September 29, 1777, to take steps for an investigation:

Whereas the Council have been informed that Col. Michael Jackson commanding one of the Continental Battalions raised in this State has taken into his said Battalion Five of his Sons viz. Michael Jackson born the 12th Sept.r 1759. Simon Jackson born 20th Nov.r 1760. Ebenezer Jackson born 18th Dec.r 1763. Amasa Jackson born 5th June 1765, and Charles Jackson born Jan.y 4th 1767. Which several Sons he presented to Nath.l Barber Esq.r, Muster Master, who refused to muster more than two of them, deeming the others wholly unfit for Service, that nevertheless, as appears from the said Jackson's own confession he has taken all his said Sons into his Battalion to the great detrement of the publick Service and in breach of his Duty. It is therefore resolved that John Taylor, Esq.r be a committee with such as the Hon.ble House shall join to make a full enquiry into the said information and by what means those of Col. Jackson's Sons who were refused to be mustered by the sd Muster Master were engaged in the Service, and to report what may be proper to be done thereupon.

Two weeks later the committee reported that:

Col.o Barber informs your Committee that he did refuse to Muster the three youngest of Colonel Jackson's Sons the Oldest of which three we find was but thirteen years old the 18th of December last & Presented to be Mustered in January, for the following reason, viz. because they appeared to him to be unable to do the Duty of Soldiers. Colonel Jackson says they were afterwards Mustered by the Muster Master in the County of Middlesex, and that they were all three inlisted & Mustered for Drummers & Fifers as will appear by his Certificate herewith exhibited, Col.o Jackson further Says that such Lads are much better for Drummers & Fifers than Men, Notwithstanding which, least the Service should suffer by such Practices, your Committee Begg leave to Report by way of Resolve.

The Council thereupon resolved that it "Desired to give Positive Orders to all the Muster Masters not to Muster any Person as a Soldier in the Continental Army unless he shall appear to him fully able to do the duty of a Soldier."

The above-mentioned certificate, signed by Jackson on October 15, reads: "This may Certify whoom it may Concern that I have not in my Regiment more than one Drum & one Fife for each Company, including my three youngest Sons, which ware inlisted & Mustered for that Purpose, excepting a Drum & Fife Maj.r" The service did not "suffer by such Practices," for the three lads, who enlisted for three years, did their duty and, like their two older brothers, received commissions, thereby justifying their father's faith in them.

The list of Colonel Michael Jackson's relatives of the same name in Newton who enlisted reads like a Biblical roster. Besides Michael himself and his five brothers and five sons it includes:

Jonas Jackson and seven sons: Aaron, Moses, David, Gershom, William, Enoch, Jonas, Jr.
Colonel Ephraim and two sons: Ephraim, Jr., Edward
Joshua and six sons: Joshua, Jr., Daniel, Nathaniel, Josiah, Jonathan, Moses
Three sons of Timothy, Sr.: Joseph, Joseph, Jr., Timothy
Six sons of Abraham: Edward, Jesse, Nathan, Thaddeus, Asa, Abraham
Three sons of Isaac, Sr.: Isaac, Edward, Caleb
Samuel's son Samuel, and
Sebas' son Daniel

In all, about 430 men from the little town of Newton served in the Continental Army during the Revolution, having enlisted for a few months, for three years, or for the duration of hostilities.

The hastily and loosely organized government, having only an empty treasury, was unable to pay the soldiers and had to

borrow money wherever it could. In 1777 a call for loans was issued, to which the people of Newton responded generously according to their means. On the list of twenty-nine men who furnished funds were Joshua Hammond, £190; Captain Jeremiah Wiswall, £45; Aaron and Thomas Jackson, each £24, and Colonel Michael Jackson, £87; Colonel Nathan Fuller, £133, Elisha Fuller & others, £432; John Ward, £60, and John Ward III, £43; Elhanan Winchester, £300; and two women, Widow Tabitha Miller, £13 and Abigail Stone, £61.

From the beginning of the war General Washington found it next to impossible to obtain sufficient funds, not only for paying the soldiers but for food, medicines, and clothing. Repeatedly he received from his staff officers requests for equipment which he found difficult to supply. Colonel Michael's several petitions to the Council set forth the needs of his men. Early in the summer of 1777 he made a request for some material for clothing; in July he received a grant which "allows Col. Michael Jackson two pieces linnen and cloath sufficient for a great coat for his own use, he paying for same," but that was all. Weeks and months passed before he received the material. Toward the close of September he again addressed "the Hon.^{ble} Counsell for the State of Massachusetts Bay now Assembled in Boston":

May it please your Honors: your Hum^{ble} petitioner some time past Did petition the Counsell Board For fifty yards of woolen Cloath for my Self and two of my Officers: which petition is not Granted But I flatter my Self that the Counsell will yet Grant me my petition as I have five Sons in the Service and I cant percuer no linning which I have an Order from the Counsell for.

This from your Honors Most
obedient Humble Servant
Mich.^{l} Jackson Col.^{o}

Boston Sep.^{t} 26, 1777

N. B. I should be glad of an Order for Six linning Handkerchiefs and Six pair Stockings: all which I am ready to pay for.

This was read in Council the following day and committed to John Taylor for consideration and report. But the year was almost at its close before Michael's regiment was granted "36 Knapsacks, 25 Bayonets, 25 belts, and 26 Gunslings."

In the retreat at Ticonderoga in 1777 his men lost considerable equipment which had to be replaced, and several months later he wrote to the Council:

Gentlemen:

The Officers in the Battallion under my Command having applied to me for a supply of Cloathing, I beg Leave to Petition your Honours that they may be Furnished with a Quantity of Cloth & Linnen sufficient to compleat them with a suit of Cloaths & 2 Shirts Each of them on my giving Security for the whole till such time the Money can be sent from Camp: if it is in your Honours power to comply with the above will lay a Lasting obligation on Your much obliged

and Obedient Humble Servant
Mich.[l] Jackson Col:
Boston 3 Feb.[y], 1778

N. B. The under mentioned articles are what the above petitioner particular Beggs an Order for, viz:

45 y[d] Broad Cloath for thirty Coats
45 y[d] d° d° for waistcoats & breeches
480 y[d] Linning for two suits for each officer
45 y[d] Linning for Linen [*lining*] for backs & sleeves
45 y[d] S [*silk?*] for linen [*lining*]
1 D. ¾ Sewing silk
1 D. ½ thread
8 Gross Large buttons for Coats
5 d° Small d° for waistcoats & breeches.

Within a week he received a reply, signed by sixteen representatives, which informed him of the Council's resolution "That the Board of War be and they are hereby directed to sell such Clothing as they can well spare to the Officers of y[t] part of the continental Army raised in this State giving the

preference to those who lost their Baggage &c. in their Retreat from Ticonderoga & where said Officers can't make immediate Pay the Board of War may take Sufficient Security for Payment at a short Period."

In December, 1777, Washington had gone into winter quarters at Valley Forge. The Eighth Massachusetts Regiment, commanded by Colonel Michael Jackson, which was a part of Brigadier General Learned's Brigade, Baron De Kalb's Division, was stationed there from January until the end of May. Shortly thereafter the camp was evacuated.

It was a terrible winter. Wretched accommodations, months of bitter cold, constantly threatening famine, insufficient or tattered clothing — often no shoes — undermined morale. And the widespread illness, especially smallpox, that invaded the camp greatly ravaged Washington's army. These horrible conditions caused the desertion of hundreds of soldiers, the resignation of many officers, and enormous casualties. Thousands succumbed to the agonies of these months, and at times only a third of the men were able to be on duty. But faith in their cause, belief in and loyalty to their noble and invincible leader held together a sufficient number to fight on, even in the most desperate months.

It was a memorable time for Colonel Michael and his family, for not only were his five sons in service at Valley Forge, but his wife Ruth as well, who devoted herself to nursing the sick and wounded. This is an unbroken one-family record. Washington called Ruth Jackson "the angel of the army." He one day expressed the desire that he and Mrs. Washington take tea with Colonel and Mrs. Jackson at their headquarters. Though greatly pleased, Ruth was much embarrassed because she had no tea. On learning this, Martha Washington kindly sent her at once a note and a well-filled silver tea caddy, and they all had tea together. The caddy was long treasured by the family, but unfortunately it was borrowed in later years by someone who never returned it, and was lost sight of.

A letter written in January, 1841, to her grandson Ebenezer Jackson pays high tribute to Ruth Jackson: "Your Grandmother, Gen. Michael Jackson's wife, was an excellent woman, hours have I listened to her accounts of events that occurred while she was with her Husband at the headquarters of Gen. Washington [at Valley Forge]. Sometimes, she said, when she talked of leaving for her home, where she was much wanted, General Washington would say, 'Do not leave us, Mrs. Jackson, I would sooner spare any General officer of the Army.' The soldiers she said called her 'Mother,' and were so grateful for her attentions to them when sick or wounded, that it repaid her for all that she did." The same letter refers to her presence with her husband at Washington's headquarters at West Point in 1779: "She gave me a detailed account of the dreadful scenes of the poor wounded soldiers who attempted to scale Stony Point, and her manner of treating them, administering at the same time, spiritual comfort to them." Stony Point was a fortified position just below West Point, and Michael's regiment was stationed at the latter place.

The Colonel had served under General Washington during the siege of Boston, in the New York and the New Jersey campaigns, was with him at Valley Forge, at West Point, and at Yorktown, and was on the staff of the commander-in-chief. A friendship had developed between them during these years. Governor William Eustis, who had been surgeon in Michael's regiment, speaking on one occasion at West Point, referred to it: "I remember of meeting him once at General Washington's table at West Point, and after the cloth had been removed, the General beckoned to Colonel Jackson to come and take a seat by him, and unbent himself more than I ever saw him do to anyone."

One day at West Point the commander-in-chief and some of his officers were arguing about their weights, for nearly all were very large men. To settle the question, they one after another stepped upon the scales, and the results were recorded,

on August 10, 1778. Michael, weighing 252 pounds, proved to be the third heaviest of the eleven officers:

General Washington	209	Colonel Michael Jackson	252
General Lincoln	224	Colonel Henry Jackson	238
General Knox	280	Lieutenant Colonel Huntingdon	212
General Huntington	182	Lieutenant Colonel Cobb	182
General Greaton	166	Lieutenant Colonel Humphreys	221
Colonel Swift	319		

The war continued, but not too promisingly. An alliance had been made with France and she sent a fleet with several thousand men, but there was still desperate need of troops, provisions, armaments, and funds. Yet Washington and his loyal generals stood firm.

At times Colonel Jackson had great difficulty in securing even the most necessary articles. From Major Seth Bannister, one of his officers, he received this appeal, dated January 17, 1779:

Our good men that have suffered everything but Death for their Country patiently, and look'd up to the Officer humbly, petitioning and at last with Tears in their Eyes to my Knowledge, for the small part of what is due to them the necessary Articles of Straw and Blankets, which the men know can be got and they cannot do without, have at last determined to seek relief, by desperate means. Sir by what I have seen and heard we shall soon have no Soldiers unless those Articles are speedily supplied. I believe that next Thursday is the longest Time that it is possible to persuade them to any order or Duty but to seek Redress by Force of Arms. This Sir, I represent as Facts and as what must be remedied to prevent Confusion.

From Fishkill on the Hudson, just north of West Point, Jackson at once sent Bannister's letter to Major General McDougall, enclosed with the following:

Dear General:

I received this morning your Favor of Yesterday, am obliged to the General [Washington] for the Care he takes of us.

This Minute 12 O'Clock this Day I received the Inclos'd from Major Bannister, which I am sorry to send. It's the first Time I have had any Complaint of this Nature. As to the Barrack Master I have done all I can with him. I believe him to be a dilatory man, and that he might have got the Straw if he had taken pains. I'll wait the General's further Orders on the affair and at the same Time do all I can to keep order . . . .

These from the General's most humble Servant
M.[1] Jackson Col.°

In 1780 occurred an event which was nearly disastrous for the colonies. Benedict Arnold, the young officer whom Washington had placed in command of West Point Fortress, a key point of defense, had, through a sense of unjust treatment, right or wrong, been entertaining disloyal sentiments, and now began negotiating with the enemy. He delivered to the British secret papers describing the fortress, its forces and arsenal, and the manner in which it could be attacked. In exchange for this information he was to receive money and a general's commission in the British army.

When his accomplice, Major John André, was caught with the evidence on his person, Arnold, perceiving that he himself had not yet been suspected, immediately planned to escape. Presumably to preserve outward appearances, he and his wife accepted an invitation for tea that late September afternoon with Colonel and Mrs. Jackson at their quarters. It was later recalled that while the other guests sat quietly drinking their tea, Arnold seemed nervous, kept walking about, teacup in hand, and stopped frequently to gaze out a window overlooking the Hudson; and once, when he leaned out, his handkerchief dropped to the ground. It afterward transpired that he had been anxiously watching for the signal which would tell him that a boat from the British sloop *Vulture* was coming to fetch him. He made good his escape, received his reward, and went to England, where he died at the turn of the century.

The next year, 1781, the surrender of Cornwallis to Wash-

ington at Yorktown virtually ended the war, and peace negotiations were begun.

From Yorktown Colonel Jackson returned to West Point, where, on January 1, 1782, he was presented with a fine powder horn (9) for his bravery during the war. A silhouette (10) of him made during this period shows him wearing the tricorne with cockade of red, white, and blue, a white cambric shirt ruffle, and a wig, the queue of which is tied with a narrow ribbon. It is of the early type, being painted in India ink on a stiff card and touched with color.

Always fastidious about his appearance, he ordered a large green silk umbrella to protect his uniform. Its size and novelty attracted much attention, for umbrellas were only just appearing in the colonies. Since army etiquette forbade officers to carry objects other than accouterments, Colonel Michael had his orderly hold it over him to shelter him from sun and rain. The still extant umbrella is enormous, fifteen feet in circumference. The strong frame of thick, brass-tipped whalebone ribs is covered with fine, strong green silk, the sections of which are firmly and finely hand-stitched. The staff is of light-colored fruitwood and is tipped with a brass ring to hang it by.

Feeling the effects of his service and of the wounds he had suffered at Bunker Hill, Montressor's Island, and Saratoga, and believing that he could now be spared, he wrote Washington in the autumn of 1783 to ask that he be relieved by the staff officer next in line, Major Hugh Maxwell. But the commander-in-chief, instead of granting this request, at once promoted Colonel Jackson, on September 30, to the rank of brevet brigadier general and placed him in command of the Third Massachusetts Brigade. This position he held for about three weeks, when the army was demobilized and he was honorably discharged. He was later granted a pension and five hundred acres of bounty lands.

Before the army was disbanded a group of officers organized the Society of the Cincinnati, the main object of which was

"to render permanent the cordial affection subsisting among the officers of our army." They chose a name symbolic of the patriotism of men like the renowned Roman Cincinnatus, who at his country's call left the plow to serve his country. Membership could descend only to the eldest male posterity, direct or collateral, judged worthy of the honor, and should include French officers in American service. General Washington was elected first president general, which office he held until his death. Each of the thirteen states formed a chapter. Among the 340 original members of the Massachusetts group were General Michael Jackson and his five sons; his brother Captain Thomas Jackson, and his cousins Major Daniel Jackson and General Henry Jackson of Boston. For Michael's family the membership record remains unbroken.

An invitation to dinner was one of the minor expressions of this "cordial affection" between members:

General Washington presents his compliments to General Michael Jackson and requests the favor of his Company at Dinner tomorrow at 3 o'clock.

Tuesday Answer if you please.

General Washington.

The invitation is written in a clear fine script, probably by a secretary, with spaces left for the guest's name, the date, and signature, which were filled in by Washington himself.

Directly after his discharge General Jackson returned home, once more free to attend to his own interests. After fifteen years of loyal service, during which he had risen from subaltern to general and had been several times wounded, he was now somewhat incapacitated and in need of the change to private life. So he remained in his beloved Newton until his death eighteen years later, on April 10, 1801.

His funeral services were conducted with traditional military formalities and the pallbearers were old army friends, among them General Henry Knox and General Henry Jack-

son. A battalion of infantry escorted the cortege to the Newton Centre Cemetery, the Masonic service was performed, and a company of artillery fired minute guns as a tribute "due to a man who deserved well of his country, fought her battles, and bled for her independence." The legend on his tombstone testifies that "Filial piety, Conjugal affection, Parental tenderness, the virtues which adorn the Patriot, the Citizen, and the Soldier, Shone conspicuous in him."

Two weeks later his longtime friend General William Hull wrote to Michael's son Ebenezer, who had married and was living at Savannah, Georgia:

My dear Friend:

I send you enclosed a copy of your father's will. Likewise an account of his funeral. You have lost an affectionate father, I have lost a faithful friend. He died as he lived, firm, dignified, and satisfied. I attended him in his last moments, and his serenity and happiness seemed to rob death of half its terrors. No man in our country, unless it was a (Colonial) Governor in actual commission, was ever interred with so much honor. The procession was numerous, respectable, and solemn; conducted with the most perfect regularity, and the propriety of it acknowledged by all.

Your mother seems to be recovering her health and spirits. Nothing shall be wanting on my part to relieve her distress, and render her happy . . . .

Michael Jackson's will was concise, simple, and just; the estate, valued at about thirty thousand dollars, was considerable for those lean times, and for a man who had given so many of his best years to his country:

In the name of God, Amen!

I Michael Jackson of Newton . . . being now of sound mind and memory, do make and publish this my last will and testament.

. . . I request my Executors . . . to pay all my just debts and funeral expenses out of my personal Estate.

. . . I do freely will and bequeath to my dear and beloved wife Ruth Jackson, in consideration of the sincere affection which I

have for her, all the residue of my personal Estate, after paying my debts &c. to and for her own proper use forever . . . the use and improvement of all my real Estate, for and during her natural life.

Feeling no particular partiality to my Children, I wish to take this solemn occasion of expressing my happiness and entire satisfaction in the conduct of all of them. The only reason for the distinction which I shall make in this my last will and testament is, that my eldest Son Michael has resided with me for a number of years, and has not had the same opportunity of advancing his fortune in life, which has fallen to the lot of his other brothers.

After the death of my said Wife Ruth Jackson, I order that my real Estate be divided into Six parts, and I give and bequeath two parts of the Six to my Son Michael Jackson, one part to my Son Simon Jackson, one part to my Son Ebenezer Jackson, one part to my Son Amasa Jackson, and one part to my Son Charles Jackson & to their Heirs & Assigns forever, to hold the same as tenants in common & not as joint tenants.

And I do constitute and appoint my Wife Ruth Jackson & my Friend William Hull Esqr. Executors of this my last will & testament. In testimony whereof I the said Michael Jackson have hereunto set my hand and seal this thirteenth Day of June A D 1792

Mich[1] Jackson

Signed, sealed . . . in presence of
Sarah Hull
Jerusha Billings
Sarah Stratton

Of the forty-four men from the Jackson family of Newton who took up arms for freedom and independence, some were volunteers in the Newton company of Minute Men and participated in the attack at Lexington and Concord; others met defeat at Bunker Hill, or held the line at Dorchester Heights when the British evacuated Boston. They fought against Burgoyne's army, and witnessed his surrender at Saratoga. They suffered, endured hardship, or died at Valley Forge; fought in the battles of Germantown, Monmouth, and Stony Point; and at the siege of Yorktown they saw Cornwallis surrender his

army. During their years of service nine were promoted to higher ranks. General Michael's sons, who entered as privates and served to the end of the war, were mustered out as Lieutenant Michael, Jr., Captain Simon, Lieutenant Ebenezer, Ensign Amasa, and Ensign Charles, who was the youngest soldier to enlist in the American army. Previous to the Revolution Simon and Amasa had been in service in 1775; and afterward Michael, Amasa, and Charles reinlisted and were again promoted.

After the war Lieutenant Ebenezer went south, having been commissioned by the government to establish the Virginia–North Carolina boundary line. While there he married a charming young widow, Charlotte (Fenwick) Pierce. The couple lived in Savannah, Georgia; but eventually settled permanently in their summer home, Walnut Grove, at Middletown, Connecticut. Their handsome mansion stood among beautiful trees on spacious grounds. True to family tradition, they had a large flock — six sons and four daughters.

It was here that Ruth Jackson, General Michael's widow, came to live with her son's family. Of her happiness among her grandchildren she wrote to her former pastor at Newton on September 13, 1806:

My worthy and much valued friend:

. . . I desire to be thankful to my merciful creator for the health I have had, and continue to enjoy. . . . I see no place more pleasant than Walnut Grove, and I am firmly persuaded there is no spot in America more healthful. . . . My grandson Ebenezer still continues to prosper in his studies, he has finished the whole of Virgil and Cicero, and is nearly thru' the Greek Testament, and is now but ten years of age, he is equally forward in his English, and has begun his French.

My son Amasa has a fine family of five children, and he lives very comfortably. He has a Salary of Two Thousand five hundred Dollars a year for being President of the Jersey Bank. I am glad to hear that my Daughter in Law Sarah [Badger] Jackson the widow of my late son Michael, enjoys good health. . . . It is the

sweetest consolation in life left me, since the death of my dear partner, to witness and enjoy, the dutiful affection of my surviving children. . . .

I remain, Dear Sir, your aff.te friend

Ruth Jackson.

She continued to live at Walnut Grove until her death on January 14, 1810, and was buried in Mortimer Cemetery, Middletown. One obituary reads in part: "Many of the surviving members of the revolutionary army will recall with respect and gratitude the active kindness of this excellent woman, stationed for some years in the camp with her military family, her husband and five sons. She sought their comfort by the most assiduous attention, especially when they suffered under disease or wounds."

As to General Michael's five brothers, the fifth generation: of Nathaniel nothing more is known; Thomas married and had a son, Thomas, Jr., who was for twenty-nine years assistant secretary and secretary of the Massachusetts Society of the Cincinnati; Jonathan married Mary Stone and had three children; Phineas married Ruth Wood and had six children; Oliver married Lucy Fuller and had four children.

Of General Michael and Ruth Jackson's five sons, of generation six, more information is available. They were all mustered into service, in their father's battalion, on January 1, 1777; were all at Valley Forge; and all served to the end of the War of the Revolution. Captain Michael III, the eldest, became ensign in 1777 and lieutenant two years later, and was transferred to the Third Massachusetts Infantry in 1783. His name last appears on the muster roll under date of October 14 of the same year. He married Sarah Badger and they had several children; he died on October 15, 1802, at the age of forty-three.

Captain Simon, the second son, was in camp at Cambridge on June 27, 1775, before he was fifteen years old, was steadily promoted, and at the end of the Revolution was discharged

as captain. In 1786 he married Borodell Shepard, and they had three sons and three daughters. After her death in 1795 he married Sarah Spring, and they had two daughters. Simon and both his wives were buried in the Newton Centre Cemetery. He died on October 17, 1818.

Lieutenant Ebenezer, the third son, enlisted at thirteen years of age, and after the war was employed for a year or two in the United States Treasury at Philadelphia. He then went to Savannah, Georgia, became a planter, married, and later returned North to settle at Walnut Grove, Middletown, Connecticut. He died on October 31, 1837.

Captain Amasa, the fourth son, was a drummer boy in Colonel Thomas Gardner's Massachusetts Regiment in October, 1775, when only ten years old. Family tradition says that he had accompanied his father to Lexington on April 19 as a drummer. Since records show that his older brother Simon was already in camp at Cambridge in June of that year, it is not improbable that both Simon and Amasa, sons of a soldier and imbued with the spirit of the times, did march with their father to Lexington. Amasa was later fifer and drummer in his father's battalion. At the close of his term he reinlisted, on April 12, 1781, as private for three years, and on June 20, 1784, was discharged as captain. He joined his brother Ebenezer in the United States Treasury, and went with him to Georgia; about fourteen years later he too returned North and settled in New York City, where he was president of the Union Bank for sixteen years. Of his first marriage, to —— Lander, nothing further is known. On January 10, 1798, he married Mary Phelps, daughter of Oliver Phelps of Canandaigua, New York, and they had six daughters and four sons. A letter from Amasa written on December 24, 1820, to his son Oliver at Hamilton College reveals the natural desire of a father for his son to be frugal and to succeed: "I wish you would write me the state of your *Cash Concerns*. While I cannot urge you too much, or too often, to practice the strictest economy I am not disposed to

withold from you, decent and necessary supplies. . . . Before I close this letter, let me entreat you my Dear Son to improve every moment of your time in usefull study, now is the harvest time, if not improved, a cold chilling dreary winter succeeds. . . . That you may be learned, virtuous, and happy, is the unceasing prayer of your affectionate Father." Amasa died on March 24, 1824.

Captain Charles, the fifth son, was mustered into his father's battalion as fifer at the age of ten, and became ensign. The description of him in the war records reads: "complexion dark, hair brown, eyes black." On one side of General Michael's tombstone is a memorial inscription which states in part that he had been a captain, had been attorney of the United States for Georgia, and died at Cumberland on October 15, 1801. He was only thirty-four and unmarried. His grave is next to that of the Revolutionary general "Light Horse" Harry Lee.

Other officers in collateral branches of the Jackson family were Lieutenant Colonel Ephraim, Lieutenant Isaac, Lieutenant Jonathan, Major Daniel, and Major Timothy. All were Newton cousins of General Michael and had the common ancestor Sebas, Sr.

Major Timothy Jackson (son of Timothy, Sr., whose father was Joseph, son of Sebas, Sr.), a Newton Minute Man at age eighteen, who had rung the alarm bell for Lexington, had a more varied career than the others. In 1776 he was serving on a privateer which was captured by the British frigate *Perseus*, and he spent six months in "one of those floating hells called prison ships"; he was then impressed into a British convoy guarding a fleet of transports which took eighty days to reach England. After three transfers he was put aboard Lord Howe's flagship sailing to the West Indies, and on the way was transferred to the frigate *Grasshopper*. Life was a terrible ordeal on all these ships, and he determined to escape.

One stormy night, while the ship was at anchor in the harbor of Antigua, the sentinel went below to escape the rain.

Unobserved, Timothy let himself down by the bow chains, swam to shore, made his way to St. John's, and under an assumed name boarded an English sloop bound for New York. When he discovered that the captain had changed his course he left the ship at one of the ports en route, boarded a pilot boat to North Carolina, and there made a vessel bound for Boston. But luck was still against him, for on this trip he was recaptured by the British and taken to New York, which they were still holding. During the docking of the ship he escaped and traveled day and night toward the American lines, only to be captured once more just before he made his goal.

Again Timothy was carried back to New York and imprisoned for six months, with hundreds of his fellow Americans, under dreadful conditions of filth and disease which took the lives of many. In 1778, soon after the battle of Monmouth, he was fortunately exchanged and transferred to the American army; but he was still two hundred miles from home, physically unfit, and utterly destitute. Happily he met a Newton kinsman, Sergeant Daniel Jackson, who gave him funds for the journey home. Soon mustered out, at twenty-three, he returned to Newton to become a farmer.

During the years that Major Timothy was at war his four sisters ran their mother's farm, doing all the work. They cared for the horses, cows, pigs, and sheep; raised food for themselves and for the animals; sheared the sheep, spun and wove the wool into cloth for the family garments. Later Lucy, the oldest sister, married Moses Souther, and they settled on a farm at Marlborough, Massachusetts, and had a family of four. When Lucy was widowed she carried on the farm work alone and brought up her children to be good citizens. The Lucy Jackson Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Newton was named in her honor.

Timothy married Sarah, daughter of Stephen Winchester, Jr., by whom he had six children. He took over the original homestead and farm of Edward Jackson, Sr. and for twenty-

five years dwelt under the same roof that had for generations sheltered his forefathers. In 1809 he built a roomy Georgian mansion of white pine and brick with many fireplaces, green-shuttered windows, and pillared entry. Major Timothy incorporated as a rear ell of his new house three rooms of the original dwelling of 1670, with their wide plank flooring, old crown-glass windowpanes, and wide fireplaces with brick ovens. What had been Edward's front door now led to Timothy's rear garden. He often pointed with pride to this staunch old door built of crossed layers of thick boards for maximum resistance to Indian arrows or bullets. It had been put together with handmade Jackson nails and hung with hand-forged cobra hinges. And the "pure water well" which had served since Edward's day was for convenience included in the new cellar. A brook ran through the extensive grounds, which were well planted with ornamental trees and shrubs, orchards, and vineyards, and made attractive with summerhouses and rustic seats.

Through many years Major Timothy served the community: as adjutant and brigade major in the militia, schoolteacher, deputy sheriff for ten years, selectman for many years, and representative to the General Court for fifteen years. He passed away at his home on November 22, 1814. A little personal article which he carried all through his adventurous service is a much treasured gold watch key set with a large faceted carnelian of beautiful color.

Other descendants of the pioneers Edward and Frances Jackson brought honor to the family name, notably in Boston and Newburyport. Edward Jackson II, grandson of their eldest son, Jonathan I, had married Dorothy Quincy of Braintree, and they had two children: Jonathan III, whose second wife was Hannah Tracy; and Mary, who became the wife of Oliver Wendell.

Early in Revolutionary times Jonathan Jackson III of Newburyport was a member of the Provincial Congress, a member

of Congress, state senator from Essex County, and the first United States marshal of the Massachusetts District, an appointment made by Washington. He was also treasurer of Massachusetts and of Harvard College. During the Revolution he had loaned the government generous sums from his private funds. He was a handsome man and several times sat for his portrait by John Copley and other artists. An ardent defender of liberty, he realized that as such he could not conscientiously continue to hold his slave Pompey. He therefore placed on record the following document:

Know all men by these presents, that I, Jonathan Jackson, of Newburyport, in the County of Essex, gentleman, in consideration of the impropriety I feel, and have long felt, in holding any person in constant bondage — more especially at a time when my country is so warmly contending for the liberty every man ought to enjoy — and have some time since promised my negro man Pomp, that I would give him his freedom — and in further consideration of five shillings, paid me by said Pomp, I do hereby liberate, manumit, and set him free; and I do hereby remise and release unto said Pomp, all demands of whatever nature I have against Pomp. In witness thereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this 19th of June, 1776.

Proud of his new status, the freed man promptly enlisted as Pomp Jackson, served throughout the Revolution, was honorably discharged, and lived to be nearly a hundred years old.

One of this Jonathan Jackson's lifelong friends was John Lowell (in later life the "Old Judge"), also of Newburyport. They had been born in the same year, 1743, and as youths had attended Harvard College, graduating only one year apart. Jonathan became a shipowner and importer of English goods, and John entered the legal profession. Though the two young men had vowed celibacy, it was not long before each was thinking of marriage, and on January 3, 1767, a double wedding was held in Salem. They became widowers while still young, but each was married again: Jonathan to Hannah

Tracy, John to Susan Cabot. About 1774 they built handsome twin mansions at 201 and 203 on Newburyport's High Street, that their families might be neighbors. The *Memorial History of Boston* records that "of the three sons of Jonathan and Hannah Tracy Jackson, it has been said that Judge Charles Jackson, Doctor James Jackson [*"the beloved physician," co-founder of the Massachusetts General Hospital*], and Mr. Patrick Tracy Jackson, occupied as large and as high a position in their respective professions, and in the esteem of their neighbors, as any three men who ever lived in Boston."

Even when Lowell moved to Boston a few years later and sold his house to Jonathan's father-in-law, Patrick Tracy, also a prosperous shipowner and importer, he kept in touch with his good friend Jonathan. They often served together on important committees, they both held positions on the governing board of Harvard, and both were associated with John and Samuel Adams, James Bowdoin, John Hancock, and Timothy Pickering in founding the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in 1780. The old friendship was perpetuated in the marriage of Jonathan's daughter Hannah Jackson to John's son Francis Cabot Lowell in 1792.

The children and grandchildren of Jonathan Jackson III and of his sister Mary married into the Lowell, Cabot, Putnam, Lee, Higginson, and Holmes families, from which came many illustrious men and women who rendered exceptional service to their country, among them the writer Oliver Wendell Holmes and his son of the same name, associate justice of the United States Supreme Court.

POSTWAR PROBLEMS AND ACHIEVEMENTS

The Revolution was over, the enemy defeated, and men's spirits ran high with the realization that freedom was theirs at last. But, as after every war, economic and political conditions were at low ebb. The severance from England had brought independence, but the new states still had many difficulties to

solve. It would take time, patience, and compromise to create a strong nation and establish a stable government. The common threat of danger was gone, but the states were now divided over the form of national government to be established. The government which had been set up by the Continental Congress was weak, was burdened with a huge war debt, and was obliged to function without a national currency or a system of taxation.

Economic and social life was disrupted. Much of the colonies' wealth had gone into Canada with the Royalists. The newly gained wealth of a few was offset by the growing poverty of the masses. Many of the farmers who had made up the greater part of the military forces returned to find their acres deserted, their homes in ruins, their fertile, well-kept fields desolated, and their sturdy cattle gone. Many professional men, tradesmen, and laborers, returning impoverished to civilian life, found themselves without occupation or source of income. Townsmen and farmers alike were poor and disheartened.

Yet were they not all Americans? Had they not fought for liberty and won it against all odds? Was there not still the future for them and their children? Was there not hope? Could they not look elsewhere and make new homes?

This unhappy period was not entirely devoid of promise, for Congress was endeavoring to establish a new government. At the Constitutional Convention which met in Philadelphia in May, 1787, a new constitution was formulated which provided for a federal republic made up of sovereign states. The national government was given only specified powers, all other powers being reserved to the states or to the people. A most difficult problem was the disposition and administration of the vast lands to the west, which were claimed by several states as far as the Mississippi. The problem was solved by passing the Northwest Ordinance, which provided that new states formed from the ceded territory should have the same status as the original ones.

In 1789 the Congress of the new republic unanimously elected George Washington president of the United States, with a small but efficient cabinet. The first national census, taken in 1790, recorded a population of about four million, largely of English stock. Washington's two terms saw real progress: the government was organized; the country's natural resources, promising great wealth, began to be exploited; and import duties were collected and deposited in the treasury; in New England textile mills were established; and in the South planters were turning from rice, indigo, and tobacco to the more profitable cotton crop.

With greater prosperity a new American life was evolving. For the time being, however, it affected only the well-to-do, who, having means and leisure, could build handsome mansions, richly furnished and well adapted to formal social functions—elegant dinners and grand balls which in the larger cities vied with those in London itself. The lot of the majority, the poor and the moderately well off, remained much the same. Many professional men, merchants, tradespeople, laborers, and farmers, needy and disheartened, began looking elsewhere for a better life. Like their European forebears who had moved westward across unknown waters, they too began to move westward, across the mountains and into the unknown wilderness. In the meantime new generations of Jacksons were adding their quota to the family history.

* * * * *

Among the Indians who had in the day of the pioneer Edward Jackson been removed from Nonantum to Natick, there lived, a quarter of a century before the Revolution, a young missionary who was one day to give his daughter in marriage to a descendant of Edward. The Reverend Stephen Badger was himself a descendant of Giles Badger, who had come from England in 1635 and settled at Newbury, Massachusetts. While Stephen was a student at Harvard College he fell in love with

Abigail Hill of Cambridge, and during a trip in the South he wrote her from Charlestown, on November 12, 1748:

Dear Fidelia:

An opportunity presenting by the Way of Rhode Island, I cheerfully seize upon it, to confirm the Love & Affection, the Friendship & Esteem which I always express'd for you, ever since I first had a particular acquaintance with you. I long to see you, & to enjoy your Company & Conversation. I am almost ready some Times to wish it in my power to strike out of Being that part of Time that divides our Meeting and to call upon the Months & Days, & Hours & Minutes not to linger or delay, but to hasten their progress to the Period which will put an End to our present Separation: but I check myself, when I consider the preciousness of Time & that the Space allotted to us, is full short enough, to answer the Designs for which it was given us, without wishing it in our own Hands to dispense with any part of it — and therefore I shall be as patient, & as easy as I can, in my present Situation; but (God willing) shall improve the first Opportunity in the Spring, to return to my Friends. I have had a small turn of ye Yellow Fever since I arriv'd here but (thank God) I am recover'd to Health as usual. The Shortness of the Time, & the Dispatch of Letters to my Friends must excuse my Brevity and oblige me to subscribe myself (in Haste) with Sincerity

Your constant and affectionate Lover
Fidelius.

The meticulous "Fidelius" folded the sheet carefully, fastened it with his seal, and, according to the etiquette of the day, addressed it not to his beloved Abigail but to her mother: "For Mrs. Abigail Hill in Cambridge New England."

The courtship was followed by an engagement, and several years after his graduation from Harvard in 1749 he married his "Fidelia," and they moved to Natick, where the young minister began the missionary work among the Indians which he was to continue for half a century. With the passing years their family grew, and their daughter Sarah met and was courted by Lieutenant Michael III, eldest son of General Mi-

THE GILES BADGER FAMILY OF NEWBURY, MASSACHUSETTS

Giles Badger = **Elizabeth Greenleaf**
b. in England
d. July 17, 1674
bap. Jan. 16, 1622

John Badger = **Hannah Swett**
b. June 30, 1643
d. Mar. 31, 1691

Stephen Badger I = **Mary Kettell**
b. Dec. 13, 1671
d. before 1751
b. Mar. 18, 1679

Stephen Badger II = (1) **Ann Doubleday** (2) **Mary Noseitor**
b. Feb. 18, 1696/97
d. June 19, 1774

m. Sept. 20, 1753

Rev. Stephen Badger III = (1) **Abigail Hill** (2) **Sarah Gould**
b. Apr. 26, 1726
d. Aug. 28, 1803
bap. Aug. 23, 1724
d. Aug. 13, 1782

m. Feb. 22, 1791

Sarah Badger = **Michael Jackson III**
b. May 7, 1761
d. Sept., 1825
b. Sept. 12, 1759
d. Oct. 15, 1802

m. Aug. 17, 1814

(1) **Stephen Badger Jackson** = **Harriot C. Russell** (2) **William Kenrick**
b. May 16, 1793
d. Aug. 26, 1817
b. Dec. 4, 1792
d. June 30, 1874

m. Oct. 11, 1841

(1) **Sarah G. B. Jackson** = **Joseph Hobbins, Jr.** (2) **Mary E. McLane**
b. May 25, 1815
d. Dec. 13, 1870
b. Dec. 28, 1816
d. Jan. 24, 1894

m. Feb. 6, 1872

Syndonia J. Hobbins = **James A. Jackson I**
b. Sept. 20, 1848
d. Mar. 1, 1934
b. Aug. 8, 1840
d. Feb. 11, 1921

7 sons, 3 daughters

chael Jackson of Newton. During his courtship of Sarah Badger the young lover received a teasing letter from his brother Amasa, who in 1786 was visiting their brother Ebenezer in Savannah, Georgia:

My dear Michael,

I should serve you just right were I not to write you one line — but affection overcomes all those inattentions. I want to know very much whether you are, or are about being *Married.*

And what reward for all our cares and toils
But one, — a female friend's endearing smiles

Tell me my friend where, and in what station of life can a Man be, to be so happy as in a Marriage state, with what joy and confidence doth she impart to you every secret lodg'd in her breast. Ah! how numberless are the pleasures of a sympathizing friend, the dear creature, how she will mourne when you mourne, and how her heart is enliven'd when yourn is glad, to a feeling heart there can be no greater Heaven. May you get such a Partner, is the sincere wish of your ever affectionate Brother

Am. Jackson

Michael and Sarah were married on February 22, 1791, and settled in Medfield, Massachusetts. Only two of their several children survived to maturity, Stephen Badger and Abigail. When Stephen was only ten years old he was sent to a boys' school in Norton. James, his younger brother, who was greatly attached to him, felt the separation deeply, and wrote:

My dear Brother

You cannot think how glad we all ware to hear from you. You are so much pleased with Norton, that I want to be there with you and improve in the studies you mention. the ice all went away out of the pond the day after you left Medfield and there has been none since. I hope you will come home to stay two or three days. if I could see you I should feel very happy for I love you Stephen with all my heart and hope we shall always love each other, you must write often to your affectionate Brother

James Lander Jackson.

A tragedy followed a few days later when the child, venturing alone onto the pond, was drowned. In 1805 Stephen was entered at Phillips Academy, Andover. His sister Abigail married the Reverend William Greenough of Newton, a graduate of Yale, 1774.

The colonial villages, which had been laid out close together, drew still closer together as they grew into towns. Most families had relatives or intimate friends in several neighboring places, and there was always much visiting back and forth. The Jacksons of Newton had long known the Badgers of Mendon; and the Badgers had long known the Russells of Uxbridge—James and his wife Hannah (Sherman). Young Stephen Badger Jackson was given to calling often at the Russell home, where there were two charming young daughters, Harriot Caroline and Sylvia Abby, each endowed with two Christian names, according to the new custom. James' brother, the Honorable Jonathan Russell of Mendon and Providence, also had two daughters, Amelia and Caroline, and there was warm friendship between the four young girls. Jonathan, a benefactor of Mendon, gave generously of land and funds for the erection of the First Parish Church in 1820, a fine example of the church architecture of that day.

* * * * *

The earliest immigrant ancestor of James and Jonathan Russell was John Russell, who had come from England to Woburn, Massachusetts, in 1640, and served as an elder in the Baptist Church, in which he sometimes preached. In a day when religious bigotry occasionally led to persecution of those who defended liberty of conscience and freedom of worship, John Russell stood out as a "gracious, wise, and holy man," for he suffered imprisonment rather than accept the narrow religious tenets in which he could not believe, more especially infant damnation. The six months of prison confinement affected his health, as alluded to in his will:

The last will and testament of John Russell senior of Woburn in the county of Middlesex in the Massachusetts collony in new england being weak in body but perfect in memory: viz: I bequeath to my beloved wife Elizabeth Russell all my whole estate housing and lands att home and abroad during her life: only one cow I bestow on William Green: My will is that my wife shall have liberty to sell any parcell of land for her necessity during her Widowhood: My will also is that after my wifes decease all my housing and land att home about my house shall fall to my son John Russell: and all my lands and meddows elsewhere shall fall the one halfe to my son John Russell and the other halfe to my daughter Mary Brooke: also what moveables is left after my wifes decease shall fall equally the one halfe to my son John Russell and the other halfe to my daughter Mary Brooke: My will is also that if my wife do sell any parcell of land that my son John Russell shall have the first refusal of the sale of it: this 27th of the 3d month 1676

That we whose names are under written did demand of him if he could sett his hand to this will his answer was he could not because his hand did so shake but his answer was that it did reach his mind fully:

Allen Convers John Willson X his mark

The brothers James Russell of Uxbridge and the Honorable Jonathan of Providence were of the fifth generation from the John Russell who made this will. Jonathan Russell married Sylvia Ammidon and, in later years, Lydia Smith. Though educated for the legal profession, he preferred a political career; he held diplomatic positions in Paris, London, and Stockholm, and was one of the negotiators and signers of the Treaty of Ghent after the War of 1812. During his residence in Paris his daughter Amelia attended Madame Campan's school, which awarded her, for good scholarship, a gold medal which was personally presented by Napoleon I.

While in England the Honorable Jonathan met John Russell, Duke of Bedford, who was greatly attracted by the handsome young American diplomat of the same surname. The duke told Jonathan he so closely resembled the English Rus-

sells that he must be a descendant of one of the family who had emigrated to Massachusetts in colonial times and had been lost sight of. His belief was strengthened by the fact that the two towns with which the earlier English and American Russells were closely connected were both named Woburn. The duke was so sure of their relationship that he presented Jonathan Russell with a beautiful porcelain dinner set richly decorated with gold, the ducal strawberry emblem, and the Russell coat of arms (11).

In Uxbridge Stephen Badger Jackson called ever more frequently at James Russell's home, until he became the accepted lover of the winsome Harriot. Sometimes he carried his flute and played to her accompaniment. On other visits he showed her the booklet he had made, as amateur astronomer, in which he neatly recorded data about the stars and planets, their names, and their rising and setting. Being an upright young man of good family, he had no trouble obtaining parental approval; Stephen and Harriot became engaged and were married at Mendon on August 17, 1814. The happy bride wrote to a friend a charming description of "my Wedding Cake, of which I had many loaves. It is the fashion for all the company to have a slice done up in white paper, with a piece of the decoration . . . . I was the principal maker and decorator of the Cake. Each loaf was frosted thickly over and ornamented with Box, as is the fashion in these days. In the center was a large piece of Box with drops of frosting on the leaves covered with gold leaf, then small pieces around the edge, which looked very handsome. I am putting away a piece for myself, to keep."

The young couple established a home in Mendon, but after a year or two Stephen, recognizing the limitations of the town, decided to leave his young wife and infant daughter Sarah with his mother and, like hundreds of others, look elsewhere for means of making a living. He went to Savannah, consulted with his uncle Ebenezer Jackson, and soon entered into partnership with another young man, Albert Borde, in a general

THE JOHN RUSSELL, SR. FAMILY OF WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS

John Russell, Sr.
d. June 1, 1676
= (1) Elizabeth ——
(2) Elizabeth Baker
d. Jan. 17, 1689/90

John Russell, Jr.
d. Dec. 21, 1680
= Sarah Champney
d. Apr. 25, 1696

Joseph Russell
b. Jan. 15, 1663/64
d. Mar. 13, 1713/14
= Mary ——
d. Mar. 28, 1715

Thomas Russell
b. July 11, 1705
d. Sept. 1, 1760
= (1) Elizabeth Condy (2) Honora Loud

m. Jan. 5, 1769

Jonathan Russell
b. 1741
d. Feb. 17, 1788
= Abigail Russell

m. Aug. 26, 1791

(1) James Russell
b. Oct. 31, 1769
d. 1795
= Hannah Sherman (2) John Tillinghast
b. 1769
d. July 9, 1833

m. Aug. 17, 1814

Harriot C. Russell
b. Dec. 4, 1792
d. June 30, 1874
= (1) Stephen Badger (2) William Kenrick
Jackson
b. May 16, 1793
d. Aug. 26, 1817

m. Oct. 11, 1841

(1) Sarah G. B. Jackson
b. May 25, 1815
d. Dec. 13, 1870
= Joseph Hobbins, Jr. (2) Mary E. McLane
b. Dec. 28, 1816
d. Jan. 24, 1894

m. Feb. 6, 1872

Syndonia J. Hobbins
b. Sept. 20, 1848
d. Mar. 1, 1934
= James A. Jackson I
b. Aug. 8, 1840
d. Feb. 11, 1921

7 sons, 3 daughters

merchandise shop at Irwinton in central Georgia. The business prospered, and within six months Stephen, who greatly missed his wife, was ready to send for her. But just as he was making his plans he contracted yellow fever and died ten days later. So young — only twenty-four — and so far from those he loved. From an Irwinton friend, Daniel Nolley, and from Stephen's partner, who was away at the time, the young widow learned the pathetic details of his illness and death in August, 1817. Nolley wrote:

I am under the necessity of informing you of the death of your affectionate husband Mr. Stephen B. Jackson. I sincerely sympathize with you in the loss of so good a husband, father, citizen and friend. Tho I hope you will bear it with as much fortitude as possible. I became acquainted with him in March last . . . and we became verry much attached to one another and our happiness was interrupted only by his earnest and frequent sighs for an absent and beloved wife and daughter . . . . I would try to cheer up his spirits by telling him that he would have the pleasure of seeing you both again, but alas his fears were but too true. I can testify that his affection and care for you and his sweet little daughter continued till death locked up his spirits forever.

. . . about a month since, he began to feel unwell . . . . I sent for the best physician in this place . . . but all remedies failed, his case was a fatal one. . . . A few days after he was taken ill . . . he thought his recovery was verry doubtful and requested me if he should die, to write to you immediately and appeared to be desirous to say something more but the mentioning his family overwhelmed him in tears and prevented his saying anything more, and he died the 26th August, the tenth day after he was taken. I was with him until he died. His partner Mr. Borde has not yet returned from a trip to the Indian Nation, I shall keep their door closed until he returns.

Borde, greatly shocked at the sad news, wrote to his partner's widow immediately upon his return two weeks later:

It is with much pain I have to acquaint you of your misfortune in losing your loving Husband . . . . I was unfortunately from

home at the time of his death, would to God I had seen him before he died . . . it was the Will of God that he should be taken from us. I could not have been more affected to hear of the death of a near relation . . . . All who knew him respected him. He was a good friend & Neighbor. . . . Mr. Nolley had him buried very decently & I shall have a funeral Sermon Preached over the grave Shortly. Unfortunately this custom here is very different from ours in burying, I wish I had been here.

I shall administer on the State [estate] as you are not here. I shall do all I can for your good. we have been to considerable expense & you know Madam we had no Capital, & after paying all our debts, whatever is coming to his part, I shall forw[d] on to you & his trunk & Cloaths. if you have no objection I will keep his flute as a mark of respect toward him & to remember him by. . . . I wish you had seen him before he died.

He expressed many times that he had as live [lief] die as be absent from you & his Mother . . . I have many times beheld him with tears in his eyes thinking how blest was his hours when with you in contrast to being here in the Woods far from home & his loved ones. . . .

May the blessing of Almighty God rest on you all. . . .

The sudden death of her husband was a great shock to the young wife, but Harriot Jackson was a brave woman. Courageously she accepted her loss, and for seven years continued to live with Stephen's mother at Mendon. Occasionally she visited relatives and friends at Newton, where she met William Kenrick, to whom she was married on May 13, 1824. With her little daughter Sarah she went to live at Nonantum Hill, the large and beautiful estate which had been in the Kenrick family since colonial days.

William Kenrick came of English stock which traced its lineage back to records in Domesday Book. One ancestor had served under Edward the Black Prince and had been ennobled; another had been Lord Mayor of London during Cromwell's Commonwealth. Still another, John Kenrick, had left England in 1639 to settle in Massachusetts Bay and had later moved to

Cambridge Village and bought 250 acres there, in part from Deacon John Jackson. The two men became friends, and two of their children married, establishing an enduring bond between the families. In the sixth generation from John, William Kenrick married Harriot Caroline, the widow of Stephen B. Jackson; and Nonantum Hill, part of an extensive tract bought by his father, became their home.

Nonantum comprised the wooded Hill, on which stood their roomy, comfortable house, and the Dale, where William's brother John lived. From the summit of the Hill they could see the Charles River, Boston, and the distant sea. The natural beauty of the estate was greatly enhanced during the ownership of William Kenrick, who was by nature a horticulturist and by calling a nurseryman on an extensive scale. He loved Nonantum and strove untiringly to beautify it with expert landscape gardening. Near and far he sought a wide variety of trees, shrubs, and plants; many he obtained from abroad. The extent of his business is revealed by the following advertisement:

> For Sale, at the Nursery of William Kenrick, in Newton, five and a half miles from Boston, a most extensive variety of the finest kinds of Fruit Trees, including 150 varieties of the finest new Pears, an equal number of Peaches, about 200 of the finest known kinds of Apples, and other varieties in proportion — Plums, Cherries, Apricots, Nectarines, Quinces, Figs, and Almonds. Also, Raspberries, Gooseberries, Currants, Strawberries &c.; a fine assortment of Grape Vines. Mulberries for silk by the 100 or 1000.
>
> Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, and Roses of about 1000 finest kinds. Also herbaceous flowering Plants, Peonies, and splendid Double Dahlias.
>
> Trees and Plants securely packed for any part of the country, or for any foreign port.

He incorporated his wide knowledge of fruit trees in a solid volume entitled *The New American Orchardist*, with supplementary chapters about the smaller fruits, vegetables, shrubs,

and flowers. The work was published in Boston in 1833, and by 1845 was in its seventh edition.

No one was happier at Nonantum than the child Sarah, who had her mother's love of nature in all its moods. She delighted in the profusion of flowers and abundance of fruits, and loved to gather basketsful of them. Having an unusual feeling for the colors, forms, and growth of flowers, she became adept also in the popular art of making wax flowers. She was fond of music and poetry and early began to play the piano and to compose verses, which she copied into a little book of her own making. One day, after preparing a special bouquet for her father—as she always called Mr. Kenrick—she brought it to him and with a graceful curtsey presented it with a little poem she had composed for the occasion.

When old enough, Sarah attended a young ladies' school in Boston, where her other studies were supplemented by lessons in music, drawing, and dancing, accomplishments considered essential to the education of females. When a letter revealed that she was homesick and a little discouraged, her Aunt Sylvia Russell, who lived with the family at Nonantum, wrote: "it is not to be expected that in so short a time as one term you can excell in any one branch, yet it is expected that you may *shine* a little. To stimulate you, imagine the satisfaction of your indulgent parents, and the praise which may be bestowed on you by *us all*, not to speak of the *expense* attached to a polite education, which one day may be returned by you by becoming in your turn useful to others."

In Sarah's loveable, peaceful nature a deep religious feeling developed in these early years. She attended church services regularly, and on her bookshelf stood a row of leather-bound, gold-tooled little volumes—*Christian Keepsake*, Isaac Watts' *Hymns*, Mrs. Hemans' *Poems*, William Penn's *No Cross, No Crown*, and others of similar content.

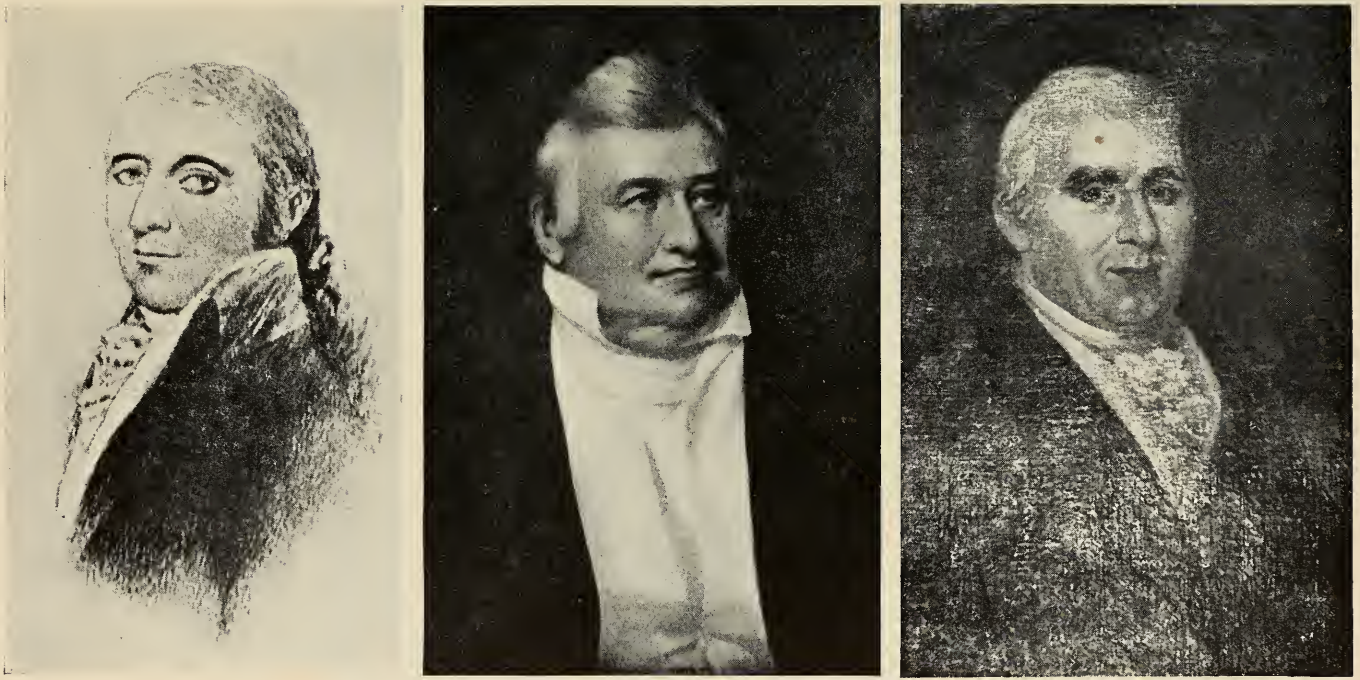
Soon she was to enjoy a more earthly pleasure. Her father had long been greatly interested in silkworm culture, which

promised to become a thriving industry in America, and had put his knowledge of mulberry cultivation into a small book, *The American Silk Grower's Guide*, which was published in Boston in 1835. Enthusiastic over the good prospects for sericulture, he bought, "unsight, unseen," a plantation near Portsmouth, Virginia, where he planned to establish a winter home and cultivate large groves of mulberry trees.

Excited over this new venture, the family departed for the South. Sarah, now in her early twenties, had lately decided to keep a diary, and in this she entered an account of the journey, their arrival, and what they found awaiting them:

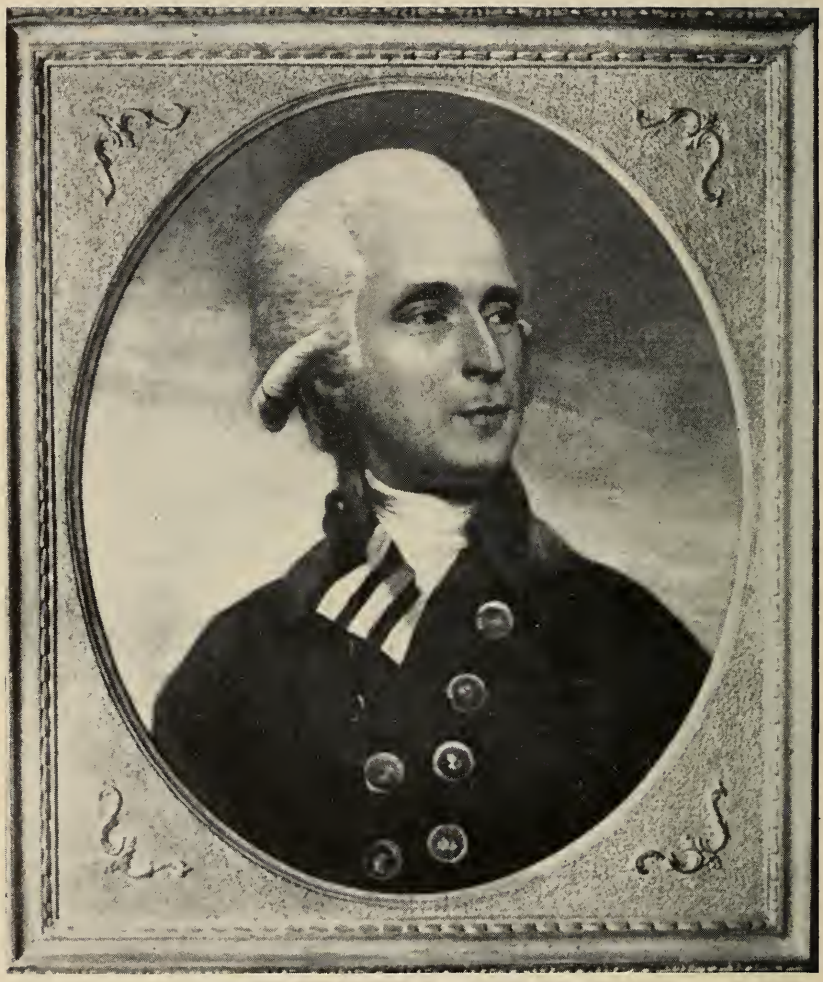
1839, February 21, Thursday, the morn we left Nonantum for our Southern home. Took a longing look, then stepped into the Cariole with Mother, Father, and cousin Abby, arrived just in time for the cars, reached Providence about four o'clock from there took the Steam Boat elegant accommodations to N. Y. Made no stop here, took another Steam boat to Amboy from there took the Cars for the Camden Railroad to Philadelphia, crossing in a Ferry boat the Delaware River, after leaving the cars proceeded to the Mount Washington House where we staid until the next day. In the morning took a hack for the Baltimore Cars. . . . Arrived at Baltimore over some bridges that we crossed it was really dangerous, in some places obliged to walk where the bridges were broken down or decayed. . . . Here for the first time I beheld the degraded, downtrodden much injured Slaves. We were waited upon by them. Baltimore is a pleasant city . . . went to see a beautiful collection of wax flowers.

February 26. Sailed for Portsmouth on Tuesday in the Steam boat. . . . Arrived in P. about ½ past four o'clock (in the morning) the moon was shining upon us in all its splendour. The stars had not disappeared, and as the city lay in the distance partly obscured it formed altogether a very lovely landscape. We took leave of the Steam boat & proceeded to our Southern home. Received by Mr. Irving, very politely introduced to his wife, a good hearted kind of a woman but very indolent and not the neatest as I could judge by the house. . . . After partaking of a Southern breakfast in a



SIMON, EBENEZER, AND AMASA, SONS OF GENERAL MICHAEL JACKSON

Reproduced, respectively, from a miniature now owned by a descendant of Simon, a portrait formerly owned by the late Charles E. Jackson of Middletown, Connecticut, and a portrait now in the possession of Mr. Eugene Jackson Koop of New York



JONATHAN JACKSON III

From a portrait by John Singleton Copley, in the possession of Mr. James Jackson of Boston

certain style we took a view of our new abode, which was in an extremely dirty state out of order windows broken so that even here we should have suffered more from the cold than in our own house at Newton . . . doorlatches broken or out of order so that we could hardly open our chamber door. The Slaves here were treated tolerably well yet were obliged to cook in a cellar under the house where they could not stand upright. They were dirty ignorant & troubled us much did not dare to leave them with our things so that we were obliged to keep watch alternately. I expect we were considered quite wonders to them for Mr. Irving said that people here would keep their slaves even if they had not enough for them to eat or for themselves, and that there were not three ladies at Portsmouth that made their own beds. I have since been informed that if her own child layed upon the floor by the half hour & cried she would not touch it until the girl came to pick it up, but waited upon from infancy by Slaves how can we expect it should be otherwise.

The next day Mrs. I. moved out, took her departure in a calash drove herself with her baby a little girl besides a little slave, two other female slaves ran along beside the waggon, quite an amusing spectacle to the yankees. I need not say we were quite delighted with this change in affairs, for the Negrows were so dirty not to say anything of their Mistress that it was disgusting. Mr. I. kindly lent us a few necessary articles of furniture as ours had not arrived.

March, Sunday, 3. This week have been in daily expectation of our furniture, as our beds have not arrived Abby & myself were obliged to sleep on the floor at first without even a straw bed or Bolster or pillow. Mrs. I. fortunately left two beds until ours should come, for Mother & Father. It is surprising how valuable the most common blessings become when we are deprived of them. We had no andirons shovel or tongs so we exercised our inventive powers used bricks for the first & a stick for the latter. None of our crockery had arrived but fortunately the tin & iron had so we used tin dipper covers &c to eat off for a while but were obliged at last to buy some plates, cups & saucers neither had we a broom & no towels or table-cloths for almost a fortnight. We know something how to value these articles now.

Mr. Evarts the former owner has gone into business and it is melancholy to see a young man wasteing his time & money. He is polite to us, but a young man of no principles. The greatest coward in existence not daring to sleep alone & withal very superstitious, but he has a neighbor that is more so who nails a horse-shoe up to his door. . . . Masons, carpenter & I believe 25 or more men & horses are employed on the Mulberry Plantation this week. The men employed are German, Dutch, Irish, Virginian, Yankee, Mulatto & Negrows. We are very glad to have the Masons come as the house although not old has been neglected sadly & in many places the plastering is tumbling down, besides the walls would not be injured by a little whitewash. At first among other evils we thought we should have a smoky house Father remedied this evil by having the chimneys altered & now that we have had latches fixed sills made to the doors Whitewashing done & a good deal of carpenter work things begin to wear a better aspect.

Have visited the Negrow huts in the yard that joins the house. In one lives an old Slave bent Double he said by hard strains & labor, truly to a Yankee his hovel presents a picture of poverty and wretchedness. The walls low without plastering no glass window but wooden blinds. The filth & dirt disgusting without an article that can be called furniture a wooden bench that he sleeps upon without even straw, afflicted with a horid disease sometimes sits for whole nights upon his bench by the fire his garments in keeping with the house.

Sunday March 10, 1839. Attended the Episcopal Church in the morning, a very good sermon. It is, I suspect, the handsomest & best attended I mean attended by the most fashionable. In the afternoon attended the Presbyterian Church, a very good sermon. The Sabbath seems like a holiday. The Market & some stores are open & young men frequently go hunting. Negrows may be seen in groups delighted at least that it is partly a day of rest to them. Rejoiced that our furniture has arrived. Few vessels that did not contain friends, have been expected with more impatience. Plenty of employment to unpack. All things came safe, but unfortunately our beds took a trip up to Richmond, so Abby and I lay upon straw another week. It was really worth while to be deprived of the luxuries & even the necessities of life for a while, as we learned their

value & knew better how to sympathize with the poor. . . . The situation of our house is very pleasant the view from my chamber quite romantick, at the right a long forest of pine trees & near the border a little Negrow hut where an old black woman a slave lives. The woods extends along the beautiful Elizabeth River which we see winding its way for some distance. The largest Navy Yard in the United States is situated in front of us. About 12 hundred men are employed there. At the right lies the Town of Portsmouth and further on Norfolk, altogether forming a pleasant view.

We have succeeded in making the house comfortable, & almost all our difficulties & inconveniences have vanished. I should be quite happy here were it not for *Slavery,* the greatest curse that there is in existence. We are surrounded by Slaves on all sides. Father is obliged to hire them of their masters, as the common whites are very indolent. There are some free blacks. They say they like to work for him for he speaks kindly to them. A slave brings our milk every morning named Mary another brings us greens and eggs, the first with her great cannister upon her head, as is the custom here, some even carry large tubs of water. Two old slaves that live in one hut, named Castello and Charles belong to the Estate. One is boarded for the work he does & sad to relate has not enough to eat, and upon his complaining to his Master that he had not, his Master's reply was oaths and he took away from him the scanty pittance that he had given him for blacking his boots, fortunately according to law he cannot whip them. He has however a little boy upon whom he exercises the most unlimited power of a passionate and ungovernable temper, he often vents his fury upon this little Slave about 12 years old, I have heard the lash applied until my heart has ached certainly the judgments of God will follow him. There is also a female Slave who cooks for him & two children. And, the woman, he has politely offered, to help Abby whenever she wishes & as we shall pay her it will be a help to her. . . . I hope I may never become used to or like Slavery.

Sunday, March 24. Attended with Father the Baptist Church in the morning; an excellent discourse. In the evening went to the Methodist Church, admired the style of singing, very good preaching. It is the custom to kneel in most of the churches. Went into the hut of the old Slave and read, & explained the Bible to him in as

simple manner as I can. He is very ignorant, but seems to wish to know the way of salvation. Several negroes also collected to hear me read the Bible, I tried to teach little Isiah something.

Sunday, March 31. The weather unpleasant, I did not go to Church. Spent the day in reading & etc. It is useful once in a while to be prevented from going to Church, as it offers us time and opportunity to examine our hearts & affords a sweet season for prayer & communion with God.

H. Evarts is an uncommonly bad character although twenty one yet his character is perfectly inscribed upon his face, the worst passions are there, deep wrinkles on his brow, his infant lips were taught to curse & swear, invested with perfect authority over his slaves, little Fred his black boy is treated shamefully. He believes in ghosts & witches, is afraid to sleep alone & Fred sleeps upon the hearth by his bed.

Sunday, April 7, Attended the Methodist Church in the morning. As I observed the long gallery crowded with blacks principally slaves my heart felt sad, the Bible they are forbidden to learn to read, & a greater part of the preaching they cannot understand, I believe however there is an evening service expressly for them.

Sometimes we take pleasant walks on the banks of the Elizabeth River, sometimes in the woods & gather the Jasmine Vine, White Dogwood, & the beautiful Swamp Pink. . . . Our chaise has come from the north. Have taken a ride every day for some time. . . . We have suffered considerably from the heat. In the afternoon went into the Negro hut and read to the old Slave from the Bible, he seemed affected . . . oh that I may be enabled to do my duty to him. What a responsibility to attempt to guide the soul. May I not be a blind leader of the blind, but may I be taught by God that I may be enabled to impart light to him. How singular that I should be placed among that oppressed class of people for whom I have felt such an interest. May I loose no opportunity to do them good & improve perhaps the only opportunity I may ever have.

The following Sunday she went as usual to read to the old slave, Uncle Charles: "I believe I am always a welcome visitor, he always listens with great attention. I wish that he might have a better teacher. Mother & myself one evening, after tak-

ing a walk saw a plantation nearby in the woods and as we had wandered far & was tired we concluded to beg leave to rest us. As we walked up the avenue we were met by the lady of the mansion, ushered in and treated with true Southern hospitality. Although the young lady plays upon the guitar and seems rather a genteel girl her conversation was interspersed with many queer by-words, after walking in the garden we took leave, two of the girls walked nearly home with us, parted with them promising to call again soon."

Mr. Kenrick had no sooner superintended the planting of his extensive mulberry groves than he had to return temporarily to Newton. The cuttings were slow in starting, but on May 25 Sarah recorded: "Walked in the Mulberry Plantation. Begin to be encouraged about the Mulberries." But many had to be reset on the Kenrick plantation and others, and the outlook was not very promising. On May 30, 1839, Mrs. Kenrick wrote her husband:

My dear Husband

. . . Am much obliged for the book you sent, which I have read with interest, it seems although Madam is absent she is not forgot. . . . I mentioned to Sarah that I thought you had better not purchase a Barouch untill my return *but providing it is sufficiently handsome* it makes no difference & *turns back* for I know you have a superior taste & would be a better judge than I, when are you comeing we all want to see you very much everything goes on very well here plenty of work to do. We went over to see Doyle's trees & Cuttings yesterday, his French trees do as well as ours, that is uncommonly well . . . . Dr. Butt's Cuttings on the other side do very bad, not more than one in fifty, Doyle says, he thinks will live. Mr. Watts planted a thousand Cuttings but only five came up. Duffee the Baker planted 9 hundred, 60 lived . . . . Mr. Burton planted ten thousand but very few lived so you see that the failure in Mulberries extends throughout Portsmouth as it does in many parts of Virginia, the season has been remarkable cold and backward and the long Storm in March did much injury, many of the Mulberries & Cuttings were injured last winter by being exposed

to cold & changing hands so often, many trees imported were dead when sold but there is one consolation it is thought that Mulberries will sell at high prices in the Fall.

To this letter of her mother's Sarah added a page for her Aunt Sylvia:

On May 13 Mother and I took a trip to Richmond. The situation of the city is delightful and the scenery romantick. There were many beautiful gardens one very fine, graced with many statues which have been a great expense. We see whole bowers covered with Multiflora Rose in blossom. May is the Queen of Seasons at the South. . . . We took a hack next morning and went to visit at "Montezuma," the home of the Schumyhorne's, a rich planter's family we were received with Southern politeness & true warm heartedness . . . . We soon found the house was full, quite a dinner party invited and a true Virginian treat we had. Mr. S. asked a blessing, during the dinner a Slave who stood at the top of the table commenced waving an immense fan of Peacock's feathers to keep the flies off. I thought of the words "I would not have a slave to fan me, & etc." The Southerners are great epicures I think, I wish you could have seen the dinner table, a roast Pig, graced the top, next (a southerner thinks a dinner cannot be without it) boiled ham surrounded by greens & swimming almost in grease, Fish, Veal Cutlets, lamb, pickles of various kinds *Corn cake always,* green Peas, dessert, gooseberry tarts Chery pie *Cake* & custard Pudding. The manner in which the dinner was cooked is quite unlike ours. . . .

This plantation is very rural the house is situate in a grove of tall trees around the portico twines the wild rose of the South & here you may sit and hear at Eve that sweet serenader the Mocking bird . . . .

Mr. S. has purchased a splendid carriage & horses, the horses 5 hundred dollars & the carriage at 6 hundred also a very handsome Barouche. Their other carriage I thought a very good one & handsome enough they have three spans of horses. It is singular is it not, that *some people's pride lies all in one thing.* Their house is furnished in rather an ordinary manner, none of the neatest. Carriages

& servants are the *sina qui non* of the South I think. They gave us a ride every day & showed us all the pleasantest parts of the city. . . .

During our stay at Montezuma I was asked a very plain question, "Are you, Miss Sarah, an Abolitionist?" I was a little confounded at first, but I assure you I did not prove a recreant to the cause. I had a long discussion with Mr. S. about it, I often improve opportunities to converse upon slavery with Southerners, concealing my own sentiments and in that way gaining much knowledge that I otherwise could not . . . . Coming down the James River the scenery is beautiful we passed a plantation containing 1000 acres of Wheat.

After another trip from Portsmouth:

We rode out about 22 miles, then took the Canal boat & had a sail of fifteen miles through Dismal swamp to Lake Drummond where the Cypress trees grow to an immense size & from them hangs the Mournful Virginia Moss. The beautiful Magnolia was in blossom on the banks of the Canal, Sweet Briar & the brilliant Trumpet Flower. I saw one climbing up a tall tree, its brilliant blossoms in fine contrast to the foliage. A border of pond lillies grew along the banks of the Canal. . . . Staid all night at Deep Creek, curds & whey for breakfast, a new dish this for a Yankee. Partook of the Juniper during our excursion, said to be very healthy, is the color nearly of brandy. Friday went to Norfolk with Father, a ship launched which attracted a concourse of people, a noble sight, it was the *Yorktown*. We went over the *Pennsylvania* the largest ship in the world it is quite a castle. I was astonished to see the immense Cannon balls, weapons of destruction. . . .

Waked in the morning of the 4th of July by the firing from the Navy Yard. Soon observed the flags of different nations raised. Dr. Wells from the North delivered an Oration at the Methodist Church, no black was permitted to hear it. One tribute was "All hail, Virginia, land of unalloyed liberty & prolifick garden of Virtue." How strange to see this day celebrated as a day of liberty by a people who hold nearly five hundred thousand human beings in bondage. Lucy the black girl that has been living with us says she has never had this day as a holiday. . . . Invited to a party at Mrs.

Griffith's, we went & had a very pleasant time I am quite charmed with the easy pleasant Manners of the Southern ladies but how flimsy their arguments in reference to slavery, what a contradiction, however abolitionists must learn to keep silence at the South. Mrs. Watts observed that she sometimes threatened her servants that if they did not behave well she would send them to the Abolitionists. I wish they might fall into such hands. . . .

July 14, 1839. Commenced making preparations to return home . . . read to old Uncle Charles, perhaps for the last time. He is often to be heard in prayer all night. I think he gives evidence of being a Christian. We all begin to look in Virginia style that is, rather languid. I long to breathe the pure air of Nonantum . . . . I am more attached than ever to this place that has for so many months been my home & I shall leave Old Virginia with mingled feelings of pain & pleasure.

Small wonder! Being young and pretty, and having charming manners and unusual tact, Sarah Jackson had received much attention and many invitations. They remained until late July, by which time the intense heat had weakened them all. On the way home they visited Washington:

The Capitol is a splendid building. At the entrance are the Goddess of Liberty and of War, & the Statue of Washington. The grounds are beautifully kept, the Summer houses in excellent taste . . . the President's House is a plain house in fine taste. The grounds are beautiful. The furniture of the Rooms are elegant two beautiful vases were on the table with a view of Franklin's country residence near Paris. The Drapery corresponded with the furniture in two of the rooms, one was green, my favorite, the other blue. The Mirrors that reflected the Chandeliers had a fine effect.

All were exceedingly happy to return to the quiet, peace, and spacious beauty of their loved Nonantum, now clad in midsummer verdure. They determined never to go South again. The wretched condition of the slaves, the unhealthful climate, and the disastrous failure of the mulberry trees decided them to abandon the project, though to do so entailed

considerable loss. Mr. Kenrick was convinced that it was much wiser to devote his efforts in the future to his own gardens, extensive orchards, and nurseries. Success soon brought him prominence in the field of horticulture. He helped to organize the Massachusetts Horticultural Society and, as one of its sixteen charter members and one of its presidents, greatly furthered its work. Of his extensive projects at Nonantum he wrote to a friend: "My trees are arrived from all sources, from England and France. . . . I have prospered more than others of other professions or trades. . . . I have had auctions in the principal towns of the state, in New Hampshire & in Maine . . . 50 auctions this spring . . . employed from 5 in the morning, often till 10 at night. . . ."

With his twenty-two good workmen he began to relandscape a large part of the grounds, laying out new walks and lawns, and extensive plantings of trees and shrubs. He was partial to evergreens of all kinds: "A few of these I set in a circular clump on the North side of Nonantum, on that favorite lower point which overlooks all Brighton, Cambridge, the City, & the Sea. I also began a Pear Orchard of finest kinds from England & France, 700 trees of Pear, a greater number than was ever set out, I believe, by any individual in New England before, for their *own use*. I propose to increase this orchard another year to 1700 trees of the pear, all to remain. . . . We have set out, of small trees and plants, mostly imported, by count & estimation, 90,000, and planted of the peach in regular order about 40,000."

Nonantum was now a magnificent estate, for William Kenrick had become highly prosperous. A kind and generous man, he was often indulgent toward his family, for whom he liked to provide great comfort. They had fine horses and carriages, and a number of servants. For recreation and entertainment they traveled, and often they went into Boston for concerts, theaters, lectures, and the large horticultural exhibits which were their special pleasure.

One day when William came from the city, his wife perceived from his pleased expression that he had a surprise in store.

"William, what have you been up to now?"

His eyes twinkled. "Well, Harriot, I've made arrangements to have your portrait painted! I met Mr. Pratt today and told him we have been so pleased with those of others we have seen that I wanted him to do yours."

"But, William—," she began.

"Now, my dear, not a word. It's all settled, and I've arranged for Mr. Pratt to come out here and paint you sitting in the arbor."

"Well, my dear, if you want it, I suppose I must consent. But I will do it on only one condition—that you sit for your portrait too." Evidently this idea was already in William's mind, for he quickly agreed.

Mrs. Kenrick sat for her portrait in their favorite spot in the garden. She was a handsome woman in her early fifties, with clear complexion and fresh coloring, a firm but kindly mouth, large blue eyes beneath a fine forehead, and dark, nearly black hair which fell in clusters of curls at either side of her face. Her countenance bespeaks great dignity, refinement, serenity, and spirituality. Her husband's portrait shows him also at middle age, of slender build, with a long face, high forehead, and firm chin, features indicative of his English ancestry (12).

William Kenrick had long dreamed of going abroad some day, to visit the famous old gardens of England and France, to go up the Thames to Kew and wander through the botanical gardens and greenhouses; to go to Hampton Court and revel in its floral beauties. He had dreamed of a visit to Versailles, to see the great park with its formal parterres, gardens, fountains, and statues; its stately esplanades and far-reaching vistas between *allées* of ancient box. He longed to study foreign methods of horticulture and to personally select new specimens for his own estate. Cautiously he broached the subject to his wife.

"Yes, William," she said, "it would be wonderful, but would it not be a very expensive trip?"

"Perhaps, my dear, but we can afford it, and we certainly ought to give Sarah the advantages of a trip to Europe. She is old enough to appreciate it. Besides, one of these days she will be considering matrimony."

"Yes, that is quite true. And you know there is nothing like travel for its educational value. And I, too, have always desired to go to Europe."

As William had hoped, Harriot capitulated without further argument. And so, in 1840, the three sailed on the *St. James*, from New York to Liverpool.

They traveled for several months in England and on the Continent; and they were in Paris when the body of Napoleon was brought from St. Helena to be entombed in the Hôtel des Invalides. Great excitement reigned throughout France. The flotilla was seven days passing up the Seine, for it stopped at one city and another for special ceremonies; and along the way the riverbanks were thronged with spectators watching the cortege. It was headed by the *Dorade*, at whose prow stood a cross and behind it the casket, draped in royal purple, under a black velvet canopy embroidered with silver and bearing clusters of black plumes. In Paris, when the catafalque and immense procession passed down the Champs Elysées popular excitement mounted hourly to such heights that there was fear of serious disorders. The English government warned its nationals to remain indoors; and at the hotel where the Kenrick family was staying the alarmed *propriétaire* insisted, even though they were Americans, that they go down into the cellar for safety. Thus, to their great disappointment, they did not see the magnificent procession.

But they did see the museums, palaces, parks, and beautiful gardens. They visited the alluring shops, in one of which, displaying *antiquités*, Mrs. Kenrick purchased a beautiful Louis XV portable writing stand of rosewood with brass ormolu. On

top were containers of purple glass for ink and sand; between them a compartment for wax seals, surmounted by a little brass stag. There were troughs for quill pens and a drawer for stationery. In a *magasin de dentelles* Sarah selected some filmy laces and several large shoulder collars and fichus of batiste exquisitely embroidered by French nuns. Mr. Kenrick spent happy hours in the flower markets and nurseries, choosing new plants and trees for his gardens. And before leaving he took his ladies to the Place des Victoires, that each might select one of the beautiful French shawls in Oriental style which were then in great fashion.

On the homeward voyage Sarah became ill and was attended by a young English physician, Dr. Joseph Hobbins, who was taking his first trip to America. As already told, they became engaged, were married in Liverpool the following year, 1841, went to Wednesbury, where the Hobbins family lived, and after some months came back to America, where they resided for three years in Brookline, Massachusetts. Failing to find contentment, they returned to their old home in England, sailing on the *Columbia* on May 1, 1846.

LIFE IN NEWTON AND AT NONANTUM

During the ensuing eight years that Joseph and Sarah lived in Wednesbury, many changes took place in Newton, on the other side of the waters; and at Nonantum, where Sarah's parents continued to reside, occurred many other happenings in the lives of William and Harriot Kenrick, Sylvia Russell, and their friends, as was often related in long letters to Wednesbury. Sarah's father and mother wrote soon after the young couple had gone back to England:

> . . . You remember the happy days when you were here and we together, and so do I. The pleasant recollections of former times often recur to me. But as the weeks go by we try to keep happy and amused. . . . And now your Mother will tell you what we did lately.

Van Amburgh was here with his Great Caravan [*circus*]. They took about $3400 on Independent day, $7 to 8000 in the Week. It was a fine sight to see him enter two dens of Lions & tigers. These Lions regarded him as a friend, one lapped his face, another would jump on his back & stand on his shoulders; he laid down with the Lions and put his face into the mouth of the Lion, which opened and shut his jaws . . . we were highly edified. 10 horses with a splendid Roman Chariot drew the 2 dens . . . . We went to Boston to see the fireworks. There was the Castle of San Juan D'Ulloa at Verry Crussa [Vera Cruz], fireworks splendid. The Common never so filled, one train carried about 3000 in 72 Cars. Estimated 100,000 to 200,000 on the Common.

In reminiscent mood Mr. Kenrick wrote again in late autumn of 1846:

. . . The 28th of October was the anniversary of the 200th year since Eliot the Apostle came to Nonantum and preached to the Indians and thus, in 1646, established the first Christianized Indian settlement in the English Colonies. There was a Tea Party at Natick to raise money for the purchase of one of the only *four* remaining Copies of the Bible which Eliot translated into the Indian Tongue. The only remaining Indians of the Natick tribe being present on that occasion. Eliot preached also to those of the tribe at Natick, where your Great Grandfather Mr. Stephen Badger preached so acceptably more than a century after and for many years. Your Mother and I took our seats in the Summer House and could not but reflect on the changes which Two Hundred years had made. We have found by experience this is a world of changes. Now on the Southerly side of our great valley and in my Brother's ground, instead of the Indian wigwams of a former day are the Shantees of the Irish Laborers. . . . For the Aquaduct from Lake Cochituate in Framingham passing through Natick emerges from a tunnel underground . . . through lands of my Brother's. . . . The Rail Road from New York direct passes by an airline [*straight*] through grounds of my Brother."

Early in the new year, from Sarah's Uncle John Kenrick, who lived below in the Dale:

If you could be placed in the Center of my new *Village* which has sprung up on my premises since you left you would be amazed at the beauty & neatness which is carried out in and about the Premises of my tenantry, which number from fifty to one Hundred Irish, from Eighteen inches to six feet three in length, and whose condition would best be declined by filthy-filthier-filthiest, poor-poorer-poorest, dishonest-more dishonest-most dishonest. These Tenants have sprung up like Jonah's gourds, spontaneously & if not in one night, most of them in one week. The Male portion over five feet are in the employ of the Agent of the great City of Boston who have condescended to run a great aquaduct through our premises without ever condescending to ask our leave, and have sent upon us a pest more destructive & vexatious than the Egyptian locusts, if not quite as numerous, who intend to tarry with us Two or Three years. This great Aquaduct is run through a hole called a *tunnel*, to be blown through a Solid Rock, in places over 80 feet below the surface, a distance of over 2300 feet . . . it passes my tenant villages, thence East till it terminates in a reservoir in Brookline, whence the water is to be conducted to the great City of Boston. The Female portion of my Tenantry aim to increase the filth besides that from cooking their Potatoes, & the smaller fry jump about & yell for their own amusement & the edification of the community. . . . The city of Boston is filled with soldiers who are recruiting for the Mexican War and a Regiment will shortly leave.

The next letter Sarah received was from her mother:

Newton, Nonantum Hill, Feb. 12th, 1847

My dear Daughter

. . . do not think I have forgotten you, for you are ever present in my imagination and I have often Dreamt of you, more this winter than ever before.

Christmas & New Years days brought with them recollections of former years and I missed the voice that used to greet my ear the morning of those days. This winter has been most remarkable, mild and pleasant . . . I have not rode out so much but during three months I regularly walked out every day upon Nonantum, around and down, returning on the South side of the Hill and by

the Vale. I would often be out three hours which I found refreshing to health & spirits. . . . I read much more than I did before you left, not novels I assure you it is not a kind of reading to my taste, I have read many of your Books and have found much pleasure in them. The Bible I read every day & Sterns Reflections which I think is a very good Book.

Last week I saw Cousin Amelia Russell [*daughter of the Honorable Jonathan Russell*] who has returned home to Milton after living four years at Brook Farm which as you remember was one of those experimental rural communities in which a group of Intellectual Persons tried to achieve an ideal and simple way of living. Unfortunately their large new Building burnt down last Year which so ruined the finances of the Association they had to discontinue it.

The principal Topics of conversation this Winter have been the Mexican War, the Famine of poor Ireland, and Rail roads, all which we hope will happily terminate soon. There is great Sympathy here for the starving Irish. Captain R. B. Forbes has offered his gratuitous services and obtained the Loan of the United States Ship *Jamestown,* which we saw launched at Portsmouth, and sails this day for Cork with the contributions of our City and of the country around consisting of 4000 Barrels of Corn Meal, 1500 Barrels of Bread & 300 Bushels of Beans and two other Ships are engaged to carry the remainder of the contribution. On account of the War and famine, Provisions of all kinds have risen here there has been an immense quantity of Provisions sent out of the country. We ought to feel thankful that we live in a land where there is plenty & to spare to the starving.

To this letter Mr. Kenrick added a paragraph about the new railways:

Our Rail Road Survey in the Westerly half [of Massachusetts] is done and ready for contract. The Directors have been in Boston a week . . . the whole survey will be done by October . . . the Contractors will meet the Committee, and the great work will begin. The Country East of us and north to Portland, thence to Montreal, and all over Vermont, in New Hampshire and in Massachusetts are alive in Rail Roads. I count 10 Rail Road Companies, all at

work on their respective roads in these limits. And nearly 900 miles, all begun since you were here, a little over a year ago.

And later in the year:

Over at Lynn a line was stretched across the street through which President Polk was expected to pass, from the Chimney top of Buffum's, with a Banner suspended therefrom, on which was written, "*No Union with Slave Holders.*" That same Mr. Buffum who lately traversed through England with Frederick Douglass, an escaped Slave, a very intelligent man. Douglass is now lecturing with one of our leading Abolitionists, William Lloyd Garrison, all over the State of Ohio. They carry with them the great "*Oberlin Tent*", which will cover 5000, and they have lectured to 10,000 at once . . . they are the Lions wherever they go.

The family at Nonantum enjoyed sitting around the open fire on long winter evenings, reading aloud the latest novels, some of which appeared in eagerly awaited installments. They discussed plots and characters, often writing their criticisms into their letters. Sylvia's special friend, Mrs. Hephzibah Whipple of Salem, was usually the first to locate a copy, and would enliven her frequent letters with sprightly comments, much underscored for emphasis:

I have been reading that most *horrible* of books The Wandering Jew; never have I read a work that had such an unpleasant & *exciting* effect! I would not recommend it to anyone; so much intrigue & duplicity; & mental suffering; such constant snares; and cruel deceptions, such a compilation of machinery for the worst effects, wheels within wheels, that the mind is kept in continual anxiety & torture. I know not how it will end, but I fear & expect that fiend incarnate, "*Rodin*", will effect his purposes. . . . But enough till I have finished the work.

Mr. Kenrick was given to twitting Sylvia about her literary friend, a somewhat flighty but kindly little widow, who described herself as "half Scotch and half non de script," and signed her letters "H. G. W." Much of her life revolved about

her only son, Joshua, a youth of artistic aspirations. "Hepsy" occasionally visited at Nonantum, reveling in its comforts and plenty, and from time to time she wrote Sylvia:

I am very glad to hear you are going to have a "*cow*" & also some "hens". Why, *Henology* is the all absorbing & most *fashionable* science now; all the new works are upon breeding & training fowls! fashionable conversation runs upon China, Donkey, Poland, &c, &c, "fowls." Pray get your hens before they rise, for, depend upon it, there is no "speculation" like unto Henology.

. . . We went to see the celebrated play "Alladdin's Lamp" which has drawn such full houses for weeks, and was delighted with the magnificent scenes & costumes. Came out into one of the worst, if not *the* worst *Storms* we have had this Winter, of *Rain!* The *Wind* blew so that we could with difficulty hold an umbrella, the rain came down in *torrents*. . . . Every carriage was filled at the theater door, before we could make our way out, nor could we find passage in carriage, cab, or omnibus, till we had floundered and splashed through thick & thin, the water pouring in rivulets from our clothes, our feet wet through, our strength exhausted, & we felt we had nothing left to protect, & not until we had nearly got home, did we have a chance to ride; and *then*, I being in for it, *splashed on*, & the rest followed. No *money*, nor no pleasure could induce me to run such a risk of *health* & life ever again! We changed our clothes, and *silently toasted* ourselves before the fire, but the actors in the *gorgeous scenes* we had been so *delighted* with, just before, had all *faded* and been as if washed by a cataract from the mind!

Every time she went into the city she met with "abominable" weather, and by December the Boston weather had become a theme:

Thursday & Friday in Boston was an incessant *pour & drissle;* streets ancle deep in mud! The Fates are against me, whenever I leave home! The very elements seem to combine to trap me, Mrs. Noah's experience is not much greater than mine, for I have snow, wind, & floods . . . . The streets of Boston were "flowing," not with "milk and honey," but with the excerable *black slime* for which Boston is notorious; with which I soon faced my dress, &

covered my boots, to my intolerable vexation, & *discomfort!* . . . next day it *rained all day*, so that I could not walk or swim out for the day; and the next day I groped my way through the fog *Home*; disgusted with Boston and myself also.

I am sitting to [Samuel S.] Osgood, the painter, for my Portrait. Otherwise I am not busy and should admire to have you come for a visit.

Sometimes the books she was reading took precedence over the weather. "Have you read Miss Fredrica Bremer's last work, called "Brothers and Sisters?" I admire it, as I do all her writings." She was thrilled by the Brontë sisters:

. . . As to Jane Eyre, the Christian Register criticises it very severely. You ask how I like the ending. I think the ending is like Jane; & it may be considered *self-sacrificing;* but I should condemn it in toto, to anyone I felt *interested* in; indeed, I should condemn much of Jane's conduct. Her loving & offering herself to Rochester, *knowing* what she did of him; her lingering, talking, & endangering herself with R. after R. *deceived* her about the marriage; her being *willing* to go *off* with St. John, whom she had no *regard* for, and whose character I *dislike; cold & selfish* as it was; & finally seeking R., & *marrying* him, blind, and so unamiable, was like Jane Eyre; but *not* such *conduct*, or *example* as I should wish *presented* to a daughter or friend of mine. although the work is *intensely interesting.*

Evidently Hephzibah had found no difficulty in pursuing the tale to the end.

Next year they were all reading *Shirley*, *The Scarlet Letter*, and Dickens' latest. Hepsy, from Salem:

I am reading Harper's Monthly Magazine, like it . . . I had "David Copperfield" sent me, and was so facinated with it, that I devoured it. . . . It is just the thing for you to read to Mr. Kenrick & it would do him good. Say if you do not admire "Betsy Trotwood's" character; & the "Peggotty's"; & even "Macauber" & wife give a rich zest to the work; Macauber is not the only one who passes through life in continual expectation of some things "turning up."

To Sarah Mrs. Kenrick wrote: "Am reading 'Littel's Living Age,' one of the best, if not the best periodical printed in the country, embracing all the best articles in all the English periodicals."

They were all deeply interested also in matters of far greater import than the latest literature: the Mexican War; the extension of the railroads toward the Mississippi; the discovery of gold in California; and, lately, the election of Zachary Taylor.

About 1846, when a few railroad companies were planning to extend their lines farther west, Mr. Kenrick, like hundreds of others, became financially interested in the proposed extension up through western New York to the Lakes and Vermont. Some of the towns along the proposed routes were promising, and he invested heavily in Ogdensburg, New York, on the St. Lawrence. The town was well situated for trade on Lake Ontario, being in a district where, early in the nineteenth century, wealthy New York speculators had invested in enormous tracts of land. His heart was set on making it a beautiful city, and for some years he devoted much energy and time to the project. In March, 1848, Sarah received from George Tillinghast, Mrs. Kenrick's half brother by her mother's second marriage, a letter in which he spoke enthusiastically of it. Ogdensburg was, he said, "one of the most promising positions for a great city, on the whole range of the Lakes, although this is one of the most unpropitious periods for the last ten years, . . . in consequence of the delayed state of the money market caused mainly by the great drain by the Government upon the Country for money to carry on a most *unjust* and *unholy War* with the Government of Mexico. . . . If any man on Earth is deserving of success for his labours, it is certainly Mr. Kenrick, and I am confident that the prospects of Ogdensburg . . . will ensure him a handsome if not a very great fortune."

The "delayed state of the money market" was affecting everybody, and Mrs. Whipple had much to say on the subject. In June she wrote from Salem:

. . . I suppose there could not be a worse time as regards money; people in Boston seem to be *rabid* with the *money* hydrophobia; I never saw so much shuffling & manouvering to get it. . . . Don't you think if the "Golden Calf" were really set up to be *worshipped,* there would be a multitude to bend the knee, with more reverence, & devotion than they do, to Him, from whom cometh every good & perfect gift! What folly to be *all the time* chasing a *golden vision,* which, like the will o' wisp, leads on through all kinds of difficulties & hardships, just, as it would seem, for sport & to elude the grasp, when apparently so near; by passing *by* all the comforts, and enjoyments within our reach, to catch an *ignis fatuus.*

By the end of 1848 the Mexican War was over; and its military hero, General Zachary Taylor, had been enthusiastically elected head of the nation. The Kenricks could not attend the celebration in the city, but in January, 1849, Hephzibah wrote them all about the excitement at Salem:

The Great Election is over. "Old Zach" has come, to take the reins of Government, & Hope is cheering many for better times, but he will have difficulty solving some of the problems confronting him. I wish you and your sister had been in Salem at our great *Illumination!* Salem was never in such a blaze before, even at the great fire! It was not "*who* illuminated," but who owned the few dark spots, here & there. The whole population were *out,* to view the outside, but more particularly, the inside of Parlors; which were decorated with every sort of design. The way candles were used, no doubt was considered a golden era to all tallow chandlers. Even *I* had 3 or 4 placed amid all the flowers I could muster, at each of my 4 windows. . . . It was a real *jubilee*; bands of music, torchlight processions, rockets, bengola lights, & bonfires, to say nothing of some of our rich Nabobs having open doors for anybody to take collation & *wine!!* And the way some of the *Rowdies,* whom nobody knew, behaved at the tables, & among the rich furniture & cut glass, was, & no doubt ever will be, a *caution* to such too generous givers in future.

* * * * *

The discovery of gold in California in 1848 thrilled the nation and quickened the pulse of thousands. In the East many a young man, envisioning a large fortune easily gained, planned to depart for the far-off gold fields. And Joshua Whipple was one of them. His mother, much disturbed, wrote Sylvia Russell that he was "about fitting up to go off to California, with a large joint stock company from this city, as soon as possible. Although I am very sorry to part with him at this time, yet, I cannot say I ought to prevent what may prove so much for his advantage."

But his sailing was delayed. A month later came the word: "Joshua will sail the last of this, or first of next week. The 'comp'ny' are to be addressed at the South Church tomorrow eve'g." At last, on March 23, came poor Hephzibah's vivid description of her beloved son's departure:

The vessel in which Joshua was to sail was delayed for some weeks, in consequence of the difficulty they had to raise a few $100s which the comp'y did not anticipate having to do; and, you are well aware, to do that is almost one of the impossibilities of the times; & the Company finally had to raise it themselves. Last Saturday, the long delayed Barque "La Grange" left our Harbor, amid the prayers & cheers of thousands of spectators, both men & women, assembled on the wharf to see them off! And about that time, might have been seen a lone, solitary female, wending her way to the E. part of the City, passing by & through the multitude, & wending her way to an Eastern point, far into the sea, seating herself on the rocks alone, watching with deep interest, the crowd of human beings on the wharf, the various vehicles around, the surrounding vessels, covered with spectators, even to the tops of the rigging, but more particularly was her attention fixed upon the large black & white vessel, rocking at the head of the wharf, with her decks covered with 60 young men, of respectable & good standing in society, receiving and returning, last adieus with weeping and interested friends! Her eye in vain sought to distinguish *one* on board from whom she that morning had taken a painful and

affecting leave; feeling the painful uncertainty as to whether they ever would meet again in this world! After one or two hours thus passed, the sails were unfurled to the breeze, and the vessel shot off into the track of her long voyage, amid tremendous shouts, tears, & waving of hdkfs; the lone woman — sent a tear, & a prayer after them, and returned home, with a full heart, & the painful conviction, that she had *lost another friend!* Poor fellow! What *changes* are to take place, in the "two years" before them! When the "roll is called," on their *return*, should they do so, as it was when they started, to how many names, will there be but the *echo* of the call to respond, instead of the cheerful "here"! And should they *all* return, how many silent answers will be returned to *their* affectionate call! *One* year, even, how frought with fearful changes! Who that reflects on this, can feel but that they stand upon a *wave* of time, which may the next moment dash them into an abyss, or as suddenly raise them to make another plunge.

Even George Tillinghast, an older man with years of experience in the Middle West, was lured by the prospects in the gold fields. As Mrs. Kenrick wrote to Sarah:

Your Uncle George left here December last by boat down the Mississippi for New Orleans from where he proposed to take the ship to California, but we have lately heard that he was taken sick of the Cholera and has been sick ever since, and had finally gone down to the Baloxi on the Sea shore as the last resource, he seems to be one of the unfortunate. Your cousin Edward Jackson who went from here is still in the Far West. Our relatives, the John Prentice family, are still on their farm out near Milwaukie.

You will be very sorry to hear of the sudden Death of the parents of your dear cousin Patience Ward at Quincy, Illinois. Mrs. Ward died on Sunday 12th of August of the Cholera, after sickness of six hours, and was buried that same day. After the funeral Mr. Ward sat down to write his brother an account of all, when he also was attacked with Cholera and died 10 hours after . . . leaving unfinished the letter he had begun. Poor Patience is thus left an Orphan in a strange land, is staying at the house of a friend, but her Aunt has written to her to return to Newton.

For the past season there has been no cases of Cholera in Newton although some cases have occurred in neighboring towns about Boston, 600 have died in Boston this season of Cholera, most of all these were the poor Irish. Thousands have died in St. Louis & Cincinnati & Sandusky, and indeed it has appeared all over the world.

The Kenricks were worried about Sarah and her family, for in October they had received letters telling them of the serious economic depression in England and the fearful ravages of the cholera. By now it had reached Wednesbury and the surrounding towns. It was already endemic in Europe and threatened to become so in America. Fortunately, however, her mother could write early in 1850 that in the United States the plague was beginning to subside, and they hoped it had passed through the worst stages in England. And so, in more cheerful spirits, they resumed writing about their varied diversions and entertainments. In her literary vein the ebullient Hephzibah wrote, on March 7, to Sylvia:

. . . Tuesday evening I went to hear Mrs. Kemble read "Macbeth"! She read this tragedy at the request of the Salem ladies, before the *cream* of our City, and gave a thrilling effect, upon our hearts & nerves. She is, indeed a *wonderful* woman. This is the "last" time, our paper states, that we shall have the pleasure of hearing her read; as she is only to finish some engagements in this Country & in England, then return to her "Cottage" in Lennox, which is to cost, it is said *$30,000!* There is one disappointment which I regret exceedingly; & that is, not seeing Fredrica Bremer.

And in August Mrs. Kenrick to Sarah:

. . . I went into Boston last week to attend the funeral of *President Taylor*, there was a great Parade and show. The flying famous Artillery from Newport, R. I. attracted much attention, it is the same which was in the Battle of Mexico and did such service at Buena Vista. After this I passed an hour looking at Mrs. Pelby's wax statuary.

I suppose you have seen by the papers that Jenny Lind is exceedingly popular here and draws the most crowded houses; she is

much esteemed as she gives much of her earnings to different charitable societies. With the rest of her earnings in America she will establish free Schools in Sweden & Norway. We went to hear her Sing and were highly delighted, superior to anything of the kind I ever heard.

I enclose you a scrap of poetry on the death of Mrs. Margaret Fuller, Daughter of Hon. Timothy Fuller of Cambridge, she was early instructed by him in various Languages & literature, in all which she was accounted a prodigy, she was a Teacher, celebrated writer; for two years a writer for the New York Tribune. By Invitation of a Lady she accompanied her to Italy and Rome about four years ago, became acquainted with the Marquis D'Ossoli, whom she married, who since fled from Rome on account of his Republican Principles. They embarked at Leghorn in June on the Ship Elizabeth, returning to her native Country, the Capt. died before reaching New York with the Small Pox, the Mate took his place, the Ship was wrecked in a storm off Fire Island N. Y. Herself & Husband & Child & all the Passengers being lost. The body of the child has been recovered but not the Parents.

The Kenricks, always fond of travel and fine scenery, never missed seeing the grand panoramas, recently introduced to promote interest in travel by river boat and railway, and incidentally encourage the sale of lands along the new routes, both north and west. Sarah's father was most enthusiastic:

You write you have seen John Banvard's Panorama of the River Mississippi. So have we. He painted the Scenes while floating down the River on a Flat Boat, it took him some years to make it, & when complete it filled, so it is advertised, 3 miles of Canvas. We have also seen Skirving's *Route to California.* Both are transparent & candle light Pieces, very grand, and by all much admired, and now in Boston. Your Mother & Sylvia has just visited "Burr's 7 Mile Mirror of the St. Lawrence." You will call this, if you see it, the most magnificent Painting of all the Canada Shore of the St. Lawrence & greatest River of the World of the greatest scenery too, of the grandest Falls and Rocks. A vast Panorama, still more admired and praised than Banvard's, and fully as extensive. It is a

series of splendid Paintings, not transparent but opake, seen from a darkened room in a very illuminated Light. It is a Panorama of 2000 miles of shore, from Lake Erie, all Ontario, and all the St. Lawrence, and the 1000 Isles, to the Gulph & Sea. With Buffalo, Toronto, Kingston, Montreal, Quebec & with the Falls of Niagara, its rain Bow, its wire Suspension bridge, with Falls of Montmorency. Ogdensburgh is most beautiful, as seen at sunrise, with its churches, hotels, great Streets, mills & boats. In short, all the villages, rapids, & splendid unknown River Saguenay, a tributary of the St. Lawrence which for 50 miles flows between very high banks of striking Scenery. It soon goes to England, you must see it, the most Popular Panorama of the day, 1500 came down in one Party by the Cars, from Fitchburgh to view it, and they came by Thousands from all the surrounding Country. This Painting was drawn expressly to exhibit in Europe.

In the autumn came other panoramas:

We went to see the "Mammoth Cave," & also saw Brewers Panorama of "The Saint Lawrence River" & the "Falls of Niagara and the Rapids." They were not equal, in my opinion, to Burr's; although Brewer said he had been at the "Falls" over 3 years! & gave a Summer and Winter view. The "Fairmount Water Works" was a very pleasant view; but the "Cave" was the best of the whole exhibition. . . . I should like to see the new Panorama of "Italian Scenes," said to be very fine.

Public enthusiasm over these panoramas was unbounded.

* * * * *

In spite of all the advertising it received, the Ogdensburg project was not developing as it had promised. But William Kenrick persisted in his efforts, taking occasional trips to watch its progress:

Last May I was on the wing again, I rode *350 Miles a day* till 4 in the Morning, round Lake Ontario, thence to Ogdensburgh, around by Montreal, Burlington, & through Vermont across the Country. . . . My labours at Ogdensburg have been of the ultra kind, fully understood or appreciated by very few. I doubt not time will bring

me my reward. I would then have leisure large and every comfort for your Mother and me & wherewithal too.

A Rail Road is now done from Boston to Burlington, to be continued to Montreal. Intermediate Roads are expected to go to Glover & Albany & the Connecticut River soon, and new openings to & through the beautiful green Hills or Mountain State. . . . My Organs of Faith & Hope being large, I have perfect faith that all will come out right & bright. . . . If I have spent a handsome fortune during the last few years, I have still my lands & house, which have cost me a great deal. I expect to go through triumphantly in these bad times.

Gradually and sadly, however, he began to realize that Ogdensburg was proving a regrettable failure; and this failure, coupled with his heavy and unsuccessful investments in railway stock, found him, when he was barely past middle life, so financially involved that he had to part with a portion of his Newton estate. This was the beginning of the decline of the substantial fortune which had enabled the Kenricks to live in great comfort, even in luxury, at Nonantum.

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During the time since Joseph and Sarah Hobbins had left Brookline in 1846 to live again in Wednesbury further changes had taken place in Newton and its inhabitants. Mrs. Kenrick wrote:

You will hardly know Newton, it is so altered in these four years. Ten years ago the population was 3330, now it is somewhat more than 8000, and the talk is that Newton will be a city at no distant day. We now have a Bank. There is over a hundred Gentlemen who live in Newton & do business in Boston. . . . It is not the Newton of ten years ago, for in houses & furniture & equipages, horses & in dress they have altered essentially I doubt whether there is so much happiness as formerly when everybody knew their next door neighbor. . . . I sent you a paper containing the particulars of the Death of President Taylor. Vice President Fillmore is now the President of the United States. He was a poor boy and a clothier

by trade but found his way into a Lawyer's office, became an eminent Lawyer of New York State, he has a son and a daughter she was educated at Lennox, Mass., has kept School at Buffaloe, N. Y. until now, and I suppose will leave the School House for the White House at Washington.

Sarah's father also wrote of changes:

Nonantum too has altered, a year ago I completed the setting out of Trees within the Walls, on all bordering roads. The Evergreen Trees around the house, have grown much, which mightily has changed the scene. Everything has assumed order, & neatness & improvement in every part. Five or six fine houses have arisen in Newton Center, about the woods, & in the new Land I sold . . . .

A year later, in April, 1851:

I wish to sell out all my nursery as soon as I can, as the business is now quite overdone, & the market spoiled for Importations, which injures the business much . . . . I now intend to turn my attention to selling my lands, to settle up my affairs, and then to Travel whithersoever I will, and to take my comfort as I choose, as I think I may have labored long enough. And your Mother I am equally desirous that she should enjoy herself in every comfort as well as I. We send you a New Journal, Gleason's Pictorial Drawing Room Companion, it shows a picture of the Washington Monument, a most extravagant Project, and pictures of Millard Fillmore, President, and Timothy Dexter's mansion which we have seen.

The long-smoldering question of slavery was becoming ever more critical, and now a new law caused it to burst into flame:

Knowing that you are a good Abolitionist, I send you a Boston radical Paper by which you will see that Boston People have been in a state of considerable excitement, in consequence of the New Fugitive Slave-Law of Congress, of last Summer, which now allows them to seeze a suspected Slave, anywhere, by exparty evidence, & without a jury to send him back into Slavery. For 60 years the Slave holders never recovered a fugitive who had escaped to Boston. Last Winter *Shadrack*, a fugitive was occupied at a hotel in Boston and

was decoyed and seezed by Slavehunters by aid of the Marshall and Commissioner. But at Mid day & unawares by surprise he was suddenly rescued by the Abolitionists & colored people while in the hands of Officers and in the Open Court House of Boston, & hastened forthwith to Montreal where he is now & happy. For about a fortnight past *Simms*, who was charged with being a slave, but who declares he is free, and his trial, not by Jury but only by Commissioner, has caused great excitement in Boston. Finally last Saturday Simms was sent off without trial by jury, to go down South into slavery forevermore. A band of Armed men, the boasted Military of Boston, about 300 men, marched off to guard him from rescue by Abolitionists and in the aid of the Slavehunters of the South. Now they exult, in that Liberty is insecure, that is, in the City, where the mercenaries are. The People of the Country will now be angry. Boston is no longer *the State*. You will see the doings of the *Anti Refuge Law State Convention* at Boston in the very midst, as it happened, of this excitement. Faneuil Hall being refused them by the authority of the City of Boston, where mercenaries are and Liberty low. Read Hon. Horace Mann's Speech, he is a member of Congress & lives here in Newton. His speech is excellent & expresses my sentiments; he was its President. Our State is undergoing a political Revolution, Boston is mercenary & has deservedly lost its power.

He might have added that in the Timothy Jackson homestead on Washington Street in Newton, where descendants continued to live, the faithful old well in the cellar was still in service; not, however, as a source of pure drinking water, for it had long since gone dry, but as a station in the "underground railroad," safely hiding an occasional fugitive slave on his perilous way north to freedom.

In a letter of May 13, 1851, Sarah learned from her mother more about the changes in her old home:

Newton is a healthy place, as proved by the age of some of its inhabitants. Old Mrs. Hyde, the oldest Woman in Newton, died a week ago Aet. 100 And Gen'l Cheney now lives at the Corner in good health at the age of 93. Old Dr. Morse of Watertown

still rides on Horseback & active at about 94 years, Mrs. Morse still living at 90 takes as much interest in reading as ever.

Yesterday I went to the City, with Charley [*the horse*] in the Carryal, both of which look about as well as when you saw them last. I seldom ride about the City, as Boston is now so crowded like some foreign cities, that it is very difficult to get about the streets; such has been the increasing growth, caused by the many Rail Roads.

Mr. Kenrick added:

. . . Newton still continues to improve, and people begin to build in more taste & to ornament their grounds more. The Increase in this Part are largely of Boston people . . . Massachusetts is now of a Million of Souls & Boston alone in its value has more wealth than many of the entire States.

A few distinguished foreigners are now residing amongst us, Mrs. Fanny Kemble has made her home for years in Lennox beside the Mountain. Mr. James the novelist has just fixed his abode at the same place, & lastly Jenny Lind is married to Otto Goldsmid [Goldschmidt] of Hamburg her chief Pianist & a Jew who previous to his marriage changed his religion to Episcopalian, Jenny standing as his God Mother. They have retired to a spacious Mansion on Round Hill in North Hampton & near the Mountains. Our Dr. Hosmer's only Daughter Harriet, quite an excentric character is an artist, Physiologist, makes fine paintings and carves busts in marble, fine imitations & follows it daily as a profession. She is going to Florence to study and Practice for 2 years.

I must now tell you that I have lately seen the Founders Monument that the descendants of the first Settlers of the town will soon erect in the old Centre Street Cemetery, where so many of our Ancestors, yours & mine, rest. It is a tall white marble shaft and on one side are carved the names of the Founders of Newton with the dates of their coming. Among them, first is John Jackson who came in 1639, Samuel Hyde, 1640, Edward Jackson, 1643, John Kenrick, 1658, and John Eliot, the Missionary to the Indians, 1646. On the opposite side are being carved the names of those who gave land for the Cemetery & Parsonage, John, Abraham, and Edward Jackson.

* * * * *

For three years the letters from the family at Wednesbury had contained references to the distressing economic conditions, the recurrence of the dread cholera, and the possibilities of their leaving England. More frequently the letters told of plans being made for emigration to Australia. Mr. Constable had already gone there, and others might soon follow or go to California. When word came that they had all definitely decided to sail for Australia, Mrs. Kenrick, as previously related, had at once left for England, to veto that possibility and to persuade Joseph and Sarah to return to America. She was reluctant to leave her devoted husband, but she thought she would be absent no longer than two or three months at the most, and it comforted her to know that in her sister Sylvia's care he would lack for nothing.

As a young girl, Sylvia had lost her youthful lover in the War of 1812. From her grief she had sought solace in reading and memorizing poetry, and in keeping a scrapbook of sentimental poems about the graves of lost lovers. Later she taught school at Uxbridge, where her parents, the James Russells, were still living; and after that at Newton, when she went to reside with the Kenricks at Nonantum.

Here she took a large share of the household responsibilities, by no means a small task, for it was a spacious, hospitable home, and there were frequent guests: "This week we have had considerable company. Sylvia made the preparations, in which she is so well skilled." Her devoted friend, Hephzibah Whipple, once wrote to her:

And so you are up and out by sunrise! You *are* a pattern of industry, good habits, kindness & duty; the very sine qua non of Nonantum Hill! A statue of *Sylvia* should be placed in the "rustic" as the presiding genius of the place . . . . I do *honor* your unwearied, unrelaxing, self-forgetting *care;* and you must have the self-satisfaction of knowing that you, at least, try to do your duty, your whole duty, to God, & your friends—how few can say the same! I should like to have you here to read in a soft, harmonious voice to me & say the

kindest things while I shut my eyes & hung my heels on the stove. I hope you all enjoy yourselves on Thanksgiving Day down at the Dale, with the John Kenricks. This day years ago at Nonantum is among my pleasantest recollections. What nice things you used to make for it! All the sweeter when I took a *taste* when your back was turned.

When her sister Harriot persuaded her to sit for her portrait, Sylvia chose a gown of soft white muslin, low off the shoulders, with shirred and puffed sleeves and a long pointed bodice. She wore her black hair parted in the middle, with a long curl on either side. And as she sat in the garden, against a verdant background, the artist caught her wistful, pensive expression (13).

There was always a quiet gentility about Sylvia Russell, whether occupied with household tasks, helping in the garden, or receiving guests. For this last occasion she would select one of her favorite gowns, perhaps the soft brocaded satin of chestnut brown, with voluminous skirt, tight-fitting waist, and bell sleeves, the costume made lovely with collar and cuffs of deep points of fine *lacis*, the hand-darned lace she was so skilled in making. To complete this costume she would put around her neck a string of rich red-orange carnelian beads, and add long, pear-shaped gold earrings.

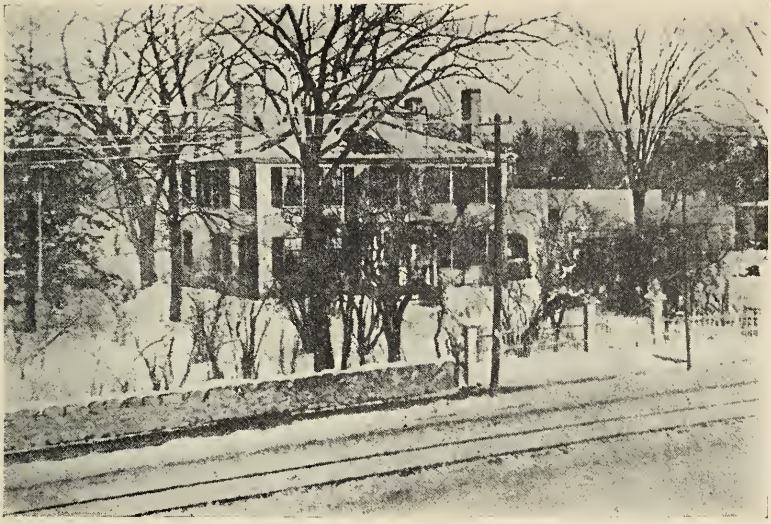
The quiet winter evenings of 1852 seemed lonely without Mrs. Kenrick's cheerful presence; but Sylvia helped to while away the hours with games of cribbage or by reading aloud from Mr. Kenrick's favorite journal, horticultural reports, or recent tracts on abolition. Mrs. Whipple, who frequently brought news and gossip from Salem and Boston, and, of course, the latest book, one day fairly bubbled over. "I have brought you 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' by Harriet Beecher Stowe," she cried. "It has just appeared in book form and has been out about a week, and an edition of five thousand is already sold! It is in everybody's hands, and the *Christian Register* calls it 'the book of the season.' You must read it to Mr. Kenrick,

Sylvia. It's one of the most *thrilling* and *exciting* books of the time, and will do more to excite the *sympathy* of the country for the slaves than all anti-slavery meetings and resolutions or laws can ever do, the heart and reason are so favorably appealed to. Mr. Kenrick will fly right off the handle at the descriptions of the cruelty to slaves."

Uncle Tom's Cabin had the profound effect predicted by Hephzibah and quickly aroused strong feeling for and against it, depending on the section of the country in which it was read — North or South. Mr. Kenrick regularly kept Sarah informed on the growing antagonism toward slavery. On June 14, 1853, he wrote: "Your relative Francis Jackson is President of the Mass'tts Anti-Slave Soc. My Father was the first *President.* The Clergy of our country (with a few exceptions, such as Theo. Parker, Beecher, & a few others) have been recreant to duty, & to Christianity, lovers of Mammon, rather than of God, 'Dumb Dogs who cannot bark.' Teaching others to come to God, forgetful of their neighbors the Slaves, as a thing of no consequence, or winking with their eyes at the enormity. But now the clergy seem to be awakening to the enormity and Perfidy of Slave holders."

In the spring of 1853 there was much happiness at Nonantum when Mrs. Kenrick returned after her nine months' absence in England, bringing the assurance that Dr. Joseph's family would soon follow. But her own happiness was presently clouded by her husband's financial losses, which necessitated the sale of still more of their property. In midsummer she wrote her daughter:

I have to inform you that we have made sale of part of our Place, including both houses, and all the lower or West half of Nonantum, reserving 15 acres on top of the Hill, quite as much land as we should wish, where we may build at some future time. It is a lovely spot. Mr. Mussey of Boston has purchased the place he is very rich, and is going to build an elegant House. His family now live in the oldest house, where we lived, and we are at present in the other



The Old Jackson Homestead at Newton, Massachusetts
The rear part was built in 1670, the front in 1809

The Kenrick Homestead on the Nonantum Estate
at Newton

Dr. William and Mrs. Hobbins, the Former Mrs. Charles Jackson (Fanny Hurd)

From photographs in the possession of the authors

House, & from our chamber window we have one of the most delightful views I ever saw, far superior to that of the other House. I most delight to look upon daily a pond in West Newton, toward the setting Sun. . . . Mr. K. has not been out yet, but is now getting well, and through the long three months has kept up his usual spirits, continually looking upon the bright side of things, & keeping his mind employed. The old Kenrick motto on their family coat of arms is "Dum spiro spero," which translated means "*while I live I hope.*" Could there be anything more applicable to Mr. K. than this motto? Happiness, where is it unless we share it with some other? . . . Happiness is, I think, in the mind adapting itself to circumstances.

Nonantum did not bring so much as it ought, considering its beauty and extent, but people always take advantage where places must be sold, as there was heavy mortgages to pay off, it brought about $17,000. I do not regret that the place was sold, for it has been a great care for me for these last years, and I feel that Mr. K. and myself have done enough and ought the rest of our lives be free from care. Strange as it may appear to you, we think this change is *all for the best* and for our happiness. For happiness does not always depend so much on the place where we are, as on the *people* with whom we are surrounded. Our household now consists of only three. . . . We prefer moreover to have some leisure, to travel, and to look around the world a little, before we again settle down or build our future home. . . . We now have no cares of business, but have been careful, constant lookers-on of all around us & we have come to the conclusion that we are even more happy than some others hereabouts who are immersed in the Vortex of Business and have no time to enjoy what they possess, or think of anything else excepting Money making, and after all, happiness is more in the Mind than in great worldly possessions.

While sitting in my chamber one evening lately I saw the Comet called Klinkerfues, said to be one of the most splendid Comets of all, which first appeared A. D. 104 and has appeared five times since at intervals of 300 years, the last time in 1556. . . . The tail was calculated to be about 17,000,000 miles in length. For many nights I had great pleasure in viewing this transient visitor, for our Skies were beautifully clear, but owing to your foggy, cloudy, smoky

atmosphere I doubt you were favored with a glimpse of it. Oh how much pleasure do you lose in the dark and benighted atmosphere in old England it is the great objection to the country.

"Mr. K.," too, seemed content with the changes they had made at Nonantum:

I am now seated upon the Summit of Weedy Hill beneath the shadow of a great tree, with your Mother beside me, and our large Newfoundland dog Rollo. . . . The Prospect we think is the finest in New England. Since you were here new Cities, Villages, Churches, and Dwellings have arisen all around, but the great and general view is still the same, including the Great Sea. Pure air, Pure water, I think among the greatest of blessings, the very sight of vast bodies of water is refreshing. I breathe the more freely then. Your Mother is like me in this.

As to your settling out in Wisconsin, the city of Madison will I think draw a highly intellectual & wealthy population for the same Reason that Boston is preferred as a residence to all other cities; namely, from its healthy situation, the beauty of its Common, its position and surrounding country . . . .

Most of the fine old estate of Nonantum, which had been in the Kenrick family for nearly seventy-five years, had now been sold, but the fifteen acres which remained were ample for orchard and gardens, from which many fruits and flowers were regularly exhibited in Boston. And though living in a different house, they retained the old name. Mrs. Kenrick, writing in the autumn, dated her letter "Nonantum, Oct. 18, 1853":

. . . Our Annual Horticultural Exhibition was held about the 20 of September under the great Mammoth Tent which will contain ten thousand people and was put up on the Common near the Masonic Temple, was one of the finest exhibitions ever held in America. Messrs. Hovey & Company exhibited 300 kinds of the finest Pears known in the world, and got the Lyman Gold Medal . . . and first premium for the same in the City of New York. And as I now have plenty of leisure I thought I must contribute some design, which was a large floral Screen, the legs were covered with

Moss & decorated with fever few & Mountain Ash berries, the standard was entwined with a beautiful wreath, the Screen part was made of pasteboard covered with Moss surrounded by a wreath of Globes & evergreens also with rows of Eternal flowers and other kinds. In the center was a Vase formed like the *Warwick Vase* composed of the Everlasting & other flowers . . . it was much admired and obtained a gratuity. The Mechanics Fair was held at the same time at Faneuil Hall which I visited twice, it was a Superb exhibition and contained *Papier Mache* specimens in great perfection and beautiful Needlework including the *surrender of Mary Queen of Scots* which was much admired, Daguerreotypes, manufactures, sewing Machines, and others. . . . On the 4 of October went over to East Boston to see the Launching of the Ship called the *Great Republic*, the largest Ship in the World, of four thousand Tons it is estimated that there were 70,000 spectators it was one of the most beautiful sights I ever beheld to see that noble Ship go into the water . . . .

In December began the usual winter concerts and lectures:

Nonantum, December 5, 1853 . . . Last Sabbath evening I went to the new Music Hall in Boston to attend the performance of the Germania Musical Society of 28 Germans, Vocalists & Instrumentalists, united with the Handel and Haden [Haydn] Society of 300 the performance was the Oratorio of Samson words by Milton music by Handel in 1742, this performance was the finest of the kind ever in Boston . . . .

Theodore Parker a Theologist & Abolitionist preaches in the same Hall half a day every Sunday to a full Congregation the Hall will seat 3,000 people, Mr. Parker is certainly a very extraordinary Man. Some will say he is extraordinarily good some very bad. Mr. K. has lately handed me one of his lectures on woman's rights and an Oration on education both of which we are much pleased with. . . .

We have been reading a book by "Fanny Fern," Mrs. Charles Eldredge, entitled "Fern Leaves from Fanny's Portfolio" it is not fabricated stories of romance but a good & true picture of many people in real life. . . . Her interesting Column has brought her

great popularity and her new Book is selling well, she writes in a simple sincere and humerous style & receives high remuneration.

We are having a cold winter though my walks have been daily upon the Snow crusts over the tops of the walls with no interruption, even now I can walk over most of them. I doubt very much if there ever was a female since the Indians were here that has walked over these hills in all seasons and weather so much as I.

I cannot tell you with what happiness we look forward to your coming in the spring, we plan to meet you in New York on your arrival and bid you Godspeed on your journey out to Wisconsin.

The senior Hobbins family, Dr. Will's family, and the Wrights had already left Wednesbury and were now settled in Madison; and Joseph and Sarah were preparing to follow.

BOOK THREE

The Middle West, 1854–1900

The Middle West, 1854–1900

In the mid-nineteenth century the Middle West, though still crude by Eastern standards, was by no means a wilderness. It was but one part of the vast sections of land that had been added during the continual territorial growth of young America. And Wisconsin, whither the families of Wednesbury were going, though as yet only sparsely inhabited, had been for some decades a focus for settlers from the East and from a number of European countries.

For more than two hundred years a stream of emigration had been steadily flowing from the Eastern coast westward across the country, always increasing as it approached a new frontier. The intermittent flow of this stream was due to various causes, but the swells were largely induced by the government's occasional acquisition of new territory which opened up a freer, fuller, and more prosperous outlook to the poor, the dissatisfied, and the adventuresome.

This emigration began as a mere trickle. As soon as the early colonists had founded their settlements along the seaboard, the hunters and explorers of these little communities began to investigate the outlying country; and, being hemmed in by the sea on one side, they naturally turned inland toward the West. Following the red man's trails, they hewed them into wider paths and rough roads through dense forests and the thick brush of open spaces. They followed winding rivers — the Delaware, Susquehanna, Chesapeake, Potomac, Roanoke, and others — and, making their way farther and farther inland, came to low hills. At intervals they built rude huts for shelter or

storage of game and furs, seeking trade with the Indians, from whom they obtained quantities of hides and pelts for shipment to European fur markets. In time they found that farther penetration westward was retarded by mountain ranges, part of the Appalachian system extending far northward and southward. But, undaunted, they pushed their way up, over, and down the other side of these barriers.

Soon followed the indomitable pioneer settlers moving slowly westward from the colonies. They were often harassed by Indians, who fought against intrusion on their lands and sacked the isolated settlements. To prevent this border warfare England, at the end of the French and Indian War in 1763, forbade her subjects to settle on the far side of the Appalachians. Yet many boldly defied the law and passed over, though with difficulty, to the western slopes of the mountains.

Headed by the hunter-explorer Daniel Boone, a small group of such enterprising men started from western Virginia about 1769, blazed a trail across the Blue Ridge, finally discovered a wide gap in the Cumberland range, and passed into the endless wilderness beyond. Thus was opened the road over which thousands of pioneer emigrants surged into the valley of the Ohio. From the Cumberland Gap they gazed upon an awesome, magnificent panorama of wooded hills, fertile valleys, and prairies of rich blue grass stretching away before them. Into this land their successors came, first along the trails and rivers, then over the Wilderness and Cumberland roads. For protection along the wild and lonely routes, forts were located at intervals, many of which were the nuclei of future cities.

With the close of the Revolution and the signing of the treaty of peace in 1783 the young nation was greatly enlarged. Her boundaries now extended from the Atlantic coast westward to the Mississippi, and from Canada to Florida. Thus a wide new frontier had been established. Spain still held Florida and the vast unexplored area beyond the river.

To the pioneers, many of them impoverished by war but all

now highly imbued with the spirit of independence, this western territory offered a new world; and long streams of settlers, mostly farmers, crossed the mountains and reached the headwaters of the Ohio and Tennessee rivers, down which many found their way into the Great Valley of the Mississippi.

The earliest newcomers followed the transmontane trails on horseback and by mulepack; later groups traveled the wagon traces in ox- or horse-drawn carts; or followed the rivers in crude stout boats. They carried only the bare necessities of their frugal lives. Besides warm homespun clothing and some bedding, they packed their guns, their tools, sacks of seed, and simple implements for cultivating the soil. They packed wooden bowls, trenchers, and noggins (mugs); an iron pot, kettle, and piggins (jugs); cutlery of iron or pewter; a hickory broom, spinning wheel, and simple loom; a small anvil for shoeing the beasts and resetting shrunken tires; and the ash-hopper and kettle for making lye and soap. Between these homely chattels they tucked the children and their pets; also a generous supply of pork, beans, flour, and molasses, which were to be supplemented with fish, game, and wild fruits along the way. Nor did they forget the beloved banjo and mouth organ, for en route over the long, long trails there would be dances and weddings as well as deaths and burials.

After endless weary miles over rough paths and roadways, many continued their way on rivers, which afforded easier and safer passage. By 1790 about eighteen thousand persons—husbands, wives, and children—had paddled down the Ohio in some thousand canoes or other craft. The exodus from the East was widespread, for toward the end of the century Kentucky and Tennessee were admitted as states of the new Union, and wave after wave of settlers flowed into them. Others sought new lands in western New York and Pennsylvania; many New Englanders went north into Vermont, Maine, and New Hampshire; still others pushed on into the wild country of the Western Reserve, on the southern shores of Lake Erie.

Early in the nineteenth century colorful Conestoga wagons and other cumbersome "prairie schooners," drawn by two or more pairs of oxen or mules, and roomy stagecoaches rumbled over the new highways, all headed for the rising cities of Lexington, Louisville, and Cincinnati; for Pittsburg and Wheeling; or for Cleveland and Detroit on Lake Erie. Already Pittsburg was the focus of seven roads leading out into the still more distant West; and the new Erie and other canals shortened the trip into the Northwest Territory. By road or by river, throngs found their way into the Great Valley.

Many of these pioneers were strong, rough men seeking fortunes and adventure; others were explorers, traders, surveyors, or prospectors. The majority were discouraged or discontented small-town people of scant means and farmers who had heard much about the vast fertile lands. In this broad new country they all regained hope and confidence. Their clearings soon became farms; like the first colonials, they laid out villages, established municipal governments, started churches and schools, and printed little newspapers. Wherever the farmers sought to stake out claims they found wooded hills, fresh streams, open prairies, and rich soil; furthermore, lands that were better and cheaper, and were taxed less than in the East. Soon hundreds were harvesting their crops, loading them onto Western-built boats and sending them down the rivers to Southern markets. So these waterways facilitated the settling of the new lands.

The long ranges of eastern mountains give rise to many westward-flowing rivers that empty into the Mississippi, winding its course for more than three thousand miles from northern Minnesota to the Gulf. And from the western mountains other streams flow eastward to pour their waters into the same great river. Thus the Mississippi, with its many confluences, constitutes a marvelous system of water highways traversing its magnificent, wide-spreading valley and virtually connecting the Appalachians and the Rockies. And up and down this

mighty valley blow hot winds from the tropical South, and cold blasts from the frigid North.

For unrecorded ages the Indians, sole rulers of these endless stretches, had hunted through these primeval forests, paddled these waters in their birch-bark canoes, dugouts, and skin boats. But the advent of the paleface brought great changes.

From Canada via the Great Lakes and the Father of Waters had ventured in their bateaux and pirogues French *voyageurs* and *coureurs de bois,* explorers like Jean Nicolet and Louis Jolliet, and missionaries like Father Allouez and Father Marquette. French guides, hunters, and trappers had established little settlements along the rivers far to the south and given them names reminiscent of French saint, king, or explorer: Sault Sainte Marie, Duluth, Dubuque, St. Louis, and Nouvelle Orléans. Traders followed with goods for barter. The French settlements became garrisoned forts, good meeting places for trappers and traders, and the population of the Valley rose steadily. Later, in the northern districts, rough woodsmen felled trees and guided great rafts of logs downstream to some sawmill. Towns grew in number and population; and stretching far out onto the prairies were many farms on which much corn and wheat were raised.

Again the frontier was pushed forward when in 1803 the government purchased from France the vast province of Louisiana, and the "Western Empire" was thrust far beyond the west bank of the Mississippi and up into the unknown Northwest. The next year the Lewis and Clark Expedition explored this newly acquired "Far West," seeking a route for a transcontinental highway. From St. Louis the party followed the dangerously rough waters of the Missouri; traversed the Rockies: crossed the Divide; and from the upper Columbia River followed its course to the Pacific. Thus the nation's territory expanded from coast to coast, though the final frontier was not yet fixed.

Spain blocked the way to the Gulf until 1819, but in that

year she ceded the province of Florida and the Mississippi estuary to the United States, thus freeing from foreign control the growing traffic on the river.

SETTLEMENT OF THE GREAT VALLEY

The central section of the country became the Middle West. Within twenty years it contributed four new states to the growing republic: Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri. New highways now connected the cities; canals linked the water routes, providing better transportation for grain, coal, iron, lead, and lumber; and ferry-flats spanned the wider rivers. But not all pioneers were content to remain in the Middle West, and many pushed on across the Mississippi into the new Far West. St. Louis became the starting place for much of this westbound trade and travel, as more and longer caravans of prairie schooners arrived, filled with immigrants, many from foreign countries, seeking new homes still farther west.

On the farms of the Midwest the old log cabins with their puncheon floors, rough stone clay-coated chimneys, rag rugs, and hickory furniture, were giving way to neat frame houses. Barns sheltered the cattle; and for field work horses replaced the slow oxen. Many a pioneer town had grown into a promising city with prosperous markets and substantial homes. Better off intellectually and financially than their forebears had been, this generation brought with them better furniture and carpets; books and pictures; silver, porcelain, and other desirable household furnishings.

As settlement advanced the natives were driven farther and farther inland. It was a long-drawn struggle between the land-seeking invaders and the Indians, who fought savagely to retain their dwindling lands and vanishing hunting grounds. It involved persuasion, force, and no little trickery on the part of all concerned — Americans, English, Canadians, French, and Indians.

In the early days the government established, as protection

against sudden attacks by the hostile red men, a number of stockaded, garrisoned forts, often at the confluence of some river with the Mississippi, the Missouri, or the Kansas, and often on the site of an earlier French or British post. Among the Western forts were Fort St. Anthony, later to be renamed Fort Snelling, where the Minnesota River joins the Mississippi near St. Paul; Fort Crawford, near Prairie du Chien, at the mouth of the Wisconsin; and Fort Union, where the Yellow River empties into the Missouri. Such protective forts were good locations for settlers' cabins, warehouses, and trading posts, where traders met the native trappers and bartered whiskey, munitions, and trinkets for the skins and pelts of buffalo, deer, bear, wolf, and smaller animals.

But through the years conflicts between red men and whites became more frequent and more serious, and eventually the government decided to remove some of the warring Eastern tribes to a large area in the Far West, stretching from Canada to Texas, and from Missouri to the Rockies—a vast "Indian Territory," or "Indian Nation," where the tribes could live unmolested "forever." In the early thirties began the removal of the Choctaw, Seminole, Creeks, Chickasaw, and Cherokee tribes. Many of them trekked for months across Kentucky, Illinois, and Missouri, afoot, in ox-carts, and on ponies; but most of the sixty thousand migrants were transported by water routes. The Northeastern tribes went down the Ohio and the Tennessee to the Mississippi, thence southward to the Arkansas, which carried them to their new home. The Southeastern tribes crossed Florida to Tampa Bay, or paddled down the Alabama to Mobile Bay, and from either place were carried by steamship to New Orleans, thence up the Mississippi on steamboats, and westward up the Arkansas. They were ten long, weary years in traversing this "Trail of Tears." But the paleface would brook no obstruction to his advancing frontier.

At the time this tragic chapter began an effort was being made to persuade some of the Indians living on the eastern

side of the Mississippi—the Sauk, Fox, Winnebago, Potawatomi, and other tribes—to settle on the western side. Chief Black Hawk, resenting the appropriation of their cherished lands, preferred war. But his warriors could not prevail over the forces of the white man. They were defeated in 1832 in that part of the Northwest Territory which had been named Wisconsin, nearly all of whose western border lay along the eastern bank of the river.

* * * * *

As star after star was added to the blue field of the flag, long trains of covered wagons carrying immigrants toward the new frontier, the now still more distant West, continued to roll onward. Many caravans started from points farther west of the Mississippi, such as Independence and Kansas City, some taking the hot, dusty Santa Fe Trail to New Mexico; others crossing plains and mountains over the Mormon Trail to Great Salt Lake, but far more traveling northwest by the Platte Valley, over the Oregon Trail or the connecting California Trail.

In the two decades after the Black Hawk War eleven more states and territories had been organized, five of which formed a bloc of the rapidly settling Middle West: Arkansas, Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. The admission of Wisconsin in 1848 brought the total number of sovereign states to thirty. In 1854 the territories of Kansas and Nebraska were created from the "Indian Nation." Numerous towns dotted the rolling prairies; farms and ranches stretched far and wide, although only fifty years earlier it had been predicted that it would be a thousand years before the country would be thickly settled as far west as the Mississippi.

All who had undertaken the daring adventure had one purpose in this greatest of inland transmigrations: they sought peace, freedom, and independence, economic equality and opportunity, a chance to make a living, to have a home, and to be free from debt. And here in the wealth-endowed Valley they

found their hoped-for lands. To reach their Utopia they had traversed mountains, forded streams and followed rivers, and crossed vast treeless plains. They had endured loneliness, thirst, hunger, even starvation; the scorching heat of summer, the fierce blasts of winter, and the fury of wind and rain. They had fought hostile Indians, wild beasts, and impenetrable forests. During months of slow plodding and pushing forward they had lived in wagons, tents, cabins, and shacks or in the open. And thousands there were who never completed the long, long trek.

In these years that the Valley was being populated, traffic on the river and its tributaries constantly increased, for the government had to send supplies to troops at its garrisoned forts, and food and equipment to the Indian Nation. Even in the early 1800's this water traffic was augmented by the transportation, from Galena on the Illinois River to St. Louis, of thousands of boatloads of lead from the rich mines in Illinois, Wisconsin, and Iowa.

In the earlier days the varied cargoes moving up and down the waterways were largely carried in long, low craft built for this purpose: narrow keelboats, broad, clumsy flatboats, broadhorns, mackinaws, arks, towboats, huge barges, scows, rafts, and ferry-flats. The trip downstream was easy, for the boats floated down, but upstream they had to be poled or winched against the strong current. About 1817 the first steamboat appeared on the Mississippi, and soon they were plying regularly between points along the river and its confluences. Their innovation marked the beginning of the profitable transport trade of the packets, which carried passengers, mail, and freight from St. Paul to New Orleans; from the eastern headwaters of the Ohio and the Tennessee to the Mississippi, and thence westward via the Red, the Arkansas, and the Missouri. At first the packets were fueled with billets, taken on daily at "wooding-up" places, but later with coal. The Indians called them "fire canoes."

By mid-century the Great Valley was beginning to be widely settled; new towns were springing up, old ones growing into cities, farms and ranches multiplying. Then came the railway to promote immigration and trade still further. Old Fort Dearborn on the Chicago River, which had become a village, then a town, and, during the forties, an important city with a promising lake and river trade, was connected by rail with the East in 1852.

Before long the railroads which connected the Atlantic with the Great Lakes were extending trunk lines to the Mississippi, greatly shortening and speeding the long journey westward. The greater safety and comfort of railway travel made the trains popular—for those who could afford the price of a ticket. The Erie, Baltimore and Ohio, Grand Trunk, and New York Central were soon competing. Where they terminated at the Mississippi, great throngs waited for days to be ferried across with their wagonloads of household goods and droves of livestock.

Thousands of boats were now traversing the arterial system of the river. From northern forests they carried timber, huge bales of furs, maple sugar, and ginseng gathered by the Indians; from the farms, packed meats, barrels of apples and potatoes; kegs of whiskey and cider, pails of lard, boxes of cheese; sacks of wheat, corn, rye, and beans; live cattle and crates of fowl; and from the mining regions, tons of coal and lead. Much of this cargo was delivered to ports along the way, but some was freighted from New Orleans to Europe, even to the Orient—furs to London, ginseng to China. From the far north, where the banks were luxuriously forested with pine and hardwoods, the motley craft floated southward, to the land of cottonwoods, sycamore, poplar, red gum, and persimmon.

* * * * *

Frequent echoes of this pioneer American life in the Midwest reached Sarah Hobbins at Wednesbury. Early in 1847 her mother wrote:

Your Uncle George Tillinghast is visiting us at Nonantum, he came round by New Orleans. He left Newport in Indiana 4th June last. Embarked in a "flat" which they bo't, & loaded with near 5000 bushels of corn; at New Orleans staid 4 weeks then shipped for Boston, but put into Charleston in distress as the vessel got leaky, staid there 3 weeks. . . . He has been down to New Orleans (distant 1500 miles from Newport) about 10 or 12 times in all seasons. And has lost his boats at times. He met with all kinds of fortune, good and bad with all vicissitudes. For a few years he was Post Master of Newport then resigned, has been trader, herdsman, and always Auctioneer, a drawer of deeds & various instruments [documents] and has married one or two hundred couple. He was recording clerk for the Senate at Indianapolis last Winter.

Returning upstream, the boats were laden with hogsheads of tobacco and molasses, casks of sugar, white and brown, bags of rice, fine fruits and nuts, and choice novelties, purchased in New Orleans, Baton Rouge, and Natchez, cities which enjoyed considerable European trade. More exciting, however, was the occasional circus boat, with its strange cargo of animals and performers, which tied up at certain towns and gave exhibitions ashore. Even more popular was the Show Boat, with its own little theater in which minstrel and other shows were given.

The large, handsome packets were now increasing the gaiety of river life, especially those running the eight hundred miles between St. Louis and St. Paul and, even more so, the boats navigating the twelve hundred miles between St. Louis and New Orleans. They made many stops for passengers, mail, and freight. The finest of them were imposing, with two to five decks, side or stern paddle wheels, and a pair of tall smokestacks forward. Their white exteriors were decorated with gilt ornament and their large paddle-boxes displayed colorful works of art, such as the large eagle head of the Eagle Line, the husky maiden with sheaf of wheat and reaping hook on the *Minnesota Belle*, and the general in uniform on the *Phil Sheridan*.

Lounge and dining saloon were impressively furnished and

decorated with paintings of Niagara Falls, Dayton's Bluff, Maiden Rock, and other points of interest. There were cabins for three hundred passengers, deck room for more, excellent meals; and at the height of their popularity, from about 1849 to 1862, plenty of entertainment — dancing, music, or a "show," sometimes a bar, card playing, even gambling. In the early days, music (?) blared from a calliope, which later gave way to colored entertainers with fiddle or banjo and a quartet singing Negro melodies. High-brow passengers preferred packets that had a small orchestra and offered an operatic program.

Their westbound crowds of passengers included sight-seers and pleasure-seekers; emigrants bound westward to farms; prospectors eager to buy lands; gold miners, hunters, and trappers; troops for the forts; traders, entertainers, adventurers, gamblers, and cattle rustlers. Among the eastbound were Indian delegates and government agents; disheartened prospectors and broken adventurers; hunters with hauls of big game; lucky miners with bags of gold sewed inside their clothes; and, as always, swindlers aplenty.

The low boats which traversed the wild regions of the Missouri and Yellowstone might be held up by herds of buffalo fording the river, or endangered by sniping Indians hidden along the banks. Gold diggers preferred to return by boat, to escape the danger of being robbed on the trails. On one trip the *Luella* carried 230 miners with gold dust worth a million and a quarter dollars. Lovers and other romantic souls were partial to the special trips of the "Moonlight Boats."

The Mississippi trips were well advertised in the East by the new panorama of which Hephzibah Whipple wrote from Salem to her friends at Nonantum in March, 1847:

> . . . a party of Salem people getting up an extra train to Boston, to see Banvard's celebrated painting of the Mississippi River, we took the chance to go at half price, and we, as well as all, were *delighted*. If you and friends have not been, do not fail of doing so; as you may not have another opportunity of witnessing any-

thing so beautifully got up. Think of *3 miles* of painting, embracing 1200 miles of Scenery, of the most brilliant coloring.

Life on a packet was full of adventure and excitement. The captain had grave responsibilities, for the trip was never without dangers: shallow channels produced by shifting sands, frequent narrow turns, swift, rough currents, and, at night, inadequate lights and few guiding signals. Fire was a constant hazard, for the boats burned quickly. Hulls were often ripped by hidden rocks, submerged trees, or ice jams. Sometimes a boat was lost without warning. One such was the *Grey Eagle*, which measured 350 by 35 feet and accommodated several hundred passengers and three to four hundred tons of freight, and which had cost sixty-three thousand dollars to build. On a downstream trip a severe windstorm thrust her violently against a buttress of the Rock Island bridge, and she sank within five minutes. Another was the *Northern Light*, whose emblem was a colorful aurora borealis. While maneuvering a bend in the river she struck a mass of ice which tore away her stern, and within a few minutes she had sunk in thirty feet of water.

From a railway terminus on the east bank of the Mississippi boats ferried passengers across or carried them up- or downstream, since no railways were yet running north and south. But plans were in the making for spanning the river and extending the railroads beyond. In 1853 the government, contemplating the building of a transcontinental railroad from St. Paul to Puget Sound, sent out a party to survey the terrain and to report on the Indian tribes of the region, its climate, and its flora and fauna.

* * * * *

During these formative years the Middle West was losing contact with the East and becoming independent of it, for the inland rivers, the great highways of the region, linked the Midwestern states to one another. But they could not remain unaf-

fected by the events that were taking place in the South. A large northern section of Mexico had declared itself independent and in 1845 was admitted to the Union as the state of Texas. Dispute over the boundary line led to war between the two countries, which resulted in pushing the line south to the Rio Grande. This large acquisition involved the slave question, which was fast becoming a critical issue throughout the nation.

Again echoes of these national affairs reached Wednesbury. In September, 1847, William Kenrick wrote to his son-in-law, Dr. Joseph Hobbins:

> . . . I am happy to inform you that the Crops of our Country have been and promise to be remarkably Abundant and Good. More Indian Corn having been planted this year by far than in any other year, Especially in all the West. And enough I trust for any deficiencies which may befall your Crops, of any kind, in the United Kingdom of Great Britain, & Ireland too. The amount sent to Europe this year being very vast. And we might be prosperous as a Nation beyond all others on Earth, were it not for the Withering and Impoverishing influence of this Accursed Mexican War; this Inglorious and Miserable War, on a feeble Neighbor, for the extension of Slave Territory and of Slave Power, and dominion and Rule.

GOLD!

In the Far West, on the very edge of the continent, suddenly gleamed the golden *fata morgana* which began to lure men to California. When the news was proclaimed abroad hundreds hurried to seize their share, coming even from Europe, Asia, and South America. The Gold Rush was on.

Old Indian legends told of yellow metal in the earth in California, but not until 1843 did a white man make a discovery in the San Fernando Valley which started the Gold Rush. There followed great excitement over the finding of placer gold, obtained by panning or sluicing; hundreds, then thousands, staked placer claims in gulches and ravines along the rivers, and avidly panned with tins, baskets, or bowls. By

1848–49 hundreds of thousands of gold-hungry men from the Eastern states were headed westward, many with their families. It took them months to cross the great prairies, and they faced many dangers: Indians, herds of buffalo, shortages of food and water, and, finally, the difficult passes of the Rockies. Others sailed from New York, Boston, or New Orleans to Porto Bello, crossed the Isthmus by pack or vehicle, and then boarded steamers to San Francisco.

Among the hopeful thousands was young Joshua Whipple of Salem, whose mother had tearfully watched his departure from Boston harbor. And from Newton went Sarah's cousin, Edward Jackson. Some thousands went from Wisconsin, among them Abiel E. Brooks of Madison, whose growing family lived in a small log cabin outside the city limits, west of the University grounds. A few sailed down around the Horn and up the western coasts. San Francisco's port was crowded with craft bringing fortune hunters from almost every land, for fabulous stories of the gold had quickly encircled the globe. Throughout the United States professional and tradesmen closed their offices and shops in such numbers that many a town was almost abandoned. Soldiers deserted the ranks and sailors left their ships.

Mushroom towns sprang up in the gold districts; within a year the site of a single miner's log cabin became a town of ten to twelve thousand inhabitants, most of whom lived in covered wagons, tents, shacks, shabby boardinghouses, or squalid hotels. Unsightly streets were lined with ill-kept shops, knocked together from rough boards by scheming traders; cheap restaurants serving salt pork, beans, saleratus bread, black jack, and rank coffee at high prices; noisy dance halls, gambling dens, evil saloons, and houses of ill repute. Many went hungry, for bread was a dollar a slice; buttered, a dollar and a half; pork and beans, a dollar a plate; potatoes from a dollar to a dollar and a half a pound. Fresh vegetables and fruit were almost unknown; apples sold for a dollar apiece. Poverty and

sickness, even epidemics, especially scurvy, were prevalent, for there was neither sanitation nor hygiene, and doctors' fees and medicines were high. Feuds, duels, hangings, and murders went unchallenged—for law there was not. The cheapest board was three dollars a day; space to lie down in cost from one to three dollars a night, the occupants supplying their own blankets; hotel rooms rented for ten to two hundred and fifty dollars a day. Lots which had been bought for fifteen or twenty dollars were soon selling for forty thousand. Goods were often purchased with gold dust, the quantity being agreed upon by mutual consent.

And this was the California which in distant, murky Wednesbury seemed so alluring, and which hung in the balance against Wisconsin! From Salem Mrs. Whipple kept the family at Newton informed:

. . . I finally had a letter from Joshua dated Sacramento City, Dec. 20th, where he was to winter on board their Barge, which they retained as a home. . . . Though well, he had been sick and said there was much suffering and sickness there. He had not done much, as the "Rainy Season" had set in, and should "lay by" till Spring. . . . He sent me a specimen of the "rocks". The letter was brought me by one of the Comp'y, who returned from ill health, by Steamer.

If they had not such comfortable quarters on board their vessel, I should feel very uneasy about him; as he says many have to live in tents, drenched with rain, with only a blanket over them for weeks & months. He says "although there is gold enough, yet such is the deprivations, sickness, & toil, & luck, that where one will get rich, thousands will be worse off, than before they started. But also don't think I am discouraged. I shall give another trial in the Spring."

A letter also arrived for Joshua's fiancée Clarissa with about half an oz. of gold dust in it. Joshua had recovered from his sickness & as the company had, as all companies do, broke up, & sold out; and as the rainy season & Winter had come on, & he could not expose himself to the hardships & privations of a Winter at the mines, he

thought some of going to sea, or to the Sandwich Isles, till Spring & then go to the mines again. . . . Dr. Story & another of the Comp'y has returned; & two died!

And a few weeks later a letter from Salem dated February 12, 1850:

. . . I received a letter from E. C. Kemble, Esq., Editor of the "Alta California," who gave me a history of himself. He went out more than 3 years since, with a friend, and Col. John C. Frémont the explorer, & after taking possession of the Country, Kemble & his friend bought up all the printing materials in the country, and started the *first* Paper ever issued there, called the "California Star." It is 12 inches wide & 17 inches long, and costs 50¢ a copy. When the *gold* was discovered, he said, "everybody left for the mines." He was taken sick, brot back to San Francisco, "more dead than alive;" & that is his experience at the "diggings." He then with two other gentlemen started the "Alta Cal'n'a," they have now a large establishment at "San Francisco," & another at "Sacramento City," doing a large business. . . . He writes me an elegant and feeling letter, and although he don't wish me to conclude him to be *"immensely rich,"* yet he is a "successful & contented man!" . . . He had seen Joshua, who then was in good health & spirits, and he doubted not would return improved in health, Knowledge, & wealth.

The Mother Lode, the huge quartz belt, was discovered in 1849, and new mines of auriferous quartz were opened in rapid succession; camps were settled and deserted overnight, the restless crowd swarming to another which might be better. The demand for tools increased; shovels sold for a hundred dollars, digging knives for thirty. Nuggets of gold weighing from one to one hundred and twenty ounces were found; and rocks worth a hundred thousand dollars and more were dislodged by a single blast.

Gold and more gold! A letter from Hephzibah to Sylvia in May brought exciting news: "The Steamers, I see by today's papers, have arrived from California, with $3,000,000.! Well!

well! Clarissa will rejoice over it. I hope I get a letter at last from Joshua; and, if he is well, he must have a good chance in being there to take hold of the gold washed out during the Winter; but if he is preserved in health, & returns with a *little*, to repay him for his labor, & sacrifices, I shall be content; for I, by *no means* think great riches so very desirable."

In June: "Joshua's Clarissa rec'd a letter from him dated Feb^{y} when he was in San Francisco with three of the Comp'y, keeping house; they hired a small apartment for $150. per month, a cook for $50. per month. . . . He was then painting pictures but expected to go to the 'mines' soon; he speaks of S. Francisco as being nothing but disipation & wickedness. The Steamer has just arr'v'd at N. York & I hope brot me a letter — and a 'package' of gold." In September a steamer arrived with a million dollars' worth of gold; one of the Salem merchants had received at different times from fifty to sixty thousand dollars' worth.

The mails were agonizingly slow, a letter being in transit for eight weeks at least, and occasionally one was carried all the way in the pocket of a friend. In the spring of 1851 Sylvia received word from Salem: "Last night, after four long months, I had the relief and pleasure of hearing directly from Joshua, who is in fine health and had concluded to remain till fall, but does not know whether to go to the mines this summer or take up painting again. They had not been very successful at the mines, but he thought it better to stay a few months longer and see if he could pick up something worth bringing home."

The young and hopeful prospector invested his money, was persistent, and stayed on into the spring of 1852. In April his mother received from him a letter which she immediately shared with her friends: "Yesterday a letter was brought me from my Joshua. . . . With a small comp'y of hired men he turned, and dammed, a stream. He says, 'I paid $200. in cash for the claim, worked like a dog for 4 months, living and

boarding men at a cost of $500. more, losing $700. & all my time!'" Poor Joshua!

By the middle fifties the white heat of excitement was beginning to cool; the fever of gold hunting was subsiding; and soon began the backwash of flotsam and jetsam, the thousands of wornout, impoverished men who had staked their all and lost. Some of those from Wisconsin, however, had not fared so badly; Sarah's Aunt Clark had written from Stoughton that Abiel Brooks had found much gold, returned via New Orleans, where he had had it minted, then carried it to Madison sewed into the lining of his coat; and he was planning to build himself a new home there. Young Lucius Fairchild, son of Madison's first mayor, had gone out in 1849 in an ox-drawn covered wagon, and had now returned after six years. Another fortunate forty-niner was Henry Boning, who went down around the Horn; he later bought a farm in Dane County and built a substantial home, for which he himself quarried the stone and hewed the timber.

THE FIRST GROUP ARRIVES IN AMERICA

To this chaotic and kaleidoscopic national scene the five families from Wednesbury were being transported. Upon the arrival of the first party at Philadelphia, in the early autumn of 1853, Henry Wright sent home a letter to his brother Thomas, written from the Franklin House:

We arrived here safely on Saturday. Worked to death in making arrangements for departure West, to Madison. Go on tomorrow. Unpleasant voyage with head winds all the way — 16½ days. Dr. Will Hobbins poorly all the way. The remainder pretty well. . . . Philadelphia is a beautiful city, ½ Million inhabitants. The Stores of some kinds far surpass anything in London or England. Rents enormous. One shop only, running thru' from Street to Street lets for £250, another with a double front, £500. Some houses 6 & 8 Stories of White Marble. Some of Granite, some with Ornamental Cast Iron, fire proof. Hotel accommodation is surprising. The delicacies on table would tempt most people into over indulgence

& sickness; and you have it almost all day long at your command. Better Meat & Butter than you get in England. You don't know what Bread is!

I write in great haste & perfect contentment with the change so far. We have already met with extraordinary friendship & service from strangers to whom we got Brotherly [*Masonic*] introductions. It has served us at every turn. You may be plundered quicker here than in any place I have seen; and you may also easily obtain more disinterested service if you go to work the right way. I have obtained an introduction to Gov. Farwell of Wisconsin from an intimate friend of his. . . .

Into his Notebook he wrote an account of their arrival at the dock and continued the narrative of the trip to Wisconsin:

On reaching the wharf, the Custom House officers came on board . . . Capt. Wylie said that if I would stand by our numerous trunks & other luggage, and answer questions we should have no trouble; and it so happened, except in regard to my cases in the hold. I learned afterward that a Philadelphia merchant had long been suspected of smuggling. Unfortunately for me, his initials on his boxes of imported goods were H.W., the same as were on my 50 cases. An order by special officers was sent to the ship, ordering all cases in the hold marked H.W. to be sent direct to the Custom House for *special* examination; so all my cases had to be sent there, and at my cost. Capt. Wylie had introduced me to a Ship Broker, one of our Masonic party on board and he investigated this mistake. By the third day he got my boxes free, but the cost of handling (27s. 6d.) which should have been returned to me, could not then be paid. It took me a day and some costs to make good the damage done to some of my cases by the careless opening of them. At Philadelphia I converted my money at $4.87 to the pound. We spent 10 days at the Franklin Hotel on Chestnut Street with good accommodations and moderate charges, total bill for my family of 10, $75. On leaving for our western journey the proprietor had a hamper of food — fowls, ham, bread, & sandwiches in abundance — put up for us. For such kindness, I told him, I would recommend his hotel to the remainder of our family yet to come, and he said he would meet them on arrival and give them every attention.

While in Philadelphia we visited places of interest, the water works in a beautiful small park . . . the Hall of Independence, and saw the original "Declaration of Independence." Public squares were numerous, with seats under the shade of the original forest trees. We visited a newly-opened Hotel, white marble abundantly used on the front and inside. On the first floor, 11 drawing rooms had folding doors between, which could be opened to make one room 300 feet long for large parties. At each end large Mirrors made the room look of enormous length. All were furnished alike, with gorgeous effect, gilding, lace, and velvet everywhere. . . . Visited the Public Market in Market St., most conveniently arranged in bays down the middle of the wide street. . . .

Having procured through tickets to Chicago, we on the 10th October started on our western railway journey to Madison. The country was hilly and picturesque, rising toward the Alleghany Mountains, slopes covered with timber still rich in coloured foliage and glorified by the setting sun. . . . There was no tunnel through the mountains for the railway, so the ascent had to be made by three slopes to two platforms. A stationary engine on each platform pulled the train up by a chain. On the ascending side toward Pittsburgh I think there was no brake, the descent grade being favorable for going down by gravitation. A good canal from Pittsburgh came to the foot of the mountain on that side. The boats were of singular construction, being in five separate sections connected by a bolt. A., the stern part, was the cabin for the boatmen. B. was the stable for the two horses required to draw the united boat. . . . The journey through the Alleghany passes was tedious, and night was coming on. . . . We had to leave the train at Johnstown, where I visited the Cambria Iron Works with 10 blast furnaces, oven for calcining iron ore, Foundry, Forge and 7 mills all under one roof, the building all of timber, 600 ft. x 300 ft., and a row of 18 boilers to one stack for the mills and blast engine. It will furnish 600 tons of rails per week. As an engineer, all these things were of special interest to me.

Returning to the hotel [at Johnstown] we had our first view of the landlord. His wife, with a black woman cook and other sables worked the hotel. . . . I came to the conclusion that he was a professional gambler. He had such a dishonest look that my wife when we retired would have our trunks piled against the doors, for she

suspected him of being likely to pay us a visit in the night and with a revolver, induce as to hand over our Cash. Will H.'s wife had the same misgivings, and they adopted similar proceedings for protection. In the night we were disturbed by footsteps along the corridor, the handle of our door was turned, and the moveability of the door tried! We had no arms. We had been advised not to carry arms. If we were not alarmed, our wakefulness was fully developed. Nothing further occurred, but there remained a conviction that our suspicions were not quite unfounded.

We resumed our journey, stopping at Pittsburgh, found excellent quarters at the St. Charles Hotel. The waiters were all coloured men, the head waiter as dark as the others, but had almost Caucasian features; he spoke correct English, and was evidently fairly educated. Seeing this, I asked him whether coloured children mixed with whites in the schools. He replied, "No. We have our own schools in Pittsburgh, and we give the pupils a better education than they would be given in the white schools." He did not say whether they were admissible, but I concluded that they were not. He was very attentive to us because we were English. He turned up the chairs for us at the head of the table and saw that we had choice of the best. After dinner he brought us a fruit dessert to our large bedchamber & sitting room. Also provided a rocking horse for the children, which he said they might use at the far end of the long corridor, where the apartments were not then occupied. We parted quite friends.

On starting for Chicago, our ticket terminus, we found a very agreeable gentleman fellow passenger, no less than G. P. R. James, the celebrated novelist [*and British consul for Virginia*], whose conversation gave an additional pleasure to the long journey. He told us he had spent an hour the previous evening with an old acquaintance, an American who had built the first log hut at Pittsburgh, which had become the populous and wealthy "Black Country" of America, with many railroads meeting and running through it.

He told us that on arriving at Chicago he should pay a visit to another old acquaintance, who had been the first American squatter to build a log hut at Chicago, 38 years ago! Such had been the amazing rapid growth of these two cities.

Our next stop was at Cleveland, Ohio, the loveliest looking city I have ever seen, on the south shore of Lake Erie. The lake looked like an open sea, being at that point about 80 miles across, and its northern shore not in sight. It is an important shipping port for trading on the adjoining Great Lakes . . . The manufactories caused no sootiness in the pure dry atmosphere, a clean white city. Most of the houses were "clap boarded," and kept clean, painted white, every window on the sunny side having its bright green Venetian outside blinds, and every street its double row of healthy forest trees with their bright foliage. We found a good hotel in respect to rooms, corridors, carpeting, meals, and attendance, save for one small matter. We left our boots and shoes outside our bedchambers as usual, expecting to find them cleaned in the morning, (Sunday). Not there. Finished breakfast and looked about; not daring to complain. 10 o'clock, no boots. We were desirous to get out to see the place. So I went down to the basement, and saw a man with a heap of uncleaned boots, whom I took to be "boots." He was chatting and smoking with a friend, and I mildly asked him, "Are you the 'boots' of the hotel?" "Guess I am." "Then I wish you could let my family have our boots. We have been waiting two hours to go out to see all we can of Cleveland." "Hm! If you are in such a blasted hurry, you can clean them yourself!" I replied, "I have no objection, and if you will lend me the blacking and brushes, I may be able to show how such work might be done. Don't you take any trouble about them. Englishmen can usually do their own personal work if required." "Oh! I'll take them up presently." And he did. He was an Irishman, spoiled by American workingmen's ideas, as Irishmen, but not commonly Englishmen, are.

Cleanly equipped, we turned out, and greatly enjoyed our stroll. At a fruitshop I bought some juicy, sweet-flavoured apples. Will's wife scolded me for my sin in buying apples on the Sabbath. I had not thought of that. I praised my apple and offered her half. I saw her mouth water for it, but thought her piety might make her refuse it. Not so. She ate it with enjoyment. Amused, it struck me as hereditable from her foremother Eve, and she could not resist the temptation. Only, she did not offer her husband a bite!

From Cleveland we went on via Toledo to Chicago, put up at

the "Trenton," where, on going to bed, we made our first acquaintance with mosquitoes. Their season was considered over, and mosquito curtains were out of use. There were, however, about a dozen in the room, which sang "ping!" about us with a joyful, insulting tone. Lighting a candle and flourishing a napkin wherever I could see the enemy, I gave a fatal stroke, and destroyed the lot, so we got a good night's rest. We stayed three days, waiting for the steamer to Milwaukee.

Considering that Chicago has existed only 38 years from the building of the first log hut, its growth as a shipping port on the Lakes, having an ordinary boat canal and numerous branch railroads to all the existing trading centers, is astonishing. Its warehouses, shops, and houses are convenient rather than ornamental, and the main business street has its wooden footpath [*sidewalk*] 6 feet lower than the level of Lake Michigan. As an unpleasant result, when a heavy rain comes, the water has to rise above the lake level to escape. This flooding of the streets raises the wooden footpaths and disturbs thousands of rats, which are a great nuisance. This defect could be remedied by raising all the central part of the city 6 or more feet, large brick and other stores would have to be raised by jacks to the new level, and new foundations built under them. The many timber buildings could easily be lifted and improved.

The steamer, with large beam engine and paddles, took us a pleasant voyage of about 100 miles. A great saloon, well furnished, had comfortable berths [*staterooms*] all along its sides, with two suites for nuptial parties. Will Hobbins took the suite on one side, and my party took the other. . . .

We went to an hotel on landing at Milwaukee. I felt unwell, so wife and Simcox [*a servant*] saw to the removal of our goods to the railway station. We required some substantial refreshments before commencing our onward journey by rail. It was not mealtime, so the attendants declined to supply us with a makeshift meal, said we could get some at a baker's! So, forth wife and servant went and procured bread and butter sufficient for our purpose, and fees having been given for non-attendance, we went to the railway and took tickets for the Village of Milton, about 60 miles on our way to Madison. Milton is the extreme end of the railway in Wiscon-

sin. The hotel here was a limited and singular building, built of stone, octagonal in form, with no allowance for expansion. A central hall was lighted from its glass roof. There were two upper floors for bedchambers; the dining room and offices occupied the ground floor, access to them conveniently centralized. For the chambers I found it otherwise. Our family were all arranged in the chambers appropriated to them. Access to them was by one iron staircase and an iron gallery which went round the building and served for all the sleepers. I was the last to go up, and my only illumination resulted from one poor specimen of a dipped candle made of soft beef grease, giving little light. The bedrooms were numbered, but time and rare cleaning had lessened the effulgence of the numbers, and my poor candle gave so little light that I tried the doors until I reached the right one. Of course I opened some wrong doors, but I closed them more quickly, for by disturbing the occupants I had awakened all their latent profanity, the intensity and ready supply of which astonished me, at this, my first experience of it. Later on, its force and frequency from German, Irish, and their crossed progeny gradually accustomed me to it. . . .

Next day we took our departure for Madison, 36 miles without any regular road, but as most of it was prarie, or smooth grass, the travelling was easy. Will, I, my eldest boy, and Simcox having secured our boxes on a low-sided wagon (without springs), mounted onto our luggage, and a humourous black drove us briskly on our way. The wives, servants, and children made a good cargo for an "Express," a light, four-wheeled wagon on springs; and a complete tarpaulin cover made them a snug and closely packed party. The wagon and express travelled close together, although we rarely saw each other. We derived some amusement from the novelty of the talk and manner of our laughing darkey driver. When we came to a wide patch of marshy prarie, over which our direct road should be through the middle of it, we found that recent rains had made it soft and miry. So many wheel tracks widened out on either side that I said to the darkey, "Out of so many roads, how can you tell which is the right one?" He replied, "Oh, golly! it's all the same; take right, take left, all meet together again when you drive around to the other end." While talking with me farther on, I noticed that he was driving straight into a small lake [*pond*] and I exclaimed,

"Have a care!" "Alright!", he said, "Pfifft!" The whip on the horses, and a sharp pull to the right, so sharp and sudden that I felt we must all go with our goods, wagon, and horses into the lake, but, "Dere, see, alright!" and I sighed with relief.

They went on through forest and over prairie until, nearing Madison, they had, from the top of a hill, their first view of Lake Monona and the town on the opposite shore:

The sun had set, the atmosphere was still golden, but the bay nearby looked almost black. Suddenly a hunter fired his gun, and instantly immense flocks of ducks rose from the surface and darkened the sky. I saw lights in the City as we skirted the circular west end of Lake Monona. The widespread, dotted lights from houses and hotels gave us a cheery feeling on our approach to our intended new home. We had this attractive view for about half an hour, when, at last we drove up to an hotel, Dutcher's United States Hotel, occupying the northeast corner of the Capitol Square, and to our mortification found that it had been opened only that day, and was so full by engagement that they could not take us in! The only reasonably good hotel! Here was a damping difficulty in regard to a new settled home for life. Hotel No. 2, Jefferson's "American," on Washington Avenue, a roomy, wooden, clap boarded building, was immediately visited. We would put up with No. 2! Jeff and his wife were polite, but sorry to say that the house was full and they had not a spare bed anywhere. Seeing there were 18 of us, our difficulty was serious. The customers were of a plain, farmer-like class, and there were several teamsters who, with the help of a wagon and span (pair) of horses, made a good living as carriers from town or village to market and city. These held a conference about us, and sympathized with our position as having come over 4000 miles to settle down and could not find hospitality for our first night. They kindly resolved to give up their beds for us, and sleep on mattresses on the floor. It would be only for one night for them, which they could stand, having already had frequent experience of it elsewhere. As long as we remained at the hotel we had accommodations with which we made ourselves contented. There was abundant food of a kind. The beef and mutton required a sharp knife, and good working teeth for mastication. The knives, of low

quality, could not keep up a cutting edge, but our teeth and appetites overcame all difficulties. Breakfast was a good meal, consisting mainly of baked joints of [wild] turkey. They were brought into the dining room in an iron tray about 2½ ft. x 2 ft., the tray well filled and joints well cooked and tender. We made sure of one good meal to start the day with. There was also sausage meat, fried potatoes, hot cakes and molasses, and varieties in abundance. The turkeys were served again for dinner, and were favored in view of the certain tough beef and mutton. We had a mysterious soup (declined), pumpkin pie (large open tarts), mincemeat pie, sweetened with molasses (considered tempting, but on first trial was not repeated); and other trifles making up a fairly good dinner for such a primitive hotel.

Next day the landlady informed us we were going to have a treat. She had received a very fine turtle, and we were to have turtle soup for a few days. Further, she shewed us an outfit of plated spoons which were to be used for the first time with the turtle soup. I felt curious to see this turtle. He was in the stable yard and I found him wallowing in the pigs-wash tub [*garbage barrel*]. He was happy, but I was not, for I felt prejudiced against that pigs-wash-fed turtle.

After a trying search for temporary shelter for his party, Henry wrote his father on October 29 about the journey from the East to Wisconsin, and their predicament in securing suitable homes in Madison:

My dear Father

You will have seen the letter I wrote Tom from Philadelphia. . . . We sent our heavy luggage from there on the 9th, but as it has to travel over 1000 miles by rail & 36 by wagon it will be several days yet before we get it.

About three fourths of the journey from Philadelphia was through the most beautiful scenery I have ever seen; along the course of great rivers, mountain sides, deep valleys, now up high, now low down, then stopping at pretty villages in open spaces in the middle of the forests, until our day's journey brought us to some great City. Through all this distance, except in great Cities, the gorgeous forest of all colours from bright green, pale orange

& the deepest crimson, was never out of sight. No rain, a warm sun (nearly as warm as our Summer in England) and a clear bright sky, made all look charming. Through all the dense forest man has left his mark in the clearings of the timber. Scattered in all directions are the log huts with their clearings of a few acres, fields of Indian Corn in the Sheaf [*shocks*] & the ground dotted over with ripe pumpkins 10 to 15 inches in diameter, as bright as an orange. Suddenly you come onto a wide clearing of 3 or 4000 acres with neat houses, churches, & one or more hotels to accommodate each about 100 guests. All these towns & villages are laid out in uniform square blocks; the cross streets being as wide as the Handworth Road and the main streets for trade and residence nearly twice as wide, with rows of young trees shooting up for future ornament & shade. The Houses are chiefly wood painted white, with green blinds, and made very ornamental with porticoes & piazzas & pillars. An outer door from nearly every room on the ground floor & as many windows as they can squeeze in, without any secure fastenings, gives you a favourable impression of the honesty of the people.

Pittsburgh is the Bilston & Birmingham of America. . . . The town contains 120,000 inhabitants & is more smoky than Birmingham. Everything is run on a large scale, you might put half a dozen Birmingham shops in one of their stores. This is the only dirty looking city I have seen. . . .

Cleveland & Chicago in turn were reached, the former beautifully situated on a lake 200 miles long. . . . Chicago, laid out like the rest, lies low & flat on another great freshwater lake. Through all the large cities they pull down Stores only 4 or 5 years old, to put up splendid ones, with as little hesitation as you would change the fashion of your coat. The only question seems to be, what will pay.

From Chicago we came to Milwaukie by a Steamboat, a floating palace compared with English ones. 90 miles for 10 shillings each, beds & breakfast included. My family had the "bridal suite," of 2 Staterooms with 1 elegant bedstead in each, furniture, carpets, & embroidered lace curtains; and 1 room with 3 berths for children & servants, all communicating with the Drawing Saloon & a private door onto the promenade balcony. The main Saloon is furnished

with Sofas, tables, mirrors, chandeliers & just like a gentleman's drawing room in England; lighted also by an upper tier of stained glass windows running the whole length & stained glass doors onto the balcony at the Stern. The side walls pannelled, painted white & dove colour, ornamented with gilt mouldings. The Engine house in the center is cased in the same elegant manner & a broad passage on each side leads to the fore Saloon for meals, as elegant as the other, but with a table down the center. . . . For Breakfast we had fish from Lake Superior, meats—hot, cold, boiled, roast, broiled, —and potatoes. Rolls, cakes, bread, toast, ditto in milk, pickles, preserves, etc., etc., all served up in splendid style.

From Milwaukie by rail to Milton, a miserable spot in point of accommodations. Here we bargained to have the Express (spring wagon) for the women & children, & a low, flat wagon for our men & goods for $20 (£4) to take us to Madison, 36 miles (call it 42) over a bad road through the forest & over the praries (or natural clear land). We started at 9 A.M. & reached Madison at about 10 P.M. with every bone well shaken. On the way the wind changed from Summer heat to Autumn chill. . . . The next morning shewed us the loveliest spot for a city I have ever seen. The public buildings are good & some of the residences elegant; the best of the latter cost about £4000; another, £1500; the majority about £300 to £400. From the upper streets & avenues you see the lakes & forests on each side; the new railway, nearly finished, crossing the 3rd Lake [*Monona*] on piles. The place exceeds my expectations for its beauty & for its prospects for prosperity. The place is full & lodgings cannot be got for family except at the Hotels. I am paying 24 shillings a day. Rents are very high & there are only about 3 or 4 houses in the place for rent at £20 to £30 a year; built of wood, low & out of order. Hallum, the Land Agent whom I had written to, to rent houses for us, is a rascal, who has tried hard to fleece us; but we have thoroughly beaten him and exposed him. He told us there was no house for rent, but he had kept one for me which I could buy for $1500 (£300); and it was the only one for sale. It was a tumbledown hole of a place, but in a valuable situation, the land being now worth $400 and very likely next year $1000. I would not have it. We then looked for ourselves & soon found others for

sale, but no suitable ones to rent. Finding we were likely to slip through his fingers, Hallum told me that Mr. B., whose old house I had refused, lived in a better one, which I could have for $2500 & Mr. B. would immediately remove to the old house. After seeing the better one I offered him $2200 & afterward $2300, but they thought I was in their hands and would not give way. The house was good and new, but not in a best situation. We then tried the Governor, & found him favouring our agent, Hallum, so we dropped him. We next tried our brother Masons, who helped us, gave us introductions & have saved me at least £60.

A Mr. Snell (an American of English family) has given his time and talents to help us. He knows all the properties, their owners & prices, having worked up this knowledge for himself. I told him of our difficulties with Hallum and said I supposed we had better not waste time & money in Madison, but return to our old home in England. He said, "Nonsense! you cannot trust that man very much. There is hardly a house in the City not open to sale for satisfactory terms. I'll find something to suit you. It shan't be said that an Englishman couldn't find a foothold in Madison if he wishes to."

Snell quickly found us a very suitable new house, large, good looking, and in good condition. . . . There was a tenant in, whose lease would expire in about a week, when we could take possession. I paid the Vendor $2200 for it and patiently waited for the tenant to move out. Meantime, I met Hallum's partner and told him I had bought a very suitable house at a fair price and would take possession in a week. "Ah," said he, "You have bought a house, and I think you will find you have bought a lawsuit." I replied, "If I have, I shall fight it out. An Englishman is not easily alarmed by injustice or ill treatment." The meaning of his remark I did not understand until I went to take possession and found that Hallum himself, seeing that it was a better house than his own, had quickly moved in on a falsely presented verbal lease from the Vendor, and intended to remain until the termination of the lease! Here was a fix! I could not spare money to buy another house and keep this one as an investment. Snell was wild about the treachery of H. & Co., but it was what one might expect of them. I took steps immediately to find temporary quarters. . . .

A letter from Wednesbury leaves me to expect Messrs. Hobbins, Sr., & Constable, with families, are now at Philadelphia. . . . I have no doubt of doing well in Madison as soon as I can settle my plans

Your ever affectionate son
Henry Wright

Of what ensued, Henry wrote in his Notebook:

We were able to leave the American House on the 10 Nov. Bill, $120, moderate, & went into lodgings at the house of a Mr. Clark, a builder. We had a little sitting room, bedrooms, very crowded, & half of his kitchen, with our own cooking stove alongside his. His family dined at 12, and ours at 1 o'clock. A convenient arrangement, apparently; but made inconvenient by their help choosing to clear her table and sweep her half of the floor, whilst we were dining. When we demurred, she said, "I guess there's a proper time for doing my work, and I mean to do it!" She was mistress of the situation! So we had to take our dinners with a dust flavouring without further complaint. For rooms only, we paid $10 per month, the same as the full rent of the whole house. Our friend Snell was able to offer me a temporary relief from this. He had just finished the central part of a house which he intended to enlarge by a rear addition. The plastering & painting were finished, so we bought whatever we needed, moved in, and had a house to live in during the period of my lawsuit with Hallum for the possession of my own house. For this affair I was advised by a brother Mason to employ Masons as my lawyers.

My lawsuit had some amusing incidents. I engaged as counsel a Past Probate Judge, Major Hood, and on his suggestion I also engaged Brother Frink. The first hearing in the case had to be before a Justice of the Peace, and ordinarily would have been heard in Madison; but Hood said there was not a local J. P. who had not been under some financial obligation or connection with Hallum & Company, and he felt unable to trust one of them for an unbiased decision! He would take the case to the neighboring township of Cross Plains, to be heard by Judge Stondahl, who was a friend of his, and he could depend on him for justice. Frink fully concurred, and summons were issued for a Saturday at the end of December. After a severe and sudden frost the earth-made road

gave us a jerky long drive. On arriving at the house of the Justice, I found it to be a roadside hotel, and him a stout man, without a hat but with a rough, uncombed head of hair. He wore a coarse waistcoat with knitted sleeves, heavy, stodgy cowskin kneeboots into which his pants were carelessly inserted, holes at the knees and holes at his elbows. Hood received us on our arrival, alongside the stout, untidy man, whom he introduced to me & my brother-in-law, Wm. Hobbins, as "Mr. Stondahl, Justice of the Peace." The J. P. himself immediately took our horses to the stable and was evidently generally useful, from the position of landlord & J. P. downward. We found our opponent's counsel a very worthy man, ex-judge Harlow Orton, of English origin. After a short time, dinner was announced, a good, substantial meal of corned beef & vegetables. The next morning (Saturday), after another look around the premises, the J. P. sent word that he was ready to hear the case. This took place in his ordinary smoking & drinking room, a bar being along one side of it. A great wood fire made the place so hot that in spite of winter we had to sit with the windows open.

The J. P. took his seat at a small, round old deal table, such as is commonly used in the kitchens of English cottages. Throwing his right stodgy boot (with large holes and patches) and leg onto the table, he requested the applicant to proceed. I had previously enquired for Frink, expecting him to support my counsel, Judge Hood, but Frink had had such a terrible bilious headache as to prevent him from appearing in court. Poor Frink was unable to get over the whiskey of the previous evening, drank while giving the J. P. a just view of the case! The whiskey had had no effect on the hard-headed J. P. and Hood. So Hood really conducted the case alone. He stood behind the J. P., watched his notes, and suggested corrections in them. Judge Orton smiled at this proceeding, so little in accord with what he would have allowed in any court where he might be presiding. He was a staid, sober Judge, but being a Past Judge, he had to fall back on Counsel practice. Such is one absurdity of American law—elected judges, and 2 or 4 years only of office. No wonder some of them take advantage of an opportunity of feathering their nests. He, an excellent Supreme Court Judge, had to seek re-election. He said he had given in court a decision offensive to his sentiments, but such as he was bound to

do in accordance with Statute Law. This displeased his political section, and he was rejected. He told me he should now be simply a member of the bar, his old connections lost through his having been so long on the Supreme Bench, and would have to work his way up again on his merits.

To return to the hearing: Judge Orton had briefly replied, when the J.P., taking his untidy leg off the table, said, "There's not a damned deal in this case, but it requires some consideration, and I'll give my decision Monday morning at 9 o'clock."

Why this course? Hood explained that he had arranged with the J. P. to have a man mounted at that time, and if the defendants (H. & Co.) were not there to the minute, the mounted man would at once start for Madison and enable Hood, with the document, to file the decision in the Circuit Court, and my case would be won, and Hallum would be turned out. Poor Frink had not yet recovered when I left the house of justice. The simple scheme which Hood, Frink, and the J.P. had hatched turned out to be addled, for the defendants were there on time, and I lost the case. This failure compelled me to sue in the Circuit Court, in which I won. The defendants, however, appealed to the Supreme Court; this gave Hallum six months longer in my house. He fully reckoned on my not continuing the case. A month passed. Then, three days before the case was to be heard, he sent a friend to enquire whether I would receive a flag of truce and agree on a settlement. I assented, and at once made out my offer of terms of settlement, which he accepted. He paid all my law costs, five months' rent, and compensation for cost of removal and inconveniences, and I was satisfied. Hallum moved out, beaten & laughed at by the whole place.

From all sides I hear I have got the best bargain which has been picked up this Autumn. I could get from $250 to $300 rent per year for it, paid quarterly in advance, as is common here. This purchase, although a good one, deranges my finances, & leaves me only about $200 to furnish house & live upon until Simeon Constable gets here with about $1300 due me. If so, I shall not have to borrow; the legal interest here is 12%. . . .

The Wright family was soon comfortably settled in the house, where they lived until Henry built a new one "accord-

ing to my own design, with English arrangements for comfort and convenience, situated on a double lot on the shore of Lake Monona, on West Wilson Street [*No. 134*] the very spot which before I left England I had selected on the map of Madison as being exactly what I wanted, with room enough for a garden, and the Lake for boating and fishing. For the property I paid $600, and for the house, $2,631. Dr. Will purchased a nearby house and lot in the same block."

"Soon after my arrival in Madison," Henry recounted later, "I established a land office in partnership with Charles Mayers, another Englishman who had settled here, to which we added the rising agency of Wells, Fargo & Company of New York, for the speedy and safe carriage of parcels and money. As their agent, we sometimes had to take care of amounts from $5,000 to $20,000 in gold and banknotes, for the safe keeping of which the company had an iron chest securely fixed to the floor of our office."

* * * * *

In the meantime the arrival of the other groups of the family who had left Wednesbury was eagerly awaited in Madison. The next to come were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hobbins, Sr. and their daughter Mary Ann. Not long afterward came Simeon Constable, his wife Syndonia, daughters Martha and Elizabeth, and two servants. The Constable family, according to Henry's Notebook, "soon moved onto a farm across Monona, near the west end. There was already on the land they bought a large log-built barn and an unfinished house with walls not yet plastered. They hid its architectural nakedness by tacking up carpets and rugs, giving a suggestion of tapestry and social warmth and comfort (?). At first they nearly froze to death, trying to burn green wood in a stove, being used to burning coal in a grate. It smoked terribly and made them cry and wish they were back in England. We had Christmas dinner with them, which Mrs. C. prepared, and were to conclude it with

a course of Ice cream of the vanilla quality. The well warmed dining hall (!) had softened the Ice and would soon have resolved it; but by placing it outdoors for 10 minutes its hardness was fully restored. The cold was, to our feeling, intense, the Lakes frozen over fit for heavy traffic. They tell us, on some days in summer, the heat in bedrooms is 80 to 96 deg., and out of doors in winter as low as 46 deg. below zero!"

And so by the late autumn of 1853 all were in Madison save Dr. Joseph and his family, who were still delayed in Wednesbury. At Newton the Kenricks anxiously awaited their coming in the spring, fearful of storms on the ocean, for a note had come from Sarah saying they would sail from Liverpool early in the new year.

But in the six months which elapsed before they came, doubt, misgivings, and homesickness were having their effects upon those of the family who were already there. Certainly the little pamphlet about Madison which they had received in Wednesbury, and in which they had placed such confidence, had not given even the slightest intimation that much of Wisconsin was still wilderness, and that Madison had only in recent years emerged from it.

EARLY WISCONSIN

Wisconsin was but a small part of that Great Lakes region which had been discovered and explored by Frenchmen in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and was called New France. At the close of the French and Indian War the region had been transferred to the English, who held it for only a quarter of a century. After the American Revolution it was ceded to the newly created United States, and the vast tract of land bounded by the Ohio, the Mississippi, and the Great Lakes was organized as the Northwest Territory.

The section of this Northwest Territory which was eventually to become Wisconsin had many lakes, rivers, forests, and prairies which provided abundant game and fish for the In-

dians, particularly the Winnebago, who had give the name Taychopera ("four lakes") to a group of four beautiful small lakes in the southern part of the area: Mendota, Monona, Waubesa, and Kegonsa, all connected by the narrow river Yahara. On the shores of these lakes they laid out their villages of wigwams, and built their burial and effigy mounds.

Early surveyors who had come into the Four Lakes district about 1833 had reported that it was a beautiful country, with densely forested hills between two of the picturesque lakes, but that it was wild and quite unsuited for settlement by white men. Nonetheless the Territory of Wisconsin was created in 1836, with a legislature of its own, which soon selected this very site for the capital city, naming it Madison in honor of the country's fourth president. There were then no white settlers there, but soon three log cabins were built, which were known as "Eben Peck's Tavern." Laborers were brought in wagons from the village of Milwaukee to lay the cornerstone of the statehouse; and a post office, school, and church were established. Soon thereafter the first hotel, the American House, was put up; a newspaper, *The Wisconsin Enquirer*, was started; and community life of a sort began.

The lives of the frontiersmen who had begun to migrate to Wisconsin during the early decades of the century, from 1800 to 1840, were largely governed by the nature of the region in which they settled. In the south, where the terrain was open and fertile, and the low rolling hills lightly wooded, Norwegian, German, and Swiss immigrants settled. They cleared a tract, broke the soil, and began to cultivate it, the first crop usually being "sod corn" for meal and fodder. Soon they added other tracts, until they acquired sufficient land to become farmers.

But in the wilder northern sections, where dense pine forests prevailed, the men who came in to cut the heavy timber, split and hew the great logs, became timber cruisers and woodsmen. Along the western boundary, following the Mis-

sissippi, were the lead regions, in which Englishmen and especially Welsh and Cornish miners and smelters established their homes. The artisans and farm laborers were more widely dispersed.

Wherever these early immigrants located, their first shelters were usually very humble one-room dwellings, built more often than not of unhewn logs (in the round, with the bark left on), chinked with clay, roofed with handsplit "shakes," and floored with puncheons, the flat sides of split logs. Inside was a large stone fireplace, supplemented by an outdoor stone oven; and nearby they made an earth-covered cellar. Within the log cabin were only the few essentials — sturdy homemade stools, benches, tables, and beds or bunks, the ticks of which were filled with bleached cornhusks and covered with homespun blankets and "crazy quilts." Everything spoke mutely of hard work, continual struggle, and meager living, attended by great sacrifice.

Before long, however, as life became less arduous, they were building homes of dressed logs, ingeniously locked at ends and corners, nicely pointed up with mortar; the floors and doors were of sawed boards, and in the windows were small glass panes. The several rooms and their furnishings showed some attempt at providing certain little comforts, and around their holdings they laid zig-zag, "snake," or rail fences.

In the wooded areas, where grew oak, walnut, maple, birch, and other hardwoods, and in the northern pineries, little sawmills were built near rivers and lakes, to which the lumberman rafted their logs to be sawed into lumber and shipped to certain points to be marketed. Much of this lumber was sold to farmers who had grown prosperous and were building roomier and more comfortable frame houses. Indeed, some aspired to build not only their houses but also their barns of brick or stone. And the outgrown and outmoded little log cabin then became a chicken-house or granary. These better houses were indicative of better times, and a farmer's prosperity might well

be judged by his house and barn. His house often contained good furnishings which had been shipped by water from the East, especially from New York and Vermont, to some Western port on the Lakes, frequently Milwaukee, and then carted by ox or horse team to their destination.

As the Wisconsin farmer's dwelling had improved, so had his barn and his livestock: horses, cattle, sheep, pigs, and poultry. The last belonged to the province of the "wimmen folk," who also churned the butter and made the cheese. As a man's crops increased, so did the size of his farm. If a stream flowed through it he built a little gristmill, and if he owned a wooded patch, a sawmill. The farmer had meadows or marshes of natural hay, and acres planted to wheat, oats, corn, and sometimes a little rye or barley. Near the barn stood a granary with bins full of shucked grains, and a crib for ears of dried corn to be shelled in a hand-turned machine.

As oxen had been replaced by horses, so the primitive cradle-scythe for cutting and raking grain, the wooden plow, and other obsolescent farm implements had been replaced by the McCormick reaper, the binder, the thresher, and the steel-bladed plow. After 1853 more and more acreage was being sown to wheat, for which the demand was ever increasing. Not only was this grain being sent to other parts of the country, but shiploads were going via the Mississippi to Europe. Wisconsin farmers, as well as others of the fertile Midwest, were growing wealthy on the produce they were carting to market.

The long, winding dirt roads frequently passed through wet, marshy stretches where logs had to be placed crosswise of the road and close together, to prevent the cartwheels from sinking hub-deep into the mud. These "corduroy" roads caused much jolting and bumping when the load was heavy, so the farmers usually took their wheat, corn, hay, and cordwood to distant markets in the winter, when they could be hauled in bobsleighs over smooth, frozen roads. Such a journey often required several days, but there was always a comfortable inn or "halfway

house" somewhere along the way which offered good shelter for the men and their teams. Having disposed of their produce, they made ready for the homeward trip and stocked up on lumber and household staples — sugar, salt, and coffee, thread and needles, lengths of "blue jean" for "wamus" (smock) and overalls for the menfolk, and printed calico for the women. Thus the efforts of these early farmers were turning the southern half of Wisconsin toward agriculture.

THE VILLAGE OF MADISON

In 1846, when the settlement called Madison was nine years old and numbered 626 inhabitants, it was incorporated as a village; as the capital of the territory it already promised to become a center of political interest. In that year a Congregational church was erected, a cemetery laid out (later Orton Park), and the Wisconsin Historical Society chartered. In 1848 Wisconsin was admitted as the thirtieth state of the Union. The year was marked in Madison by the opening of the first preparatory class for the State University, consisting of twenty young men under Professor John W. Sterling and occupying the ground floor of the recently established Female Academy; by the extension of the telegraph line from Milwaukee; and by the arrival of the first circus, on which occasion the august legislature informally adjourned in order to attend. The next year Governor Farwell moved to Madison and began a campaign, with pamphlets and newspaper articles, to advertise the many attractions and advantages of the town, despite the fact that "three-fourths of the village site was covered with trees and hazel-brush, and everywhere was in a crude condition. The village pigs slept at night in the cellars of the Capitol and the park itself was a mere jungle. People left their doors and windows unfastened, because there was little worth stealing, and thieves and tramps had not made their appearance."

But the increasing population began to demand improvements, and local quarries furnished the attractive cream-colored

sandstone of which numerous public buildings and fine residences were constructed during the next decade. Among the many Easterners coming here were two Vermonters, Jere Marston and Levi B. Vilas, who in 1851 built handsome stone colonial dwellings in a wooded area near Lake Mendota, at the corner of Henry and Engle (Langdon) streets. "Out in the country" on Mendota ridge, actually but a few blocks from the Capitol Square, Julius T. White built himself in 1854 a fine stone residence (later the Executive Mansion); and somewhat more distant from the center of the town in the opposite direction the Reverend F. F. Ford erected a house overlooking Lake Monona. The large Dutch-style brick house that Abiel E. Brooks built at this time with his California gold stood on his property beyond the city limits, west of the University grounds.

In striking contrast to this part of the picture was the general pioneer appearance of the business section. In the wooded Capitol Park and on the streets Indians from nearby camps were to be seen, dressed in strange costumes of beaded buckskin, heavy blankets, and gay feathered headgear; wily land speculators on the lookout for new arrivals; and rough characters given to coarse language, drunkenness, and brawls. There was neither sanitation nor health regulations, and no street lighting. The roads, sometimes dusty, sometimes muddy, were frequently unsightly, and wayside paths were often obstructed by strolling horses, cows, or pigs.

And this was what the Wednesbury families had been led to exchange for the Black Country of the Midlands. Had they lost or gained? They wondered.

THE LAST GROUP LEAVES ENGLAND

Dr. Joseph and his family embarked at last on the *Robert Kelly*, which sailed from Liverpool on March 3, 1854. Of the dramatic and momentous events of their voyage Sarah wrote a full description in her diary:

. . . Our accommodations were not as good as anticipated, the fare was meager, and meals served without the least pretention to style, but this might have been the more easily forgiven if there had been anything to tempt the appetite; but such was the nature of the food served us that our principal diet was potatoes, which were the real Irish and very fine. All this my Husband and myself would have passed over in silence, but what Mother's heart does not naturally and impulsively think more of her children than of herself? It was with sorrowfulness that I saw at last that our sweet little Alice refused her food altogether, and but for the delicacies we had brought with us the other children must have suffered also. But all this I bore in silence, determined to look upon the bright side if possible, yet often weighed down with a prophetic feeling that we should lose our Darling. But it was too late now to repent, there was no escape.

The berths we had secured for the servants whom we had engaged to be on our place in the West, were changed, and others of the dirtiest and most miserable were supplied. Many complaints were raised by the Steerage Passengers, and it was stated that the ship's provisions were in no way sufficient for the consumption of the Emigrants, and also a very small allowance of water, of which fact the Captain gave us a hint on the first day of sailing. He seemed confused and dejected. . . .

Captain L's dejection evidently increased, we are out of our course, he has scarcely slept these two nights. Is he losing confidence in his skill as Commander, and is he giving up the command of the ship to his officers, that he now wanders restlessly about? Or, is it ignorance of where he is? What, then, could induce him at this critical time to retire to his berth for a nap in the afternoon when we are in the immediate vicinity of the dangerous Arclow Banks [*St. George's Channel, off the Irish coast*] and leave the command of the ship to his officers? Has he indeed entrusted himself with the charge of near a thousand lives in ignorance of how to steer his course through the Channel?

I was quietly seated with my little ones and nurse, "Big Alice," in our stateroom, when a sudden shock of the vessel made me start and exclaim to the nurse, "Now, *this* is something like a rough sea!" never dreaming the truth. "We had better lie down in our

berths." Presently after, my husband entered, marble pale, but composed, and in a quiet, decisive voice bade us dress ourselves immediately. I could not even ask the cause. I knew we were far from Land, and that some horrible and impending Calamity overhung us. Terror stricken, with hearts that seemed to stand still, we mechanically obeyed, and in a few moments were all up on deck. Who shall describe the heart-rending scene? Our noble Vessel lay fast, immovable on the Arclow Banks, and the first breeze that would remove her would engulf us in the deep—the almost inevitable fate of every vessel that had been so unfortunate as to be cast upon them. The Sea and the Heavens were calm, the light of day was ours, but not a sail could we discern. In vain were the Ship's bells rung, blue Lights displayed, Rockets & Cannons fired, despair was painted on every face!

The poor emigrants poured forth from the Steerage, wild with terror, beseeching to be saved, with uplifted hands, invoking the Virgin, cursing, swearing. Madness ensued. Some were handcuffed, and at last armed force was used to keep them back. Our little family were gathered in one group—affrighted; the children clung to us as with a death grasp, their little imploring eyes raised to ours to save them, while their Papa, forgetful of himself, thought only of us, and with wonderful presence of mind calmly proceeded to see if there was that hope left to us that even drowning men will cling to.

At the Captain's request we met in the saloon to consult upon what measures could be taken to preserve our lives. There remained but one alternative, which the Captain generously offered to us. He said that the Life boat was at our service. He would allow the 2nd mate to go with us, but he dared not take the responsibility of advising us, for already the darkness of night rendered it still more doubtful if we should save ourselves in this frail boat. But even now, while we were deliberating, the Vessel might be drifted off and immediately go down. No time, then, was to be lost in preparing ourselves for this terrible alternative. The Captain then paced the saloon despairingly, and, looking upward, exclaimed, "Oh, God, forgive me for not being at the post of duty!" Then, drawing a valuable diamond ring from his finger, asked my Husband to present it to his wife in case we were saved, also a letter the young

Ship's Physician had penned to his Mother. Poor May, one of our maids, sat motionless upon the sofa, but she softly said to me she was prepared for the fate that awaited her, but resolutely declined leaving the Ship.

Once more we hastened to our cabins below, to secure papers, a box containing my children's miniatures, and other valuables which I emptied into my pocket, also a leather bag containing our silver. The mate was then called upon for his opinion, but he shook his head ominously — to trust ourselves in that frail life bark on those swelling billows, in ignorance of where we were, in the darkness of night, in mist and fog, might well make him waver. But he was courageous and noble-hearted. May Heaven reward him, for under that rough exterior beat a true and honest heart, and he flinched not. Having but lately recovered from severe illness, Captain L. thought it best that I should be the first to be lowered into the Life Boat, and offering me his arm we passed to the Steerage end of the vessel, through the terror-stricken crowd; and well might the stoutest woman's heart quail to encounter the poor, excited emigrants, who, driven to despair and madness, and raising their hands in which they grasped clubs, uttered horrid imprecations that they would swamp the Life Boat the instant we were lowered. The Captain spoke soothingly, and I saw them crouch before him, for he pointed a pistol at their breasts and they knew that the first one that advanced would be shot — but of this painful fact I was not then aware.

A rope was fastened around me, that I might be safely lowered to the Life Boat. As I was let down, my Cloak caught on some projection on the Ship's side, and fearful lest it might endanger my descent, I cried out, "Oh, my Cloak is caught!" Whereupon Captain L. shouted roughly, "Never mind your Cloak, Madam!" Immediately each darling form was lowered to me and pressed in the convulsive grasp of love which I believed would so soon be severed. All, now amounting to nineteen, are in the boat made to contain only fifteen, some cans of water, figs, and biscuits, we were also supplied with. Then the last farewell look at the Ship and its poor, suffering people, and we were bounding over that dread Ocean, a dim light casting its flickering rays around us — but alas! we had no rudder to steer with, and human efforts seemed vain; but the

hopeful, high-souled mate, with a cheering voice said, "Through God's mercy we may yet be saved!" But how jarringly on our ears did the reckless oaths of the sailors fall, mingled with coarse songs.

Our little boat begins to fill with water, which has constantly to be bailed out lest it should fill. My delicate sweet little Alice is clasped fast to her nurse's heart, where she endeavors to warm her, although shivering with cold from head to foot herself. Little Nellie is folded to my heart, sleeping, while I am crouched at the bottom of the boat, an oar occasionally resting on my neck. Josephine, our eldest, lies sick at the bottom of the boat, wet from the spray that continuously washes over us. She is terrified lest the sailors tread on her as they step over her, but I reassure her and tell her not to be afraid.

The chill atmosphere makes us tremble, sometimes the waves mount and the spray dashes over us, but unheeded is everything, every feeling seems concentrated in the hope of safety.

My Husband carefully held the compass, we dared not move from our cramped posture lest we capsize our boat. After rowing some time the Sailors discerned, as they thought, at a great distance, a Light Ship, but in vain, hour after hour, they endeavored to reach it, and it was found at last to be a Light-House, a danger signal! It was about the hour of midnight, we approached cautiously and were soon within call of the inmates of the Light-House. In vain we shrieked, calling loudly for help, but no answer save the returning echo reverberating from rock to rock. Now was the time of our greatest danger and distress, our expiring lamp flickered in its socket, yet still by its glare we could distinguish pointed jutting rocks which ever and anon we seemed to be nearly upon. The Sailors with oaths wished they had never left the Ship, and declared they would fling themselves into the water and swim to the shore. "What!" exclaimed the mate, moved by the warm impulses of his heart, "and leave these women and children to their fate? No!" They caught something of his spirit, and it was eventually agreed that the men should rest on their oars and that we should remain where we were until morning dawned. The terrible night wore on!

What sunrising was ever more welcome! With what joy the first faint dawn of morning light was ushered in! We approached the

rugged rock-bound coast of old Ireland. Soon we discovered a little pebbly beach and approached. We are saved! He who said to the proud waves, "Be still!" who hushed the voices of the wind, whose eye never slumbers or sleeps, stretched forth His arm to save, or we had perished. Shall we forget His Mercy Who spared us to each other? No link is broken, we are safe.

We landed, and little Josephine at once picked up bright pebbles on the sparkling beach. We presently were on our way, traversing a winding path that soon led us to an Irish farmhouse. Greatly surprised were its inmates for the demands made upon their hospitality at this early hour, but not the less hospitable did they prove. My eldest child, being completely drenched with water, was soon put into a warm bed, just vacated, and in her childish forgetfulness, soon amused herself with the fowls that perched themselves around her, especially with a big rooster that hopped to the footboard and crowed loudly. And she was fascinated with the colored pieces of a patchwork quilt which was put over her, the first she had ever seen. The little Irish children brought fresh eggs for our breakfast. For the great kindness shown us by these poor peasants we shall always love the Irish.

After their garments were dried and they were rested and refreshed with hot tea, they made their way to the nearest town. The continuation of the journey is related in an undated letter which Sarah wrote the kind friend who had there taken them into her home:

My dear Mrs. Potter:

I fear you will think me very neglectful & ungrateful in so long deferring my promise of writing to you, but I hope you will pardon me when I assure you that long after we left your hospitable mansion I was almost incapacitated for writing, & could scarcely compose my mind to think, but you would not think I have forgotten if you knew how often the remembrance of your sweet Christian home is with me, how often I look back to that one bright spot in our unfortunate journey as one of the most blessed recollections of my life. Weary in heart & nearly prostrated by illness, how like a ministering angel was your kindness to me, for which may Heaven richly bless you, but most of all for those words

of sympathy & Christian love & counsel which I hope were not lost upon one who so much needed them.

From the interest you took in our welfare I feel that you would like to know something of the completion of a journey so desastrously commenced. Our drive to Dublin, although very fatiguing, was very pleasant, for the fresh green grass, budding trees, & spring flowers seemed to impart freshness & new life to my feelings, but was glad to rest awhile at Kingston on the way, as well as my little ones, who were very tired. From the notice of our names in the Paper relating to the Wreck of the Ship, an intimate acquaintance of ours who had seen it arrived at the Hotel with his wife to welcome us, to invite us to his home & to offer us any pecuniary means. A great deal of sympathy & kindness was expressed & some very influential friends who held high offices under the government wished my Husband to commence a Lawsuit with the Captain, who declined making the slightest remuneration for our losses. There was suspicion of connivance between the Captain and a band of wreckers, and that the Ship was purposely stranded on the Arclow Banks, where quantities of luggage was thrown overboard, ours included. He was much censured; and success was promised to my Husband if he would do so, but this was a mistaken kindness on our friends' part, involving us in much unpleasantry & prolonging our stay. At last the Dr. left it in the Hands of others, as it would not compensate him for a longer stay & he was anxious to be in America, but it was nearly a month after this that we were detained in Doublin by the illness of my little ones, each of whom had dangerous fevers owing to the severe exposure at Sea, while my own health was in a very dangerous state. At last, in a most unfit condition for traveling we left suddenly as my Husband's Counsellor advised him, as it would be a long time before the Lawsuit would be terminated & as the Capt.'s feelings were very much exasperated he thought it unwise for my Husband to remain.

We had written to Liverpool to take passage on the unfortunate *City of Glasgow*, which was lost soon after our relatives crossed in it, but the illness of our little Josephine prevented. We then endeavored to secure, after our arrival in Liverpool, passage in the *Sarah Sands*, but it had been in the Ice & was injured. The *Europe*, one of the Mail Steamers, was to leave in half an hour, the Dr. in-

formed me when he returned from the Steam Ship Office. We then instantly made up our minds to go by it, & were soon on board, but found some difficulty getting our luggage on board, although we had but three boxes saved out of the twenty nine we had started with, in these were Paintings, Books, Medicine Chest, & one Box pillaged of half its contents, also nearly half of the Boxes belonging to the Servants. But when the Dr. said to the sailors, "Throw them overboard, if you like, I have already lost nearly everything!" it produced a reaction of feeling & they were very accommodating, although at a great expense, for we engaged the same kind of cabin for the Servants as for ourselves. Many of our most valued possessions were in the boxes lost in the shipwreck, including some family heirlooms my Mother had sent me.

The Accommodations in our State Room were shocking, drenched continually with sea water, so that we were obliged to leave them & sleep in the Saloon—for nine days we did not undress. That voyage was like one of continued Shipwrecks to us, not simply resulting from the previous accident, for unluckily, although a First Class Mail Steamer, this was the last trip she was allowed to make. The engines were nearly worn out & being heavily laden it shipped tremendous seas which came with such force that it seemed as if the Steamer would go to pieces. Although I have crossed the Ocean many times, I never had experienced anything like this, & the Dr. was much alarmed as well as the rest of the passengers. After fourteen days out we through the mercy of God arrived safely in New York, where I had the joy of embracing my dear Mother who accompanied us a short distance on our journey, as we had decided to proceed directly to the West, to Wisconsin. . . .

A letter from you would give me a great deal of pleasure, as well as the Dr., who desires his kind regards to yourself & Mr. Potter. Your kindness & hospitality is often the theme of our conversation. How much should we be pleased to receive you both in our home, were we in Old England.

The two weeks which they and the Kenricks spent together in New York were all too short, but the weary travelers were anxious to get started for their destination. The long journey out to Wisconsin was not an easy one, as is revealed by the

description of it which Joseph wrote into his large book, *Le Mien*, which had been saved from the wreck:

The Journey to Wisconsin

My journey West to Madison, Wisconsin, with my family, wife, the three children, Josephine, Nellie, & Alice, the servant boy, John, Alice Walton, the nurse-girl, and two other servants for the farm.

Started from the Astor House, New York, between 5 and 6 o'clock P.M., on Tuesday, went part way up the Hudson River by Boat, and took the railroad at 9 the same evening for Albany, arriving there at 8 A.M. next morning. From this place we were to start in 20 minutes, but had to wait beside the line [*track*] with 300 to 400 Germans, Irish, and Norwegians, poor, disorderly, and dirty people — lying down, lounging about, or camping under blankets — until 5 P.M., when, after a great deal of bitter complaint, we started again, traveled all night amid shouting, crying, complaints of loss of money, & want of provisions. Some stretched themselves for the night upon the floor, preventing any moving about in the car, others had to stand all night for the want of seats, and thus we got to Dunkirk next day, Thursday, about 1 o'clock. Here great trouble again occurred from finding our baggage mixed up with that of some 400 other people, and from being compelled to have it re-addressed to Toledo. No assistance was offered, but on the contrary, as much hindrance as possible, everybody having to look for his own baggage. Whilst thus engaged a man came and asked us to have some dinner at his hotel. We went, all of us, but could get nothing. Everything was ate up while we were seeing to our packages. John, however, ran to some other place and brought back a loaf and some cheese. We started again at 5 o'clock the same evening, rode until between 9 and 10 o'clock, and stopped until 2 o'clock next morning, Friday. I don't know the name of this place, but here, in consequence of the darkness, there was great trouble and distress. The conductor, on starting, to avoid a rush and confusion insisted upon letting the women and children into the Cars first, and the married men afterward. Some of the married men, however, on being refused admission through the doors, had to climb in through the windows, leaving others behind on the platform, and there was great complaining and a regular row.

Got to Cleveland at 10 A.M. this same morning. Here we stopped until 3 P.M., and started again for Toledo, where we arrived at 12 o'clock the same night. Stopped here until 2 o'clock next afternoon — Saturday —, and were told by the conductor that the Cars would not start again until Tuesday. We were not allowed to secure our baggage, consequently one half of it was left on the other side of the ferry and was not brought over until 11 o'clock the next morning. Then we had a dollar extra to pay for it, although it had been paid for to Chicago. At Toledo we went to a hotel, could get no supper, and six of us, wife, self, the three children & nurse, were put into one very small room, three in a bed.

We now started by the express at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of Sunday, by paying $3 each — extra — to avoid being kept over until Tuesday, and arrived in Chicago about 12 at night. We staid in Chicago five days, all our money being gone, and waiting until our baggage arrived and we could procure more cash.

We then took boats to Milwaukee, waited a day, and proceeded to Madison, the line stopping at Stoughton, where we were compelled to make our dinner on boiled or, rather, a half-boiled leg of pork, and a half-roasted leg of pork, and a bus for a conveyance to carry us on, through a heavy thunderstorm to our destination. And the bus was a hard-seated, springless vehicle drawn by horses over rough, muddy roads.

Twelve days to get from New York to Madison! They arrived in a state of complete exhaustion.

Although they found the several branches of the family already settled in Madison in homes they had purchased, Joseph's plan was to live in the country and carry on his medical profession in town. In a second letter to her good friend Mrs. Potter in Ireland, Sarah wrote:

. . . After a very fatiguing journey from New York we reached the place of our destination in the Far West, & were gladly welcomed at Madison by our family who were rejoiced to see us. But our bright hopes were crushed in the bud, for we soon learned that the Dr.'s Parents, greatly disappointed and discouraged with pioneering in the Promised Land, were already on the point of re-

turning to England & had written several letters to meet us on our arrival at New York, advising us to give up all idea of settling in the West, as they knew we should not like it, but owing to the Shipwreck & consequent delays we had failed to receive these letters. By the Dr.'s persuasions the family concluded to remain another year. After visiting our relatives for a few weeks we selected a sweet spot for our own home in the country on the shore of the Lake of Monona, one of the great Chain of four Lakes in the vicinity of the City of Madison. I wish I could impart to you my first impression of the exceeding beauty of the Lake scenery here, how sweet to call such a lovely spot our home, after all the dangers and troubles we have encountered, its very quiet and seclusion soothes me. I felt free as a wild bird & returning health gave a rainbow hue to everything. All our anticipations of the beauty of the place were more than realized, but who can describe a home in the West, a perfect contrast to an English or a New England home. The elegancies of life we may dispense with, but its comforts, how indispensible to those who have always been accustomed to them, which we cannot here obtain; but most of all, the society, which is composed of many nations, is such that I should not wish to bring up our children under its influence, & this with other circumstances transpiring, almost determines us to return to England again & were it not for leaving my Mother I should not regret it, but as the Climate of New England does not suit my Husband I see no other alternative. If we go, party of the family will return with us but the only two young women of the family, Martha Constable and Mary Ann Hobbins, will remain, as they are engaged since their arrival here to be married, which is a great disappointment to those who may return. . . .

The first Western home of Dr. Joseph and Sarah Hobbins was a small frame house which they bought in the township of Blooming Grove, several miles east of Madison, in the midst of an extensive wooded tract of eighty acres on the southwestern shore of Lake Monona, adjoining the Simeon Constable farm. When they were settled Sarah made an entry in her diary under date of January 3, 1855:

Here we all are in our wild Western home, far, far away from Old England, and from my beloved New England home. . . . The glorious beauty of our chosen spot, the majestic Forest, the deep blue Lake, ever changing, reflecting in its pure bosom the pretty City with its silver spires. The gorgeous view of the glorious sunsets, the Flowers, of new and rarest beauty all charm us. We can see the Yahara River winding round through the trees. I have travelled a great deal but I have never seen a more beautiful spot. The house is small, but we shall add to it, and perhaps a Bathing house & Ice-house. Until now we have never been even a week on a farm. Not a sod of earth had been broken when we came, so there is much to do. But we shall live well with our garden and the abundance of game.

How many changes in only fourteen years, the fourteen years of our married life, and in much are we reminded of the flight of time. My Husband's beautiful Hair is slightly changing, & mine much more. . . . I am the first of the Newton Jacksons in more than two hundred years to leave Massachusetts & come to settle permanently in the West, & my children, though born in England, are the ninth generation in direct descent from Edward and Frances Jackson.

Here, at Blooming Grove, Dr. Joseph oversaw the clearing of his land, the planting of ornamental trees and shrubs, and the setting out of flower and vegetable gardens, meeting at times with difficulties; for, although an ardent horticulturist by nature, loving all growing things, he lacked the practical training and experience necessary to farming. Among other things, he planted a bed of onions and waited eagerly for them to sprout; but they failed to appear. Growing impatient, he sought advice from a neighboring farmer, who dug one up. Joseph learned, to his amazement, that he had carefully planted all his onions upside down, having mistaken the pointed tips for the root ends!

In May of 1854 the first train had come in over the new Milwaukee & Mississippi Railway, stopping at the new depot at the foot of West Morris (Main) Street. In thirty-two coaches

came more than twenty-five hundred people, and on flatcars the Milwaukee Fire Company, to lend color to the grand parade around the Capitol Square. A bounteous dinner was served, which was followed by band music and oratory in the Park. A letter from Mrs. Kenrick written on June 5 to her daughter fills out the picture:

I was delighted to learn that you have heard the very first sound of the Whistle of the great Rail Road which is now on its way from Milwaukie to the River Mississippi. Will not its coming be a great advantage and consequence to your land and to Mr. Constable's and a great convenience to go to Madison?

And now I see you have commenced in earnest a farmer's life at the Far West. And according to your description your place at Blooming Grove must be beautiful, as its name, which I like, implies. In the first place, your magnificent, beautiful Lake Monona with its islands and its beautiful wild fowl must be delightful. I am a great admirer of a water view, whether of the great blue Sea or of River or of Lake or even of Pond. You say you have a fine view of the beautiful City of Madison . . . that your house is situated on a Knoll, or elevation which overlooks the Lake. . . . I have often heard of the beautiful Groves of Oaks and other trees of the Prairies, and the wild flowers, and you also name the singing Birds, and taking all things together I think you have made a most fortunate and happy selection. Also the Whip-poor-Will which you name, whose song I used to hear with so much delight in my childhood. I am glad that you and the Dr. seem at last to have found that spot of retirement and of romantic beauty which you have so long desired. The families in town must all have had a dreary winter, poor accommodations, and cold houses, but I hope the worst is over for them. . . . How unfortunate it was that you lost all your linen in the Shipwreck, but what was this compared to loss of life?

But the charms of Blooming Grove were sometimes offset by intense heat in summer, blizzards in winter, rough, muddy roads, fierce electric storms, myriads of mosquitoes, and venomous rattlesnakes. The isolation, too, was sometimes very try-

ing. Nor were these the only imperfections that disturbed Sarah while she made preparations for a visit from her mother. As she wrote to her Aunt Clark, who by this time had moved from Fitchburg to a farm near Oregon, Wisconsin:

I hope to have things more comfortable here before Mother arrives. What a contrast between this & our English home, I shall feel it more on her account than on my own. The last week has been one of greater trial than any I have experienced since our arrival, for the Dr. has commenced Practice in Madison & there was so much illness that he was obliged to go into town every day. Part of the family went for him by boat in the evenings, while the Lake was calm. But on the night of two terrible storms none were able to return, so that we — Alice, our English nurse-maid & myself — were without anyone at home. It was terrible. The storm raged with such violence that it blew down a large tree near the house & others were struck by lightening. The hail threatened to break every window, but fortunately only one was broken. One night all the children were sick together & I was obliged to send for my Husband, but we have all been brought safely through these trials. How much have we to be thankful for during the past Year, how much more reason to be grateful for the mercies shown to us, than to repine for the blessings withdrawn. If you have any chickens to spare or hams we should be glad to buy them.

They enlarged the house to meet their needs and added several fireplaces, which would keep them snug and warm through the coming winter. But the winter was longer and colder than anything they had ever experienced or anticipated. Dampness they had known in England and in New England too; but never this bitter cold, these fearsome blizzards, during which they felt completely isolated, everything blotted out by endless, whirling clouds of snow which piled great drifts against the doors and windows. Despite stoves and fireplaces, they could not keep warm. At Wednesbury they had burned coal and had plenty of it, but here, through ignorance of con-

ditions, they had failed to stack up a generous supply of seasoned cordwood and oaken chunks. They had to learn through painful experience that sticks of green wood only sizzled and smoked, stubbornly refusing to burn.

SOME RETURN TO ENGLAND

The families in town, though better situated, suffered also. The elder Joseph Hobbins and his wife Elizabeth felt the cold, the confinement to the house, and the lack of foods to which they were accustomed. Their health began to fail, their spirits sagged, and they longed for old Wednesbury. One dreary, freezing winter day when discouraged and homesick, he roared, "I want a bason of mutton broth!" Forthwith it was made for him, from two whole sheepsheads. Eagerly he sipped a spoonful, made a grimace, and exploded, "What horrible stuff! Gad! I won't stay any longer in a country which cannot provide even a bason of real mutton broth for a man when he's ill! Wife, this spring we shall return to England! And no one need try to stop us this time!"

"Yes, Joseph, I am more than willing to go back home," Elizabeth meekly replied.

And so, in June, 1855, having sold their home on Fairchild Street and all its furnishings, the elder couple bade a cheerful goodbye to Madison and its rustic ways, and to their children and grandchildren, all of whom, they were confident, would soon follow them. That autumn two of them — their daughter Mrs. Constable, now a widow, and her daughter Elizabeth — did follow.

Perhaps the call of ancestry influenced the senior Joseph Hobbins, for on his return to Staffordshire he chose to settle at West Bromwich. This was the ancient village near Wednesbury where William and John Hobin had lived in the sixteenth century and which was now developing into a modern industrial town. Here, in an extensive wooded vale, was Sandwell Park, in which stood Sandwell Hall, built on the site of an

ancient priory of Benedictine monks of the twelfth century. The property had belonged to various families of rank and to Cardinal Wolsey, and eventually became the seat of the Earls of Dartmouth. It was enclosed by a high brick park wall and groves of venerable beeches, beneath which the bluebells blossomed profusely; and there were beautiful views from the park, which was well stocked with deer. From the Earl of Dartmouth Mr. Hobbins purchased a large plot adjoining the entry to Sandwell Park, and soon built himself "a handsome, commodious Georgian house of red brick," which his daughter Syndonia herself designed and which he called Clarence Villa, after the Duke of Clarence, under whom he had served in the Royal Marines.

It was the first house built on the Park grounds. Large triple windows flanked the recessed arched entry, which opened into a hallway, on one side of which was a spacious drawing room and on the other the dining room, each with a generous fireplace. From the kitchen with red-tiled floor and large open hearth a door led to the "yard," which was enclosed by a brick wall and paved with dark gray bricks. Here were the outbuildings, a part of every substantial English dwelling: the carriage house, the tool house, the laundry and mangle house, the bakehouse, brewhouse, dairy, and scullery. In the center of the yard stood an iron pump. "All very modern and convenient."

At the rear of the front hall a door opened onto an extensive walled-in garden, where the master had set out fruit trees, blossoming May trees, lilacs, rhododendrons, and many flowers. At his foundry he had made two iron plates on which were incised the initials J. H., and had them set into the rear wall of the garden. In front of the house, which faced Holyhead Road, he erected an ornamental iron fence.

Lord Dartmouth's family often came to Sandwell Park, especially during the annual Review of the Volunteers, which was held there. On these occasions Mrs. Hobbins always entertained

a large party for the day. During the review she would sit in her chair in the open field and watch the men march by; and Lord Dartmouth, riding at the head of his regiment, would gallantly salute her.

JOSEPH MOVES INTO TOWN

Back across the waters, far out in the Middle West, in Madison, Dr. Joseph was coming to realize that he could not be a practising physician and a country gentleman at the same time. The difficulty of carrying on a growing practice in town while living across the lake, combined with the hardships of rural life in a sparsely settled district, was becoming too much for him, even though Sarah's health had improved. Hence after two and a half years they sold their country home and moved into Madison, where they bought a small, comfortable house and several lots on West Morris (Main) Street four blocks from the Capitol Square and two from Lake Monona. This was considered a promising residential locality, being more sheltered than the high, exposed wooded ridge along Lake Mendota. Morris Street boasted one of the few wooden sidewalks in the residential parts and was the chief thoroughfare from the Square to the West Madison Depot. The thickly wooded Capitol Park, surrounded by a wooden fence, became a favorite picnic ground, and the children were often taken there by "Big Alice" to play and pick wild flowers.

The little old *Map of Madison and the Four Lakes Country* which these newcomers had received in England and brought over with them shows the chain of lakes and the village lying between Mendota and Monona, west of which is little Lake Wingra. The many creeks which feed the lakes are indicated by fascinating Indian names: Me-o-sho, Pe-e-na, Wy-se-ora, Tar-po-ra, Pe-nit-to, and Ske-ne-da. On this map are listed too, among other places of note, the "State Lunatic Asylum," "Female Seminary," "Madison Water Cure," "Four Lakes Cemetery," and the Mills and Brewery at the mouth of "Union

Canal" (the Yahara River). It also shows several projected railroads and, as if completed, one into Madison across the new Monona causeway. In ink are noted the lots where the several families had their homes: Joseph Hobbins, Sr., lot 4, block 66, North Fairchild Street; Henry Wright, lot 5, and Dr. Will Hobbins, lot 8, block 70, West Wilson Street; Dr. Joseph Hobbins, lots 11 to 14, block 44, West Morris (Main) Street.

Their larger map of Madison shows "Lake Mendota or Great Lake" and the streets laid out in detail westward as far as "Town Road" (Mills Street) and eastward to Union Canal (the Yahara River), beyond which extends "Farwell's Addition to Madison." The Square is adorned with a small picture of the first capitol, and the upper campus with a picture of the proposed "University Hall" (Bascom Hall), surmounted by a cupola, and on each side of it a pair of buildings instead of the single North Hall and South Hall which actually existed.

A pamphlet entitled *The Charter and Ordinances of the Village of Madison*, printed by Carpenter & Tenney in 1851, informed them that the place had but a few years previous to their arrival been incorporated into the Village of Madison, with a "President and Trustees"; that it was unlawful to place "in any street, lane or alley . . . any impediments or obstructions to the free passage of teams, or in any way fill up the side walks so as to prevent the free passage of foot passengers," or to place on any street, lot, or public ground "the offals of animals or their carcasses"; and that "no hogs, pigs, or any kind of swine shall be permitted or allowed to run at large." Should any such animals be caught unlawfully roaming, it should be the duty of the "pound master forthwith to confine and impound said swine in some safe place." Hog owners were given the chance to redeem their animals at fifty cents each, plus an additional twenty-five cents for each day the animal had been impounded. Another ordinance provided that a fine of one dollar and costs should be paid by any person who should "lead, ride or drive any horse or mule," or "cause any

team of horses, oxen or mules to be led or driven upon any side walk" except "where a crossing shall be necessary and a proper crossing constructed."

"An ordinance to prevent disorderly practices in the Village of Madison" warned them that any person who should "make or assist in making any riot, noise, or disturbance" would be required to pay a fine not to exceed twenty dollars and that "between the hours of five A.M. and nine P.M., no person shall swim or bathe in the 3d Lake [Monona], between blocks sixty-nine and one hundred and fifty, or in any other part of said 3d Lake where exposed to public view, or in the 4th Lake [Mendota], between blocks ninety-five and one hundred and thirty-eight, or in any other part of said 4th Lake, where exposed to public view, within the bounds of the said village of Madison, under a penalty of two dollars for each and every offense."

There were in the town in the year the Wright family came, 1853, about four thousand inhabitants, a small capitol, a county courthouse and jail, seven hundred dwellings, several small hotels, one bank, three churches, the "Little Red Brick" schoolhouse and the more elegant "Female Seminary," fifteen groceries, twenty-six other stores, eleven taverns (a euphemism for saloons), two printing offices, one book bindery, various mills, a foundry, a brewery, and several machine shops. The *Wisconsin State Journal* brought them the daily news. Madison was, moreover, beginning to engage in considerable building activity, for within a few years after the arrival of Sarah and Joseph the City Hall, several churches, some large business blocks, and Hooley's Opera House were erected, and "the University Hall basement storey was in an advanced state of forwardness." When gas lighting for the streets was inaugurated in 1855, a brilliant celebration was held in the Park. In this same year Madison's first "really pretentious" hotel, the Vilas House, at the southeast corner of Wisconsin (Monona) Avenue and Morris Street, was opened. It was a substantial stone

structure with two-story balconies on both streets, that guests might enjoy the lake view or watch the parades around the Park.

In 1856 the village of Madison became a city, divided into four wards between four wide avenues, and Jairus Fairchild was elected its first mayor. About this time Wisconsin and its capital city beckoned to a great many other English families, and within a few years hundreds left the Old Country and came west to make their homes in this part of the state.

Many prominent Easterners, too, visited the city, among them, in 1855, Bayard Taylor, James Russell Lowell, and Horace Greeley, who published his impressions in the *New York Tribune:*

Madison has the most magnificent site of any inland town I ever saw. . . . There are more comfortable private mansions now in progress in Madison than in any other place I have visited and the owners are mostly recent immigrants of means and cultivation from New England, from Cincinnati, and even from Europe. Madison is growing very fast. She has a glorious career before her.

Though the white man was increasing, the red men still made their homes nearby, and Sarah was much interested in them. In a letter of August, 1857, she described some of their customs for her father:

Several tribes of Indians are now located near Madison, but they are very peaceable and we have been lately honored with a visit from an Indian Chief & his consort. It is well to have our larder well stocked when we have such visitors to dine. They paint themselves in a most barbarous style, and their dress—but I cannot describe it! They sometimes dance in the Park in their nude fashion. I always feel a pity for them; a few years ago these broad rich Lands were their Hunting Ground, & on our lovely Lakes glided their swift Canoes. The Chief yesterday told us he came to take a last look at "Squaw Point" [Winnequah], their old camping ground across Monona, and then was going west. I cannot understand their Indian Language very well. They have a singular manner of pun-

ishing disobedient children. They do not whip them, but plunge them for a moment into the Lake. This would not be punishment to many Madison children, who are regular Ducks for the Water. Yesterday Joseph took Josephine with him to see a farm on the other side of Lake Monona, the trip taking all day, as they went by ox-team.

And Henry Wright wrote his brother Tom:

I sometimes visit and have a smoke with the old Indian Opinga, whose wigwam is on the Catfish or Yahara River, between Monona and Mendota. One day lately he came to town with his Squaw on ponies, got up grandly in paint and coloured blankets, and paid me a personal visit, so they could leave their ponies on my lawn. On my return from the office I found that the two ponies, having been tied to the ends of a ladder to limit their feeding range, had been drawing the ladder over the garden and might have broken down all my choice young fruit trees, had not my obliging neighbours hitched them securely in time.

Gradually the families which had decided to remain in Madison adjusted themselves to this strange new life and began to take part in its community affairs. Being English, the older generation naturally grumbled about celebrating "Independence Day," but on the children's account they good-naturedly joined in. The Fourth of July celebration always included a regatta of a half dozen "sailing yachts" on Lake Monona, a race between rowboats, and various water sports. On one such occasion Henry Wright acted as one of the judges: "In the Swimming Match there were a German, an Englishman, and a Norwegian physician, the last small and well covered with fat. They swam for endurance. At the end of an hour and twenty minutes I insisted on the Englishman's coming out, seeing that he, having no fat on him, had become purple from chill. It took about half an hour's rubbing to properly restore his circulation. The other two swam on. After another half hour the fat little physician suggested cigars; but the German refused, saying, 'If we had cigars you would be

here until morning!' The umpire proposed sending for 'night-caps,' and after further waiting, the contest was ended by making it a drawn game. Guns were fired, banners displayed, patriotic speeches made, and some Indian performances made it a jolly day." In the regatta Henry's boat, the *Katy Darling*, won the prize, a silver cup.

The Madison lakes were a new and constant source of enjoyment to these folk from the Midlands, who were, however, unaware how treacherous they could sometimes be. But in time they learned. One hot, calm summer day Henry rowed two of his children across Lake Monona to the little bay east of Squaw Point:

My boat had lately been fitted with a mast and small sail, and I was eager to try it out [*he wrote in his Notebook*]. Noticing a slight ripple on the water, I quickly hoisted the sail. "This breeze will take us straight home without the trouble of rowing," said I. Looking up westward beyond the Point, I saw a small, slate-coloured cloud rising above the horizon but took no further notice of it, being busy with the sail and ropes. We had just cleared the Point and were progressing well when a sudden gust struck us, tipping the boat so that it nearly filled. "Pull down the sail, Will!" I shouted, and began bailing out the water. The wind dropped, but after a moment's lull a furious blast struck us, tearing the mast and sail away. A great wave capsized the boat and threw us all out. I came to the surface near the boat, which was keel upward, climbed onto it, looking everywhere for the children. Will was near, I threw him the end of the boat chain. "Hold tight to it while I find Fanny!" Seeing her floating nearby, I slid down, seized her by the wrist, somehow got us back onto the boat, and then helped Will up. A second high wave presently washed us into the lake again. Will and I managed to scramble back, but we could not see Fanny anywhere. After a few terrible moments I caught sight of her frock under the edge of the boat. I pulled her out from under, but this action upset the boat and it rolled over again, throwing us all back into the furious waves. We succeeded in getting back once more. But successive huge waves continued to roll over our heads, and during the hour or more that we were out there on the bottom of

the boat we were washed off eight times. After the last time the boat fortunately turned right side up, but almost full of water, with stem and stern only a few inches above the surface.

The storm, (or tornado, as I later learned) had begun to abate, I lifted poor little Fanny in, where she sat up to her neck in water; then Will got in; and, the boat still floating, I carefully crawled in, and found to my great relief that if we sat perfectly still the boat would float and drift to a nearby sandy beach. Thus we sat, drifting, poor Fanny sitting behind me and holding onto my collar, kept up bravely, but chill, shock, and fatigue were overcoming her, I felt her waver and feared she would faint. As we drifted slowly toward the beach Will suddenly looked up and shouted, "Here they are, Pa!" He saw behind us two boats with two men in each, rapidly coming to our rescue. They pulled up, one on each side, and lifted Fanny and Will into one boat, and with much difficulty got me into the other, for the long exposure and anxiety had left me almost helpless. When we neared the beach Will jumped into the water, waded ashore, took to his heels and ran until picked up by Captain Platt, who, hearing of our plight, had driven around the lake in his buggy to help us if possible. Will was thus quickly able to tell the family of our rescue. Fanny and I were rowed back, and on the way stopped at a slaughter house on the shore, where I was given half a tumbler of whiskey, which picked me up considerably, but on our landing I was still so weak they had to carry me into the house, where I was overcome by tearful congratulations. It took three days of careful nursing and coddling to overcome the effects of our trying adventure. We later learned that Governor Farwell watched our wreck and rescue from the glass lanthorn room at the top of his large octagonal stone residence on the lake shore.

But most of their experiences on the lakes were happy ones, especially for Mrs. William Hobbins' son, young James Jackson, who regularly took his morning dip in Monona until it froze and who, as soon as the ice went out, was ready for sailing, fishing, and hunting. In spring and autumn he was always thrilled by the immense flocks of ducks and geese, an occasional flock of wild swans, and the great flights of passenger pigeons that flew over Madison and its lakes.

The town still retained a partly rural atmosphere, which suited the numerous young Wrights:

My children saved their pocket money to buy a Cow; a beauty was bought and proper stable and loft were built for it. Cows, for home purposes, in Madison are given a bucket of house-waste (pig-wash, we call it) early in the morning and turned into the street. Then all the Cows assemble in a herd and go direct to the neighbouring marshland to feed for the day. Punctually at 5 P.M. they return to their homes in the city. A bucket of wash-food is placed at the front Gate, where each Cow recognizes its own bucket. Our Cow is immediately sent to its stable, but nearly all the other Cows are left loose in the street for the night and wait for their morning bucket. They are frequently the cause of mishaps, lying about on footpaths or elsewhere, on pitch-dark nights (there being no street lights) in the way of persons going home, who are frequently prostrated by falling on the soft body of some unperturbed Cow.

During the next few years Henry Wright held several municipal offices: city and county assessor for taxation, city clerk, and city treasurer. He was also occasionally employed in the office of the bank comptroller.

Whilst serving as City Treasurer, I had a visit one day from a fashionably dressed and smart looking man. After the exchange of the customary remarks he said, "I called for the purpose of enquiring how much the Emoluments of the City Treasuryship amounted to, and would be obliged for the information." I replied that, the City being small, the fees at present were low, but the City would grow quickly and so would the fees. They were 1 % on the total collected by the Treasurer. I added other details regarding the taxes, etc. He understood all this, but wanted to know the actual amount of fees which the City Treasurer got. I answered that at present they amounted to about $600 and would increase. He looked disappointed. "D--n the fees! They are not worth considering. What are the *stealings?*" I could not say, but had heard that a man who was master of the subject of opportunity might make as much as $2,000. To this he remarked, "Hm! That's not good enough. I thought I might run for it! Good morning." And he left.

Among the many families who were coming direct from the British Isles to Wisconsin, and especially to Madison, were some — clerks, artisans, and laborers — who after their arrival found themselves in straitened circumstances from one cause or another. With the desire to help their fellow countrymen, those Englishmen who were better established formed the St. George's Society in 1856 "for the purpose of relieving their bretheren in distress." Their constitution stated that it was also the purpose of the organization to promote social intercourse among members, but all political and religious debate was strictly forbidden. They elected its founder, Professor Joseph Hobbins, M. D., president, Henry Wright treasurer, and Dr. William Hobbins physician. Most of the sixty charter members were Madison men, among whom were Charles G. Mayers, James Livesey, George H. Barwise, John and William Deards, James Law, Charles Morgan, James Sumner, and Thomas Lawrence.

There was always someone who needed the help of St. George's, especially in winter. On one occasion several members, on learning of the plight of a couple living in the country, went out in a bobsleigh to see what assistance they could give. They found an Irish gentleman and his wife who, like many others, had come from the British Isles with the mistaken idea that they could make a fortune by "gentleman farming." They had arrived the previous autumn and were struggling through the winter in a wretched log hut, vainly trying to keep warm in two cold little rooms filled with blinding smoke from a sputtering fire of green wood. The wind whistled dismally through the rattling, unputtied windows, and snow was sifting through the crack under the ramshackle door. The furniture was scant, but their garments, silver, and linen were all of the finest quality, evidence that they were of the Irish gentry. And yet they were suffering so intensely that their one desire was to return to the Old Country.

In one room the poor homesick wife sat weeping bitterly.

She told the sympathetic visitors she had never even unpacked her trunks. "There they are!" she sobbed, "filled with silk and satin gowns, my best linen, jewelry, and lace! But what good are such things to me here? If I have to live and die like a dog in this miserable hut, I'll never take any of them out!"

The kindly brethren of St. George's consoled her as best they could, then went into the other room, talked matters over with her distraught husband, and finally made arrangements for the couple to return to Ireland.

Though he had never been greatly interested in politics, Dr. Joseph consented in 1856 to serve as the first alderman of the fourth ward, in which he lived, and held this office for several terms. Taking part also in municipal activities, he became chairman of the first health committee, established the city health department, and was appointed professor of surgery by Chancellor Lathrop in the projected medical school of the University of Wisconsin.

Soon after his family was settled in the new home in town he purchased several adjoining lots and began laying out his long-dreamed-of spacious garden. Here he spent his spare hours, happily developing an orchard, a vineyard, kitchen garden, and flowerbeds. And perceiving how the natural beauty of the city could be furthered, he proposed to the council an ordinance for planting shade trees along all the streets. One who deeply appreciated this foresight remarked, "Dr. Joe Hobbins is encouraging the planting of trees and shrubbery in Madison, and citizens for generations to come will refer to him as the very fountain head from which will spring the chief beauty of our streets—long, lofty arches of beautiful trees, and the spirit of decorating our grounds."

Having retained a corresponding membership in the Royal Horticultural Society of England, the doctor began to import and to experiment with many kinds of foreign shrubs, fruits, vegetables, and flowers. Choice specimens also came from Nonantum, and he and William Kenrick were constantly ex-

changing cuttings, roots, and seeds of all sorts. Wrote the horticulturist in New England: "I send you today by the Rail Road a Box of Plants, with a list of about 15 kinds of Shrubs and Vines." And Joseph, in reply, "I am paying special attention to my young vineyard, which I plan to make my hobby. My little Josephine is my companion and helper in this. I am setting out some of your grape cuttings along a wide arbor across the end of my house, facing the garden at the rear. In time they will cover it, making a beautiful summer shelter."

This growing interest in gardens moved Joseph to take part in the activities of the Wisconsin State Horticultural Society, to use his influence to have the subject introduced in the University, and to found in 1858 the Madison Horticultural Society, of which he became first president. Through it he instituted flower and fruit shows held in the Capitol, to which he always contributed exhibits from his own garden. In this interest there was much friendly family rivalry, and accounts were received about what Boston was doing. In September, 1854:

In regard to the Horticultural Exhibition in the "Great Tent," Mr. Barry of Rochester, one of the judges, thinks it the best in the World, for he has visited those of France & England. Your Mother, as usual, had some new Designs. We rode to Boston beforehand to determine what she would do; and having decided, I set about framing the designs, which she decorated with Moss as a foundation, and Flowers. 1st a Floral Candelabra of tasteful design, with candles of various colors. This was very much admired. 2nd a Floral Timepiece, which she had desired to do for years. The Pattern was tasteful, with a real face, covered with glass, a real polished Pendulum I took out of our Timepiece and put in, under glass. This also was greatly admired and obtained a gratuity of $5. Sylvia had a pair of Floral Hand Screens, & Baskets of Flowers, & also received a gratuity. Mr. Curtis of Boston exhibited the bark of the "*Giant Cedar Tree*" or "Red Wood" of California, which in England they have assumed to call "*Wellingtonia!*" Also some of the wood, dried leaves & cones. This famous tree was 34 feet across the *but* and in diameter at the base. It was cut down with vast labor, by boring

holes to the center all around and then the bark (near 2 feet thick) was taken off in *sections*, in order to bring it here, or to carry it to Europe, there to build it up anew as a *tree*. This tree was 300 feet high, and were it to be built up as a *tower* in *Sydenham* [*a park near Crystal Palace*] it would attract as a wonder. However, at a late meeting of the Soc'y of Natural History in Boston a letter was read from Dr. Bigelow of San Francisco about another Tree in California, which was found lying prostrate, of probably the same cedar, which was by estimation 110 feet around the trunk at the *but;* and at the distance of 310 feet from the *but* it was 40 feet around the trunk, and there it had been burnt off by Indians, and as the burnt branches lay scattered for 150 feet all along, so they judged it must have been about 500 feet high, and probably 3000 years old, and probably coeval with Solomon, who you know was a famous Planter of Trees, of Vineyards, of orchards & gardens as well as a builder. "He spake of trees, from the cedar that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall." . . . You speak of the Willows, you shall have them in due time & I will see what can be done in other things for your new gardens.

Of his own garden he wrote early the next year, 1855, to his daughter:

After having been so many years engaged in the most active life, I begin to feel as though I should delight to arise and once more make a place somewhere for my own taste & amusement. For during the past 4 years I have made it one of my amusements to organize and to go through all that has been written in regard to nature's works & all most beautiful new productions, discovered or known to the latest day. The number of new & here unknown kinds is great.

It is possible that we might move West. I think I should like Madison as well at least or better than any other place which I have not seen. Your Mother also would be delighted to be near you all. And Madison being a new Place & central and void [*undeveloped*] would open up a wide field for Horticultural as well as for other improvements, and perhaps would follow or go along with me; and I could continue my work along this line whithersoever I might go. I believe I might prefer for the future a field so wide & void. You

have written of the Wisconsin Indians, I think it best to conciliate these poor Children of the forest. I suppose there are but few now remaining near Madison as they generally recede with the approach of the White man. With all their faults, I believe there is still much in the Indian character to admire. There are many Indian names of Places which are very sonorous, and which being significant, I think should be preserved in preference to the meaningless names which supply their places, and in memory of the Aboriginal Race. For instance, *Monona* I think a beautiful name. Will not some Indian Missionary or Indian Trader give it its interpretation in the Indian tongue? Thus, *Oneida* signifies "Rock on a Hill"; and *Ononandago* is "Between Hills"; *Ontario* is "Wide & Spreading"; *Chenango* is "River Running South"; *Chittenango* is "River Running North"; *Skaneatelas* is "Beautiful Squaw"; & *Winnepisseogee* is "The Smile of the Great Spirit."

If the United States wants to civilize the Indians they must stop paying them money, which goes to the Indian trader in great part for rum, or is gambled away. Let them give them each a suit of clothes, build churches, and establish free schools — build them sawmills, cut down their trees, enclose & plant for them their lands, give them seeds, & stocks of cattle, & farming tools, & hire Instructors to teach them all.

Even though he had by 1857 sold the greater part of their estate, Nonantum, Mr. Kenrick must still have his garden. He continued to write about it:

I am now begun to bud some trees of Peach I planted last Spring, I have done about 200 & tied them the first day, and have about 700 in all to do. This stooping makes it hard. Now having begun anew to collect the finest and most beautiful trees, shrubs, plants, & fruits, also for my own use, I intend to secure and increase them, and give you specimens of all for your Madison garden. . . . As to writing, I have finished 1000 pages and *my work is done*. It was *not* to publish, but for my own *practice*. For if I publish I must *re-write and abridge*. And writing, my good wife thinks, is about the worst work for me, injurious to health, laborious, causing lameness at times. I used to write much . . . and in all I wrote I aimed to say *truth*, to

write truth, all & only the truth. And I think the world believed me. I studied diligently and hard. . . . I loved *some* occupation, some play, some reading, some travel. . . . When I parted with the old home and gardens I lost every tree & plant but a few big Firs. And last spring, thinking I might some time have some place, as I desire, I began and had sent me about 40 of the finest kinds of fruit trees, berries, grapes, and shrubs. In the last part of May and muffled in my Fur I was out in the garden directing my man & others, and planting trees, etc., all of which has given me occupation. . . . By the way, the horse Rail Road from Boston to this very point, is near done, & the Depot all built.

We have read numbers of Books this Winter. . . . As to myself, I have begun the Bible, or book of books, from the beginning, reading it aloud to your Mother, 10 or 20 chapters a day, and I like it better & better & now prefer it to all other books. My friend Francis Jackson of Boston (a collateral relative of yours), has presented us his "History of Newton" of 550 pages, a work of immense labor for 20 years. . . . He is President of the Mass[tts] Anti-Slavery Society. My father was the *first President.*

Many of William Kenrick's letters unconsciously reveal his kindly nature in expressions of affection or solicitude for his wife and daughter. To Sarah: "For let me assure you that I feel the same interest & kind feeling toward you and your welfare that I ever did when you were a child, in bygone days. I have taken much pleasure in writing to you. I have thought much of you during the last few years, and have frequently conversed with your Mother about you. Be assured that nothing gives me so much pleasure as to hear of your welfare and prosperity."

The Francis Jackson mentioned in Mr. Kenrick's letter was the son of Major Timothy and Sarah (Winchester) Jackson of Newton. In his youth he volunteered for military service and fought in the War of 1812. He married Eliza Copeland and settled in Boston, where he frequently took part in civic affairs. Becoming a philanthropist and an ardent reformer, he was

outstanding in the causes of abolition, women's rights, religious freedom, and free speech. Through these interests he formed strong friendships with William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker, Lucy Stone, and Susan B. Anthony.

In 1835, when a meeting of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society at which Garrison was to speak was roughly dispersed by a mob of "so-called gentlemen of property and standing," Francis Jackson, at the risk of personal safety and property, promptly invited the women to hold their meeting in his home. More than one hundred members attended, among them the distinguished English economist and writer Harriet Martineau. Afterward he wrote: "Should we in the exercise of free speech be driven from public halls to private dwellings, one house at least shall be consecrated to its preservation. . . . As Slavery cannot exist with free discussion, so neither can Liberty breathe without it." To the support of his principles he not only gave his efforts but in his will of January 28, 1861, provided generously for their furtherance: ten thousand dollars "toward putting an end to negro Slavery"; two thousand "to be used in aid of fugitive slaves"; and five thousand "to be used to secure the passage of laws granting women the right to vote, hold office, etc."; and to his devoted friend William Lloyd Garrison, a frequent speaker at his home, he bequeathed four thousand dollars for personal use. Moreover, the principal of a trust fund for his children was eventually to be devoted to advancing the causes he had so strongly championed.

But it was his *History of Newton*, his native town, with a complete genealogical register of all its inhabitants prior to 1800, that absorbed the leisure hours of his middle years. In this volume (published by Stacy & Richardson of Boston in 1854) he states that there were then only two surviving male descendants of John Jackson, Sr., the first settler of Cambridge Village (Newton), but many male descendants of his brother Edward Jackson, Sr.

William Jackson (born in 1783), eldest son of Major Tim-

othy, married Hannah Woodward of Newton, and they made their home in Boston. The death of his wife left five children motherless, and in 1816 he married Mary Bennett. Soon afterward he returned to Newton, where he lived in the old homestead and reared a large family.

William was a civic-minded man who served his state and community in many capacities. He held office as representative to the General Court, congressman, selectman, and member of the school board, was active in founding a temperance society and a lyceum, was deacon of the Eliot Church, of which he was co-founder, and president of a missionary society, and founded the Newton Savings Bank, of which he was also president. He early became greatly interested in railroads, then in the pioneer stage of development, held important positions in their organizations, and responded to frequent demands for lectures and articles on the subject. Politically he was associated with the Liberty Party and the Free Soil Party.

About 1844 he plotted a portion of the large homestead property—part of the original five-hundred-acre farm of Edward Jackson, Sr.—into Walnut Park and Waban Place, both parks surrounded by house lots. In his later years, being greatly in need of rest from his many activities, he traveled in Europe, but failed to recuperate. He died on January 14, 1855, leaving numerous descendants, among them Walter Montgomery Jackson (1863–1923), prominent international publisher.

William Jackson's kindness, liberality, and hospitality and his devotion to civic enterprises made him both a beloved man and a highly respected and valued citizen. In his *History of Newton* the Reverend S. F. Smith says of him: "Thus Newton lost one of her noblest and best loved sons, one of the most remarkable men of his generation. To his native town he was both a private and public benefactor . . . a man of superior intellect, strong will, large heart, sound judgment, great executive ability and untiring industry."

* * * * *

Out in Madison the doctor's growing practice was insuring a comfortable living for his family. Despite its semi-pioneer conditions and the longing for England which at times beset him, he was gradually convinced that he and Sarah would prefer to spend the rest of their lives here. In 1857 they lost a second infant son, but their three young daughters, Josephine, Nellie, and Alice, were giving them great happiness. Sarah loved her home duties, and was deeply devoted to her husband and children: "I never am so happy as in my own home in the midst of my own family." She was charitable to the poor, not only in material things, but in kindly words and deeds. She was wont to note her good resolutions in her diary, and was careful to carry them out: "The most sacred, the most endearing and responsible duties that I owe to any human being are those I owe to him whose interests, whose happiness, whose health is one with my own and whose well being is so evidently committed to my care and tenderness. Let it be my study daily to make him happy as far as lies in my power. . . . Saturday: to make this a special day for preparation for Sunday . . . to have the children's wardrobe fully prepared and in readiness, slates and pencils to write down scripture stories. . . . Sunday: to see that the children are punctual to church and Sabbath school, with their lessons perfect, & to endeavor to form the habit to lift up my heart in prayer to God . . . daily to consider if there are any poor persons that I can relieve or sick persons that I can comfort either by lending books or by writing to them. To lead my children to consider this subject, and by example and precept to practice it. To influence them to lay by something out of their gifts for this purpose. To strictly deny myself, and to deny even them, that I may help the destitute."

Household duties were a pleasure to her, and she was most conscientious about them: "Rise at 6—Toilet, Bathing—see to the Opening of the house—airing of rooms—watering of flowers . . . after breakfast, to attend to the sitting room, to

direct what is to be done, and to see what is required for the house—to see that articles are in their proper places, and devoted to their proper uses. To see that nothing is wasted; to see that the most thorough neatness and cleanliness and order is preserved in the house. To remember daily that I am accountable to God for the influences I may exercise by conversation upon my domestick . . . to make her situation as comfortable as I can, to be a true friend as well as a mistress. To see that she attends a place of worship on the Sabbath, and to make her duties as light on that day as I can. Unless prevented by illness or some cogent reason, to attend church and communion, also the private meetings." She attended the Presbyterian Church, of which Mr. W. L. Green was the minister, and later Grace Episcopal Church, where the children went to both church and Sunday school.

Sarah also loved the garden, particularly the flowers; and that she might have them during the winter, potted many for the house. To her Aunt Sylvia she wrote, "In the summer I had almost fifty varieties of Flowers growing in the garden. I am now sitting writing in the Bay Window, where about twenty varieties of Green House Plants are flourishing. For the first time we are able to keep plants in the house without their freezing, our new Stove keeping an equal temperature. This is quite delightful to us. We are interested in what you wrote about the coming Marriage of Cousin Anna Russell to Alexander Agassiz, son of the well known Swiss Naturalist."

The same letter describes charmingly other sources of pleasure: "The children want you and 'Ma Kenny' [*Grandma Kenrick*] to know about the Doll's House which I have contrived for them, using a small Cupboard in the nursery. On opening the door you push back a pair of crimson Curtains, revealing five shelves, each one furnished as a room. The Drawing Room is in crimson & gold, I made the Carpets for it of red velvet with cut-out designs of Flowers sewn on it. I also made the Furniture, stuffed and covered it. The Dining Room

is in green & silver, and for Curtains I used pieces of the green & silver Brocade from the furnishings of our Drawing Room in Wednesbury. There are two Bedrooms, one in blue and white and the other in rose and white, & a Kitchen with a little tin stove and dishes. Josephine has helped me dress the little dolls for it."

In a packet of small articles which she sent her mother was a daguerreotype of herself and the little girls and with it a note: "I hope you will receive in the spirit that they are sent, these childish gifts. The children were delighted with the idea of making you some little Presents of their own handiwork, but not without a wish to make 'Ma Kenny' a splendid present, but Josephine thinks that you would best like their daguerreotype & their Mama is of the same opinion. We are all still hoping for and looking forward to your long promised visit. If there is any part of my life that I look back upon with regret, it is that I did not anticipate every wish of one of the most indulgent and affectionate of mothers. How often with longing inexpressible do I wish to be near you."

THE WRIGHTS RETURN TO ENGLAND

But with the Wright family, matters had gone very differently. Financially Henry had been successful; and in the expectation of remaining in America he had taken out citizenship papers. Yet despite their best efforts he and Elizabeth could not adjust themselves to the uncongenial surroundings of Madison. They were always yearning for England and the life they had known there, for six long years had made them almost forget the discomforts and poor prospects of Wednesbury. They began to discuss whether they should remain or return. Then a calamity befell them which decided the matter.

During the severe winter of 1858–59 Madison experienced a serious outbreak of the widespread Asiatic cholera, which took the lives of many persons, and this was almost immediately followed by a violent epidemic of scarlet fever. Though

Mrs. Joseph Hobbins Jr. (Sarah Badger Jackson) with Her Three Daughters about 1856

From a daguerreotype in the possession of the authors

Syndonia Josephine, Sarah Ellen, and Alice Russell Hobbins

From photographs taken about 1870 in the possession of the authors

MADISON, WISCONSIN, IN THE EIGHTEEN SEVENTIES, LOOKING FROM THE CAPITOL TOWARD THE UNIVERSITY

From a photograph in the possession of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin

CAMP RANDALL, MADISON, DURING THE CIVIL WAR

From a contemporary lithograph, a photograph of which is in the possession of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin

the Wrights escaped the cholera, one by one their eight children were stricken with the fever, and finally the father himself, who became exceedingly ill. During his convalescence he overheard Dr. Joe say to Elizabeth, "Following this cold winter we may get a very hot summer, and if we do, Henry will not pull through." The patient thereupon made up his mind he *would* pull through and take his family back to Wednesbury so soon as he should be able.

Early in the spring he wound up his business affairs and, reserving certain things of value, sold the rest of their belongings at auction, which brought only about a fifth of their worth. When their boxes were packed they bade the remaining families farewell and journeyed to Boston. In his Notebook Henry wrote, some time later, a long, detailed description of the trip, headed "Return to England" and beginning, "Our family of 10 sailed on the *Canada*, Cunard Line, from Boston, May 16, 1860. Good accommodations & food, cleanliness, etc. . . .

The voyage of twelve days was not without serious incidents: the ship collided with a large sailing vessel in a fog, all but ran onto the dangerous Kennebec Rock in St. George's Channel, and weathered a heavy storm before it finally docked at Liverpool. At the Crooked Billet Hotel the young woman at the desk said, "Very sorry, Sir, but we cannot take children." "Oh," protested Henry, "you must accommodate us, for I cannot go tramping around the city with eight children!" "My, no!" exclaimed the benevolent-looking proprietress. "Bless the dear children, we'll make room for them. Get in your luggage."

After a few days' rest the family joyfully entrained for West Bromwich, where Joseph Hobbins, Sr., and his wife Elizabeth welcomed them at Clarence Villa, and here they remained until Henry established their own home, which they called "Monona House," a name they and their descendants perpetuated wherever they resided. They were thankful to be settled again in Old England, and scarcely less so over having left

America, where party politics and the growing contention over the slavery question were becoming ever more ominous with each passing month.

THE CIVIL WAR

In America trouble was indeed brewing. By this time there were eighteen free states as against fifteen slave states. In the South, where slavery had always been accepted, it had now become seemingly imperative, since economic success was largely dependent upon the enormous crops of cotton, for the cultivation of which slave labor was peculiarly adapted. In New England, Abolitionism and Puritanism had become fanatical, dogmatic, and therefore uncompromising. Throughout the industrial and agricultural North and West, too, men had struggled for freedom and were opposed to slavery, both from fear of labor competition and from the moral standpoint. The Westerner's growing antagonism to Eastern capitalism — with its exorbitant interest and high freight rates and its control of banking, railroads, and labor — was no less than the Easterner's antagonism to human bondage.

Yet at the same time modern life, with its quickened transportation by railway and steamboat, its faster communication through an improved postal system and the new telegraph, was inevitably drawing these antagonistic sections of the country nearer to each other. Out in the Middle West the strength of the new Republican Party, dedicated to the restriction of slavery, was increasing. Its leaders were outspoken and fearless; and in November, 1860, the party elected, to the astonishment of South and East, its own presidential candidate, Abraham Lincoln of Illinois, a humble self-educated man who had yet to prove himself to the nation at large. The election put the South in the political power of a Northern party.

Before long the Southern states began to secede and formed a provisional government of the Confederated States, with Jefferson Davis as president. But did these Southern states, which

had solemnly sworn to uphold the Union of the United States, have the right to secede from it now? It was a burning question. In the following April the Confederates fired upon Fort Sumter; the Stars and Stripes were lowered; the Union troops surrendered; and the nation awoke to the terrible realization that a civil war had begun. Lincoln, determined to save the Union, immediately called for volunteers to serve for three months; but a few weeks later he had to call for more, to serve for three years, or until the war should end.

The West was responding to his appeal, and Wisconsin was proving her loyalty by the large number of men who volunteered. In Madison, as elsewhere, feeling ran high. Rallies were held, the Madison Guards and the Governor's Guards were accepted, and lines of recruits were signing up. Camp Randall, so named for the governor, was immediately laid out on an extensive level area west of the town, and here regiments were organized, drilled, and encamped. Troops poured into the town, and the population soared so rapidly that shopkeepers could barely supply their needs; everyone was busily employed.

In August, 1861, Dr. William Hobbins enlisted as first assistant surgeon of the Eighth Wisconsin Infantry Volunteers, whose mascot, a large live eagle called "Old Abe," gave the Eighth the name of "Eagle Regiment." The bird had been bartered by Chief Sky, a Chippewa Indian, for a bushel of corn to someone who later presented it to the regiment. "Old Abe" had a special standard with a shield emblazoned with stars and stripes, on which he proudly perched when carried at the head of the regiment during the march and in battle.

Dr. Will's stepson, James A. Jackson, then twenty-one, also volunteered and enlisted, on September 12, 1861. He had attended the University of Wisconsin, taking the Classical course; but since there were two physicians in the family, which promised a good opening for the future, he considered entering the medical profession. So with the object of first becoming familiar with drugs and medicines, he became a prescription

clerk in a drugstore. The knowledge thus gained enabled him to enter the Eighth as hospital steward.

On October 12, after some weeks of training at Camp Randall, the Eagle Regiment, headed by the colors, "Old Abe," and fife and drum corps, marched through the streets of the city and down to the depot, where it entrained for Chicago. Thence it traveled to St. Louis to join the Union forces that were about to launch the campaign in the West with the object of splitting the Confederates in the Southwest and breaking their blockade, which had closed traffic on the Mississippi from St. Louis to the Gulf. Soon they proceeded to Big River Bridge, which had already been burned by the Confederates, then on open flatcars to Pilot Knob; and thence to Fredericktown, Missouri, where they first met Southern forces.

James Jackson — or Jim, as they all called him — had always dreaded the sight of blood and wounds; and having had no previous surgical experience, he was naturally quite nervous now, and wondered how he might be affected in this, his first action. Determined not to collapse under the strain, he slung a canteen of whiskey over his shoulder and pitched into the task of dressing the wounded as they were brought in. That night, completely exhausted, he was surprised to find, when taking off his coat before lying down to rest, that the canteen full of whiskey was still hanging on his shoulder.

During the anxious months that followed, his family received occasional letters, which often unconsciously reflected the North's unpreparedness, ignorance, and incompetence in waging war:

My duties as Hospital Steward are very strenuous, for I am responsible for everything pertaining to the care of the sick and wounded in my charge, although I have a wardmaster and several untrained men who act as nurses to carry out my orders. When in quarters we usually occupy a building, but on the march our hospital is a large tent with 2 rows of cots for the stretcher cases. Our staff has its own quarters, with cook and separate mess, and I draw

my supplies from, and render accounts to, the quartermaster and the commissary. For my men I get regular rations and occasionally a few delicacies. When in luck I get a spare room or tent, which, together with my medicine-wagon, serves as a place for sick-call, and sometimes there is a long waiting line.

In the spring of 1862:

At Island No. 10 I was left in charge of several hundred sick and wounded, without any help whatsoever. In despair I pleaded for help from the Colonel of a neighboring camp, who sent me back with a detail of men. Back in my camp, while they were busy, I managed to secure and hide all their arms, and then told them they were to stay and help me as nurses, cooks, etc. At first they refused, but finally consented, and helped me greatly. Scouring the camp, they gathered up some old cooking and eating utensils, cleaned, mended, and hammered into shape the battered plates and cups, thus giving us a rough but usable outfit, though we had to serve meals in three relays. Our food is mostly cornmeal, hard-tack, and a few other things when we can get them. Lately, by good luck we got a barrel of potatoes which tasted so good after the lack of vegetables that we ate scarcely anything else while they lasted.

Under such conditions, often repeated, many died, and the only way that Jim could have the men buried was to get boards pulled from old sheds and have them hacked into lengths for rude coffins. The soldier's initials were written on a piece of board, which was stuck into the earth at the head of the grave. In later letters he wrote of

marching over rough, muddy roads in cold, rainy weather, or over dusty roads under a blistering sun; lying down to rest with the ground for a couch and the starry canopy for a cover; loss of sleep and short rations. Often during a brief halt all we have to eat is a little uncooked salt pork, a piece of hard-tack, and muddy water. There are hundreds of cases of typhoid fever, ague, dysentery, and diarrhoea, and it takes a large contingent of well men to care for the sick as well as the wounded.

War is terrible, but there are usually humorous incidents happening. One day, while riding on flatcars through the country, our

train stopped alongside a pig-yard. One of the boys jumped off, and, leaping over the rail fence, landed on the back of a huge pig. The frightened animal made a bee-line for the fence, over which he went with the man still riding him. It was an awfully funny sight and everyone cheered.

While Dr. Will and Jim were serving in the South, Dr. Joe was busy organizing a medical corps out at Camp Randall, part of which was now being used as a camp for Southern prisoners. He had been appointed United States surgeon in charge, to look after the sick and wounded prisoners as they were brought North. Many were undernournished, and he was so moved by their wretched condition that he appealed to the people of Madison to provide more appetizing food than the regular prison fare, an appeal which met with immediate and generous response.

One evening he returned home later than usual. "What delayed you so long, Joseph?" Sarah asked.

"I had to go down to Oregon."

"Is anyone ill at Aunt Clark's?"

"No, but I had a special errand there."

Sarah was all curiosity, but she waited for him to go on, certain that he would presently tell her. Joseph got up and closed the door, and in a low voice continued, "You remember my telling you about that fourteen year old little rebel boy who lately came up with some prisoners? Well, he is so sickly and the camp is no place for a boy, especially one in such miserable health. This afternoon, just as I was getting ready to leave the camp, the poor lad came up to speak to me, and suddenly an idea popped into my head. There was no one else around. 'Quick, William,' I said, 'do as I tell you. Get into my buggy and lie flat as you can on the floor!' I threw my laprobe over him, and then drove slowly out past the guard at the gate. As soon as it was safe I gave old Katy the whip, and she galloped most of the way down to Oregon. Your Aunt Clark is going to take care of him."

"But, Joseph, wasn't that a dangerous thing to do?"

"Yes, my dear, but it was the right thing, for the poor boy would soon have died in the camp."

Young William quickly began to improve on the farm, and when Mrs. Clark came to town she said, "Your little rebel boy is very handsome, and makes himself useful. He is growing fat, seems quite contented, and is going to school now. But he stands up for the South, which is quite natural."

Love of home proved too strong for him, however, and several months later "William the little rebel boy" was missing. They all hoped he was safely making his way to his home in the South.

SOCIAL LIFE IN MADISON

After some months in service Dr. Will Hobbins fell so seriously ill that he was discharged and returned to Madison, which he was surprised to find was as yet little affected by the war. In the autumn Mrs. Kenrick came out from Newton to make her first and long-anticipated visit; when Dr. Will asked her how she liked the Wild West she replied enthusiastically, "I like Wisconsin very much and could be content to live here; but I find it the same as everywhere else, people must have money to live anywhere, though it takes very little to live here." To her sister Sylvia she wrote in November, 1862:

I am beginning to feel quite at home here, I like the people, and we often have gentlemen to come in to dine, dinner always prepared good enough for company, therefore it is no put out to the family. My grandchildren are all very attentive to me and I think they all love me and say they do, they are all very different in looks and disposition. Dr. Will is very much out of health & will not I think be able to join the Army again. He has been confined to the house and to his bed for six weeks past, has pined all away, he thinks his sickness was caused by being in an unhealthy Climate and exposure and poor living I feel very sorry for him. The more I see of the people of Madison the better I like them, they have certainly been very polite to me. Everything outside looks like winter, cold

and snowing. Winter is winter but we have all the comforts of life here and I may say luxuries. The Dr.'s house is on the main street which leads from the Capitol down to the depot consequently there is a great deal of passing by. The streets are wide, with plank sidewalks . . . I am out of doors a great deal. Yesterday I walked over to the Indian Mounds near Dead Lake Hills [*Lake Wingra sand hills*] a favorite walk of mine & on top of them you have a beautiful view of Madison, the surrounding country and the Lakes, but I assure you it is pretty cold near the Lakes. There is many pleasant walks around Madison. I went to the Historical Rooms the other day & I was much pleased. There is portraits of many distinguished persons of the West & many fine portraits of Indian Chiefs, minerals, & a large Library.

There is company in the house almost every evening it is not the fashion here for ladies to call in the Morning which I think is a very good one. There has been a good many ladies called on me and I like the society very much. The Gov. lady, Mrs. Salomon, called the other afternoon she is a German and her husband is. She is highly educated and very fine looking, the fashion here is to call in the afternoon. Sarah has had company a number of times to Supper and we have also been out, everything good to eat & drink.

All the talk here now is about Christmas many people are engaged in making things to put on Christmas Trees in the Churches as well as in private families. . . . Sarah as well as all the rest of us is very busy preparing things. It is the great day of days here as there are so many Foreigners, I believe there are people from many parts of the world.

Last Evening Professor C. H. Allen and family & others were here. I will give you an account of the supper, how things are done in the West, Roast Chicken boiled Tongue Cranbury Sauce, toast a large Plum Cake frosted, & other kinds of Cake, Bland Mounge (I have not spelt it right but you will excuse it I know) Cand Peaches as fresh as when taken from the tree, Preserved Plum Tea Coffee etc. It is all very pleasant but still I think there is much enjoyment in a quiet life, neither to be too much in the world nor yet to be shut up like a hermit.

My birthday was kept December 4th, the first time in my life, rather late to begin, no questions asked "How old are you?" here.

And the best part of it was the Dr. made me a present of a beautiful Fur Cape very large and a pair of Cuffs which I find very warm and will be so comfortable for me to travel in, almost everybody wears furs here but they are very expensive.

Mrs. Kenrick, now seventy-two, was an unusual woman for her years; Sarah wrote her father, "You would be quite pleased if you were to hear how much my Mother is complimented upon her remarkable active habits and walking, & upon her young appearance which strikes everyone as remarkable. On the 21st anniversary of our Wedding Day October 11, we had a family party, Mother frosting the large Plum Cake & decorating it with the beautiful Snow berries & Madeira vine. On this eve the Portraits of young Dr. Joseph & Wife which Mother brought with her were introduced, exciting a good deal of comment at the change between the figures of the present Dr. J. & the one of former years; He must weigh now three times as much as then, & I am comparatively as much thinner. Mother is, I think, enjoying herself very much, seems to relish our Western fare greatly."

She was, indeed, enjoying the Western fare, but her New England sense of frugality was somewhat disturbed by the prodigality of her daughter's table; and she wrote on a little sheet of note paper, carefully folded and marked "Private," which she tucked into her letter to Sylvia:

I think of you every time I sit down to the table loaded with every good thing — home made Butter of the finest quality from the country every week & used most profusely. Eggs fresh they think nothing of eating 2 or 3 at a time. Meat of all kinds the very best. I have eaten 5 kinds — Ducks Geese Turkeys Roast Pig, Pies & Puddings of all kinds, Preserved Plums which are delicious, Strawberries Raspberries Hortleberry Currant Jelly. I must truly say they live on the fat of the land in this Country. And think, the Dr. bought 2 Geese for a dollar, and 8 Chickens for a dollar, weighing 14 pounds, eight doz. of eggs for a dollar! "Big Alice" now the Housekeeper is the best of Cooks, has taken over most of the house-

hold responsibilities and everything is done in the best Style, she certainly is a treasure to Sarah, has the most cheerful disposition & takes such an interest in the girls and they all love her. Sarah is very particular as regards their attending Church & last Sunday morning before starting off they appeared before her for inspection. They were wearing their new best hats quite in the latest Style, each is made of Velvet the brim having a fringe of slender little white glass Bugles which dance as the girls walk. Nellie's hat is light green, Alice's blue & Josephine's is what her Father calls "a proud red Velvet hat." Their mother, smilingly approved but she gently admonished "Try my dears to forget your new Hats while you are in Church." We were all amused when a neighbor afterward told us "they sailed into Church looking haughty but *not* unconscious."

Of course Mrs. Clark came in from Oregon to see her half-sister Mrs. Kenrick, who was not a little shocked at the former's fall from grace in the matter of dress. As she informed Sylvia: "Sister S. is very much changed, wears her hair combed off the front and behind the ears & nothing on her hair and has never worn a hoop till since I came. The first time she came to see me she had none on." Mrs. Kenrick herself was wearing full hoopskirts; and an exquisite lace cap covered her hair save for soft curls which fell on either side of her face, a picturesque if not practical style of costume.

It was the first wartime holiday season, and that fleeting, deceptive prosperity which arises in the first few months of war had not yet subsided. There was still gaiety, still an abundance of good things to eat, and at usual prices. So in the little home on Morris Street the several feast days were observed with the customary spirit. "It appears that Madison is not wanting in amusement for those who are so inclined," Sarah wrote to Newton. "I had a family party to Dinner on Thanksgiving and supper — the number of all being now 17. I consider that they are all now Americanized enough to keep Thanksgiving with a true Yankee spirit. Next came Christmas. As the Children did not have a Tree, they persisted in having

their Stockings hung up, as when they were little, so I treated them accordingly, half stuffing the Stockings with candies & nuts, which they liked as well as when they were children, regular Yankees for that. The Dr. and Josephine attended the Masquerade Party at Mr. M. E. Fuller's; only fancy, the Dr. dressed as a Domino & Josephine in Spanish costume."

Grandmother Kenrick enjoyed it all: "New Years Morning, ready to receive callers, Gentlemen, which is the custom here, we had more than usual. In the evening we attended a party at Dr. Will's. They keep that day with more ceremony than we do, having a table covered with a variety of Refreshments, & received a great many Callers. The grand enjoyment of the Children, however, at this season is the skating. Moonlight nights are improved by all ages, it seems to me a kind of Moonomania, for neither eating or sleeping seem to be thought of. A skating party appeared on the Lake Monona with torches not long since. There are also Ice-boats, boats on runners; chair sleds, etc., are used as well. As some are in costume it is a very gay scene, as you can imagine." To this letter Sarah added:

I must give you an account of our last family Party which was on Little Christmas, or Twelfth Night. This is seldom kept in this Country, but frequently in England, where I have received rich and beautiful ornamented Cakes. The Cake, when the Festival is kept, contains a Ring, baked in it. It is then cut & passed around, & very fortunate is the person whose slice contains the Ring. I believe I did not mention that this year we are keeping all the old English Festival days. This being one of them, we duly kept, also wishing my Mother once more before she leaves to meet again with all the family. The children were in high glee on this occasion, all present except the Infant. Big Alice made the cake, baking it in a pan nearly as large as a milk pan. A gold ring was purchased for the occasion, Mother frosted the cake, it was divided into sixteen large slices, the division lines being of colored sugar of the National Colours, which looked very pretty on the white frosting. The center was ornamented with evergreen & flowers. A long table was spread with refreshments & the Cake was served last, being cut by Mrs.

Barwise, Joseph's sister Mary Ann, a vote being taken to whom the first slice should be given. Mother was chosen & came within one slice of the Ring, all was expectation when it was observed glistening on the Dr.'s slice.

A pack of novel cards suited for the occasion was then played, which caused much fun for the children. These are Twelfth Night cards, on which are represented a King, a Queen, & various members of their court. Each guest had to wear his card for the evening, and had to be addressed by his official title, otherwise a fine was imposed.

Anxious as she was to return to her husband, Grandmother Kenrick was reluctant to leave the happy little family at Madison. On her departure she was well supplied with warm clothing and a bag filled with the nicest refreshments they could get, to be eaten on the journey.

* * * * *

During the past year, 1862, the Union forces, in cooperation with a flotilla of gunboats, had cleared the Tennessee River and had broken the blockade of New Madrid and Island No. 10 in the Mississippi. Far below, at the mouth of the river, Commodore Farragut had run the forts of New Orleans and forced the city to surrender. To break the Confederate forces supporting Vicksburg, Grant had advanced up the Tennessee, trying to reach Corinth, a railway center in northern Tennessee, and had taken it. The next month, after a dreadful struggle, the Northerners had pushed their line as far south as Memphis, where they were held for some months.

In the East the Union Army was faring none too well. It had been defeated by Lee's army in the second battle of Bull Run in August and, a fortnight later, at Antietam. The situation looked desperate, and President Lincoln, believing it wise to make it a war against slavery as well as a war to save the Union, issued his Proclamation of Emancipation. In December the Union forces met still another defeat, at Fredericksburg.

In October the Confederates had attempted to retake Corinth, and a letter from Jim had told of his experiences there:

At the Battle of Corinth we were encamped several miles outside the city, and as the enemy advanced, orders came for a quick march to its defense. After a couple of miles the Chief Surgeon of my regiment asked me where my ambulances and medicine-wagons were. I said they were corraled with the other teams. He told me to go and get them out, as we should need them. When I finally found the general in charge of the corral I asked permission to get them out, because we were going into battle and should greatly need them. He told me to go to h—l with my d—d wagons. When I tried to tell him about our urgent need of them he asked if I was running the campaign, and I said, "No, General, but I am running those wagons."

I could make no impression on him. Finally I said, "General, we're likely to have a hard fight, and at the end of it you'll want a good drink of whiskey, and the only whiskey to be had is in a keg in my medicine-wagon." With a twinkle in his eye he handed me a requisition and said, "You'd better rush through, or the Rebs will take you and your d—d wagons!"

Immediately I ran to the corral, spotted my outfit, and started to extricate my animals from several acres of packed-in mule teams. Suddenly an enemy shell exploded in the midst of the corral, and if ever pandemonium reigned on this earth it was surely there. I'm still wondering how I ever got out alive with my wagons. No sooner harnessed than I started the outfit on a full gallop over the road to Corinth, just barely escaping capture, for the enemy wing was sweeping forward on my left. My outfit was surely needed after hours of hard fighting. That night I lay down against the wall of a brick building full of wounded; and just before dawn was awakened by the bursting of a shell inside, which killed and wounded several men. Another escape for me. Next day I saw the general on the field, quickly got out a flask and, riding up to him said, "General, here's what I told you yesterday I'd give you." He grinned and took a good swig.

That morning, not knowing where my regiment was, I reconnoitered on horse-back among the various brigades until I found

myself on top of a high hill close by a fort, watching our men run out from the fort and drag in enemy artillery. I was suddenly startled by my horse's restlessness and the zip-zip-zipping of bullets near me, and quickly found a safer place. A colonel rushed up and asked if the Rebs were coming. "Colonel, I didn't wait long enough to find out," I said. When taking off my clothes that night I discovered a scorched tear in my coat sleeve, which meant that I'd had one more escape.

Our "Old Abe" is a wonderfully intelligent bird, knows our regimental bugle, and in battle flies high overhead with piercing screams. The Rebs would give anything to get him, and have ordered that he is to be caught or killed.

The war dragged on. Losses in the East were counterbalanced only by slow gains in the West, where Grant's army was striking again and again at Vicksburg. All through the late winter of 1862 and into the spring he had maneuvered around the city. By summer the course of battle had begun to change. But at the same time that Lee's forces were being besieged at Gettysburg, Grant was still struggling to gain Vicksburg. News of the campaign began coming to the family:

We are having a terrible time at Youngs Point, opposite Vicksburg, where we are placed to prevent the enemy from escaping across the river. The sickness is frightful, as we are being attacked by a rare form of malignant intermittent fever, in which the patient usually dies in the first chill. Nearly all the men and officers are down with some form of illness. The Senior Surgeon told me to go and inform General Grant of our situation. The latter referred me to the Inspector General of the Army, to whom I explained our great need of help, medicines, especially quinine, and other supplies. He shouted at me, "It serves you right! You're a lot of lazy dogs!" Furiously angered, I talked back. Then he threatened to put me under arrest. I told him that would suit me better, for I'd rather be court-martialled than go back to such a charnel-house, because then I could tell about the hundreds of our men who are needlessly dying like flies. And I told him it was his duty to know their condition and to relieve it.

Jim was immediately handed a requisition blank with which he procured the necessary supplies, and was given two men and a wagon for safe transportation. Later:

At Vicksburg the river makes a sharp bend, so that boats going up or down are, at this point, almost at a standstill for a few minutes. We had to send some boats down river to join the fleet below the city, so a number of our gunboats and transports had to run the blockade and pass the enemy batteries on the bluffs. I watched this action from a place of vantage, and it was fearfully thrilling. It was a calm, dark night, and we had hoped they would slip through unnoticed, but the Confeds discovered the plan and set fire to a building, which lighted the entire scene just as our boats reached the bend. All of a sudden their cannons let loose, but in spite of it our boats forced their way past the batteries, and all got through safely except one which was set on fire, but the crew escaped by swimming to our side of the river. After listening for some time we heard the deep boom of the guns from the fleet lower down, each shot being the signal of the safe arrival of a boat.

When a man is hurt on the field of battle I rush out an ambulance and bring him to a place of comparative safety where I dress his wounds. One day, in the midst of smoke from the continuous stream of fire I saw a red object several hundred yards away, and went with one of my ambulances to see what it was. When within a few yards of it I saw it was a wobbling mass moving toward me, and soon recognizing one of my men I called, "What on earth has happened to you, Ben?" He called back, "I guess, Doc., I've got a little cut on top of my head!" His scalp had been lifted from the top of his head and thrown back, and blood literally covered his blue overcoat, so that it was red instead of blue. I cleaned the wound and replaced the scalp, and he's recovering. During another battle poor Corporal W — was cut in two by a solid shot. For a few minutes I talked with the upper half of his body, while he gave me a message to send to his family.

In May came another letter:

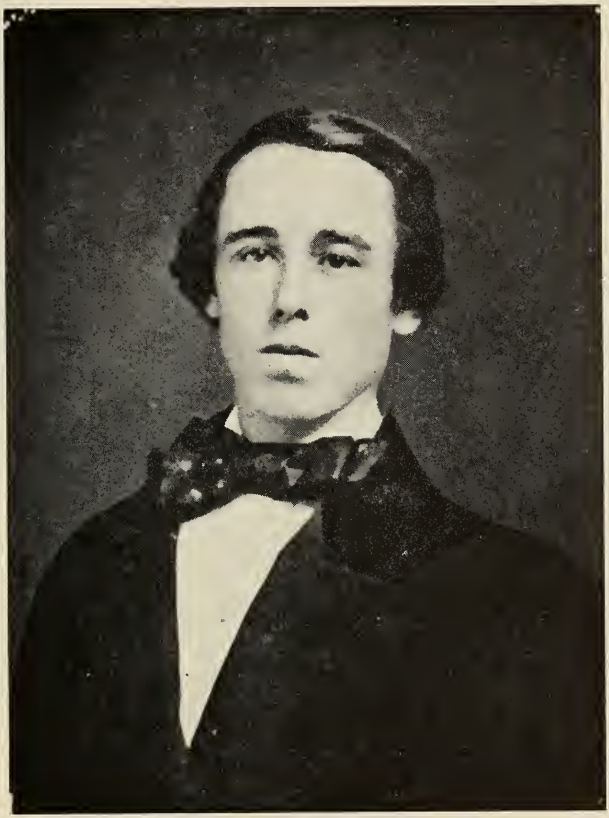
We are making the charge on Vicksburg, and our brigade, having reached, by double-quick march, the crest of a high hill overlooking

the city, was met with such a hailstorm of bullets that we scattered right and left. I jumped behind a large stump. "Zip!" and a bullet struck the ground a few feet from me. I made myself a little smaller. "Zip!" and another bullet struck just where my feet had been. I drew myself into as small a space as possible. "Zip!" and a third bullet, still closer, warned me that I was getting special attention from a good sharp shooter, so I instantly dodged for a safer place. Vicksburg is surrounded by high bluffs and deep valleys, and is a very difficult place to attack, almost impregnable, but we are approaching by degrees, working our way through the ravines day by day.

When at last the Confederates were defeated at Gettysburg on July 3, 1863, and Vicksburg capitulated on July 4, the turning point of the war was reached. With these victories hope began to spread throughout the North. Sarah closed a letter to her mother with a reference to "the glorious war news that is rejoicing all hearts or loyal ones here & all over our Country; and looking to the future I can see the blessed day when every State shall be free."

But the war was not yet ended, and letters continued to come from the field. Jim was now down in Louisiana, on the Red River, where troops and gunboats were trying to capture Shreveport. He was put in charge of a boatload of sick and wounded men, with the usual inadequate facilities:

One of the men broke out with a severe rash, and a doctor on board confirmed my suspicions that it was smallpox. I had the man removed to the upper deck, and with what little vaccine virus I had, vaccinated as many as possible. Beside my men and several staff officers there was the boat-crew, and some cotton buyers. After an indignation meeting they all demanded that I put the smallpox case on land. As there was nothing but dismal Swamp for miles around, this would have meant certain death for the poor devil. I immediately selected several convalescents, gave them loaded muskets with fixed bayonets, and told them to shoot or run-through anyone, from the captain down, who dared to lay hands on the sick man. To the others I said, "You can go on shore yourselves if you want to," and



JAMES A. JACKSON I ABOUT 1856

From a daguerreotype in the possession of Dr. Reginald H. Jackson, Jr.

The Castle, Madison, Built in the Early Sixties for Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Walker

The House at 323 North Carroll St., Madison, Which was for Forty Years the Home of the James A. Jackson Family

to the crew, "You tend to your own business of running the boat! I'm in charge of that sick man, and I'll throw anyone overboard who tries to put him off!"

When an inspector arrived and asked if there was a case of smallpox on board: "I don't know, I've never seen a case before, but you can judge for yourself." He confirmed the diagnosis and demanded, "What right have you to have such a case on board?"

"I'm not responsible. I didn't give him the smallpox. But no matter what happens, it's my duty to take care of him."

The inspector relented and, putting his hand on Jim's shoulder, said, "Young man, you're all right. Go on as you're doing. I'll stand by you, and as soon as possible I'll have this man removed for you."

In another letter:

One day Lieut. Col. R— sent me with an orderly to forage for food. After riding about two miles through the woods I came to an open space where there was a house and a fine orchard of ripe peaches beyond. I was riding over to get some when I suddenly discovered 4 or 5 Rebs on the other side of the house. I thought my goose was cooked, but I quickly raised my hand and, turning around to the orderly, shouted, "Halt! company!" Then I asked the men if I could pick a few peaches, and they said yes. So, acting as if talking to my company, I called, "Now, boys, be careful, and don't do any damage!" But at the same moment I turned my horse about, lay on his neck, sent the spurs into him, and covered that open space as fast as the devil. I don't know who was the more scared, those Rebs or I.

In the South rations were frequently short for both armies:

Lately we were low on rations, and we had a large number of prisoners in camp. Lieut. Col. R— asked me if we had anything to eat, and I told him I had four hard-tack and a small piece of salt pork for my staff. There were four of us; I set each hard-tack in front of the fire, and after cutting the piece of pork into four slices, I ran a stick through each slice and placed them in front of the

fire, one over each cracker, which caught the drippings. I was just about to serve this bounteous repast when the Col. returned with four Confederate officers, and coming over to me he said, "These men have had nothing to eat for 48 hours." So we subdivided our menu, which left each man only a large mouthful of hard-tack and a little bit of salt pork—just enough to make us all the hungrier.

Again the contrast of the humorous and the tragic:

Some days ago a young lieutenant was shot in the neck and completely paralyzed from that point downward. I talked with his head, and tried to understand how a man could be so affected by just a bullet through his neck. Since then I have learned that the spine conducts the nerves from the brain down to every part of the body.

Soldiers were soldiers in Madison in 1864: "The Town has been filled with Soldiers to overflowing, sometimes rather disorderly," Sarah wrote to Newton. "We were obliged to have a guard on our street as they sometimes came to the windows, knocked down the fences when they were in an intoxicated state, but they are now fast dispersing and leaving the Town daily, & as the Legislature has left we shall be as quiet as usual."

The high cost of living was the theme of the housewives' lament: "The price of almost everything here in Madison has risen, but our prices seem insignificant compared to Washington, where, Dr. Wilson informs us, good Turkeys are $5 apiece. . . . Property is going up & so are rents." Quality began to decline and prices continued to rise during the following months: "Our Western groceries are not nearly as nice as they were before the War & Coffee, Tea, etc. are more than double the price, it is now for black Tea $1.75 per lb. The market price of Butter is 40 cents per lb. & has been sold for over 50, the old price was 10 or 12 cts. in summer to perhaps 16 in winter. Pork that used to be 3½ cts. per lb. is now 20. Pure Dandelion Coffee we intend to try ourselves as a substitute for Coffee, having been assured from good authority here that we shall

not know it from real Coffee. I fear even here, in what we used to call the Land of Plenty there must inevitably be a good deal of suffering."

Aside from the question of food, there were the usual problems that devolve upon good will and charity in wartime: "There are great demands upon people's charity and particularly for the Wives & families of Soldiers. We have also the Freed Men's Society for the providing and caring for the Slaves who have been freed. Many of the Western people are employing them in their families."

But not even wartime conditions and cares could keep the ardent horticulturists at Newton and Madison from adding to their gardens by exchanging plants. Sarah thanked her father for a recent shipment:

We received the Lily Bulbs in good condition & are very much obliged, each of the Children has a bulb and one for myself, I shall prize them very much as I do all plants from You and Mother. The Gladiolus & Periwinkle you were so kind as to send in the Spring were very beautiful and much admired. I hope when next Spring comes we shall find our shrubs that you kindly sent us all alive. You ask what varieties of grapes Joseph would like you to send, he wants the "Adirondac" and "Roger's Hybrid No. 19," the sturdy vines he grew from the cuttings you sent long ago now completely cover the large arbor at the back of the house. We had fine gravel spread, and a long table & benches placed there, so we can eat *al fresco* when weather permits, which we greatly enjoy, for it is cool and shady there. When the grapes ripen the children are allowed to pick their own desserts. In the newspaper I sent you was the account of the Presentation to the Dr., as a prize for his grapes, of the Venus dei Medici, it is very beautiful & we value it both for its intrinsic worth, and the honor.

Joseph, who once had not known how to plant onions, was becoming one of the chief horticulturists in the state, and locally famous for his fine grapes. His special pride and hobby was his vineyard, in which he tried out some 130 varieties, 72

of which he grew with success. From childhood Josephine had been his garden companion, and he often depended on her judgment of the flavor of the grapes. In the *Report of the Wisconsin State Horticultural Society* for the year 1868 he wrote: "'The Josephine' is a hardy, strong, vigorous grower, and good bearer of good fruit, berry and bunch fair size. . . . This is a seedling, raised by myself, and I am propagating it from cuttings . . . there is none like it."

But war's depression and overwork were telling on the doctor, for at times there were close to three thousand Confederates in the prison camp, many of whom were ill. One day, feeling the need of a little respite, he said, "Sarah, why don't we take a little holiday? Let's hitch up Charley and drive way off into the country, just by ourselves for a few days."

"That would be nice, my dear. I think you need it, and it sounds delightful. I'll get ready to go whenever you say."

"Good! Tomorrow morning, then, and we'll start right after breakfast."

This was, indeed, sooner than Sarah had expected, but she concealed her surprise and made ready. Next morning the family waved them farewell and they drove off in high spirits, as if they were repeating their honeymoon. On their return several days later Sarah could hardly wait to write her mother about their outing:

As I have just returned from a long journey through the vast Prairies of the West, I thought I might write you a few lines of rather more than usual interest. As we travelled in our own carriage the journey seemed a long one which compared however with railway traveling is on many accounts to be preferred, as you have a much better opportunity of observing the Country and can rest when you please. This is the first journey from home we have taken for pleasure alone during the ten years we have been in Madison, but the Dr. thought we both required a change, so on a fine June morning with little preparation except some sandwiches & some fine Strawberries from our Garden which Josephine gathered for us we started in a South Westerly direction to Janesville about 40

miles from here. The most novel and attractive feature of the Scenery through which we passed were the wide rolling Prairies for miles & miles in extent until I was reminded of the Ocean. The rich grass waving on them is very beautiful not only of green shades but richly tinted. Then there are vast tracts richly cultivated where wheat & different varieties of Grain were grown and looked most promising & luxuriant. One Farmhouse in particular we noticed, of brick, so large that we thought it was a Public Building but from enquiry found it to be on a farm of 1300 acres of cultivated land. We also passed many pretty Residences. Again we seemed to be in regions quite wild sometimes losing our way, for it is very difficult in a Prairie region to select the right road, but the Dr. is very clever at this, seldom making a mistake. About one o'clock we dined at a place called *Union* it was one of the wayside Inns where People are glad to put up where they can find refreshment of some kind for want of a better.

I am so much of a Yankee that I can make a dinner upon what is rather vulgarly called "Yankee fixings" and the nicely broiled Salt Pork, fresh Eggs Pies Cakes Doughnuts and Cheese was quite a tempting repast. The Dr. made his Dinner of an Egg and Potato Cup of Tea & luckily I thought of my Strawberries which the Landlady smothered in Cream. The Dr. however kindly remarked that it was best to travel on light dinners. I expect he partly consoled himself in this way as he had dined so lightly, not being partial to this kind of food. In the evening we reached Janesville where we had as excellent accommodations for the night as we should find at the Astor House in New York. Janesville is very pleasantly situated on the Rock River being mostly built on rising ground, about the same size as Madison. The Asylum for the Blind is here & some of the finest Educational Buildings in Wisconsin & some very beautiful Residences. The next afternoon we journeyed to Beloit where we passed the night. This is noted for nothing in particular but St. Mary's College. We thought of visiting Rockford not far beyond us that is noted for some of the most beautiful Scenery in Wisconsin, always excepting Madison, but the Dr. began to be anxious to return home on account of his Profession, but we undertook too long a journey for one days riding, from nine in the Morning until twelve o'clock at Night with intervals

to refresh ourselves and Charley, making a journey in one day & evening of 60 miles, too much by far however. The Dr. would have made a stop overnight again but I knew he had a case of amputation the next day at Camp Randall and thought it best to come home. The change of air did me good & although very tired was glad we returned. . . .

I think we more fully appreciate the beauty of Madison by comparing it with other places in the State since our return.

Mrs. Kenrick, too, had been enjoying summer diversions; on August 14, 1864, she wrote from Newton:

. . . This year 20th of July was Commencement at Harvard Colledge which I attended . . . I was highly entertained with the performances which were on various interesting subjects. President Lincoln's son graduated this year, he had no part in it. I am told he is not a remarkable schollar. The Rev. Dr. Thomas Hill your Cousin is now the President of the Colledge. Then I visited the Library which is undoubtedly the most extensive of any Colledge Library in America, which is kept in a most spacious Edifice called Gore Hall in honor of Gov. Gore who gave $50,000 for the Hall and Library. The first thing that struck my attention was the great number of fine Marble busts of old Harvard, old John Adams, Gov. Gore, Mr. Sumner, Jos. Quincy, judge Story, and a great many other former Presidents & others. . . . I will now speak of a rare volume. The Colledge has received lately a copy of the most Ancient Bible in existence from the Emperor of Russia who had 300 copies printed & Photographed for gratuitous distribution. It was discovered by Tichendorf in the possession of the Monks of the Convent of St. Catharine on Mount Sinai in 1859.

Last week I took the steamboat to Boston on an excursion party to Gloucester & Cape Ann . . . I had a delightful sail, I do love the Sea. . . . The John Kenricks have had company all summer at the Dale which I think they like but it is very expensive in these days of high war time prices for all kinds of provisions. I met Caroline Jackson the other day, she enquired about you. Newton is greatly altered, former generations most all gone. I hope you will visit it sometime, you will find a few old friends left that will be glad to see you, and I hope your children will yet show themselves

in Newton as well as the Dr. . . . Your Father is active in the work being done to help the freed slaves & would like to know what is being done for them out there & what the Dr. thinks of President Lincoln . . . .

To her father's inquiries Sarah replied:

Many of the Western people are employing Freed Slaves & I believe are well satisfied, there is not so much prejudice here against them except among the Irish. The Dr. brought home the other day *The Life of Abraham Lincoln*, this book has very much changed the Dr.'s opinion of him & mine too, it seems to me he has been appointed to be a Leader & Commander of the people, I think it reflects much honor, that by his honesty, energy, and talent he has risen to the position he is in. Did you read an article highly complimentary to him in last month's Atlantic Monthly? Writing of Magazines — will you write me what you are in the habit of reading? We take those I have named & The Young Folks Magazine & Blackwoods, which I dislike because it always has something spiteful to say against America at least the North.

Here woman's eternal detestation of war found expression, and she continued, "Gloriously & successfully as you observe, the War is going on, how much to be desired is an honorable close of it. Were it not for freedom from slavery which will be overthrown, how horrible is even the thought of it."

For all, these ardent hopes were close to realization. In February, 1865, Sherman forced the evacuation of Charleston; and now, in April, Grant's army, which had been pursuing Lee, forced him to surrender at Appomattox on the ninth. By the end of the month the long and terrible war was over. But in this short interval the country suffered a shocking and portentous disaster — the assassination of President Lincoln, the one man who, in the confused and troubled times, might have been able to bring order out of chaos, reconciliation and peace out of strife and bitter hatred.

But the life of the nation had to go on. The slow and painful process of reconstruction had, somehow, to begin. The

Southern states must be reorganized. War debts must be paid. And troops had to be mustered out.

The Eighth Wisconsin Infantry Regiment had seen four full years of service, in which it had traveled, by rail, steamer, and march, over fourteen thousand miles. The names of thirty-two battles were inscribed upon its treasured flag, and nearly a fourth of its men did not return. Back to Madison came also the warrior eagle, Old Abe, to spend his remaining days comfortably ensconced in a basement room of the new Capitol.

With many fellow townsmen James A. Jackson returned to Madison, after being mustered out on September 16 at Memphis, Tennessee. Toward the close of the war, though he had not been in line for promotion, the officers and men of the regiment, in grateful testimony of his services, requested that he be appointed assistant surgeon, and the commission was granted, even though he had not yet attended medical college. As a further token of their attachment and gratitude they presented him with a generous purse of five hundred dollars, which he decided to spend in New York for a medical education. Tribute was paid him in the history of the Eagle Regiment:

> To properly care for the wounded on the battle-field, often obliged to carry them to the rear under a heavy musketry and artillery fire; to move an ambulance train through mud and rain and darkness, over unknown and almost impassible roads on a flank movement, or to escape capture by the enemy; — to properly care for and alleviate the suffering and privation incident to a field hospital, with the want of almost all the requisites for the proper care of the victims of disease or injury; — required ability and resources of no ordinary kind, and these Dr. Jackson showed himself (by his almost unvarying success,) to possess in a more than ordinary degree.

He had been but a youth when he enlisted, but he came home a man, bearded and thin, saddened and worn. But, Englishman that he was — for he had not yet become an American citizen — he was not discouraged and at once began to plan

for the future. To be a civil engineer had always been his desire; but after four years of arduous medical service he decided to make medicine his life work, having now mastered his "dislike of sickness in general and of ghastly sights in particular." The treatment of sick and wounded had now become second nature, so in the autumn of 1865 he entered Bellevue Hospital Medical College in New York City.

SARAH VISITS NEWTON

In midsummer there had been a flurry of excitement in Dr. Joe's family. Quite unexpectedly Sarah had decided to make the long hoped-for visit to her parents at Newton, where she had not been for sixteen years. She felt secure in leaving her husband and young daughters in the care of faithful "Big Alice." But no sooner had she departed than the family looked forward to her first letter, which was dated August 27, 1865:

My dear Husband:

I arrived here safely on Friday eve the 25, with little fatigue. . . . There was little travel until Chicago, where there was a perfect rush, three or four extra Cars put on. I felt as if on the wings of the wind & quite enjoyed it. . . . On the way to Boston a gentleman & Lady who had been staying in Madison introduced themselves to me & he had the politeness to take me to the Saloon [*Diner*] where I partook very heartily of Broiled Chicken & a good Cup of Tea for which I paid 75 cts. but it was worth five dollars to me. . . . As we had lost time we rushed on with great speed to Boston. I felt almost bewildered in the crowded Boston Depot with the masses of Luggage & could scarcely make myself heard. A gentlemanly looking Man offered his services saying he was going out to Newton Corner & he secured me a seat in the Cars. After learning where my old home used to be he spoke to another gentleman, this person was the purchaser of our Nonantum house, afterward removed to Woodland Vale. . . . All is so changed & altered that as yet nothing is familiar, but Nonantum Hill is now one of the most magnificent places in the country. The growth of the trees is wonderful, I hope to bring home a photographic view of it. . . . If you only

knew how grateful & happy I am & how lovingly and kindly everyone receives me, indeed the danger is of being spoilt. All send much love to you.

Your affectionate Wife
Sarah

From Madison a few days later her husband wrote:

. . . We are all well, Josephine makes a most excellent housekeeper, very industrious and most attentive to my wants. The two youngsters are about the same, little Alice helping in the kitchen and Nellie devoting herself to music and mischief, as is her wont. We have pretty well of callers, especially *Lady* callers, this I rather encourage. We try to enjoy ourselves as best we can. Are you tired of your stay? Don't you want to come home? Well, don't be in a hurry, stay a little longer. I am now about used to do without you. A month or two makes no difference. There, now, don't I behave well! . . .

Lots of enquiries about you—as well as about myself, this is flattering. We are going out on the steamer tonight for a ride on the Lake by moonlight. Enjoy yourself, my dear Wife, as much as you can, and write often.

Ever yours affectionately,
J. H.

Sarah was, indeed, enjoying herself:

. . . Uncle John [Kenrick] is just as joking as ever and is not so much altered as the others, he is very kind and comes to see me often. The rest of the family had all grown out of my knowledge.

Last week went into the Ctiy for the first time, Uncle John taking us to the Cars. Mother wished me to see all the improvements & I walked I do not know how far & rode about the City in the horse Cars. Went to one of the most splendid Confectionary's establishments I have seen in this Country, Fountains playing & all kinds of devices, the Children would be charmed with it. Mother had a glass of Beer & bread & butter she is regularly English in her tastes, & I had some Cream Cake & Cup of Tea. The prices are very high here for everything, the bill of fare was sumptuous. Mother and I

take a great deal of comfort together, and you all are the frequent subject of our conversation. She still retains the same cheerful, hopeful spirit as ever, but she does not look as well as she did, I think my visit will do her good. Father's health is about the same, he is the most happy & contented person I know & reads, writes and sings most of his time. We are very comfortable all together. . . .

To Josephine:

. . . Many happy returns of your birthday, Sept. 20th, with much love and kisses. The enclosed tokens of real affection I know you will value. The Pin & lace Bow are from Aunt Sylvia & myself, the Collar is one I sent to Grandma, very beautiful, & she wishes me to send it to you. *Take good care of it.* That each year may find you my Darling wiser and happier is my fervent desire. . . . My dear Grandmother [Sarah (Badger) Jackson] used to say to me, "Sarah, to be good is to be happy."

Now where dear Josephine do you suppose I am? I have mounted to the tip top of the house, in the Attic, to write to you. You will wonder, but when I tell you that the room is the entire length & breadth of this large old house, that the Windows are large & that stretching as far as the eye can reach is a lovely picture of hill & dale, familiar sights of my Childhood, you will not wonder that I prefer it to the parlour or even my own pleasant Chamber. It is furnished, too, but what strange old fashioned furniture! A perfect old Curiosity Shop, for here have been gathered for more than a hundred years the relicks of the Departed, a small loom, two spinning wheels, several very old leather-covered iron-bound trunks, a high Chest of drawers and a number of curious old Chairs, etc. Here are also many things that remind me of my own Youth & Childhood but of no value, only to me in bringing back the past. Here still hangs in its gray cotton bag the great green silk Umbrella of your Great great Grandfather Gen. Michael Jackson, which he used all through the Revolutionary War. But the sun shines in so beautifully & the air that comes through the open window is so soft & balmy that it is very cheerful in this old Attic.

I am so pleased at the accounts of your housekeeping during my absence. I can scarcely realize that I have a Daughter that can give parties, preside at the Table, help make Preserves & *best of all* can

so well care for her Papa's wants & wishes. How can I realize that my Josephine is no longer a Child . . . that she now is at that most interesting but anxious period of opening Womanhood? May He who has watched & guarded & preserved you Darling, be the chosen Friend & Guardian of your future life & may His blessing which is even more than a Mother's be yours. Your loving Mother.

And now wrote the youngest one:

My dear Mama I must commence my letter by telling you that papa has let me in to a great secret ha ha Mama do you remember a certain private letter hum well today as I was setting the dinner table I was saying I wondered what Papa could find to write to you about Papa overheard me and called me in to his office asked what I would give him if he would tell me what was in the letter I told him more kisses than he could count whereupon Mama ha ha a certain letter was opened and read to me my goodness Isn't it private though, never fear I can keep the secret but now I have a secret for you.

Kittie Chittenden and I went up to Mr. Findlays to get a birthday present for Josephine and there we saw the sweetest little things you ever heard of they were little baskets white with gilt borders about four inches long inside of it are four little bottles of scent the sweet kind which I chose myself which are Rose Geranium Jockey Club New mown hay and West end it is one dollar Papa thinks it is a very pretty and tasteful present for her. I am glad you are having such a nice time would like to be remembered to Grandmama and Grandpapa give them my dearest love my darling mother.

Your affectionate daughter
Alice the little one.

Josephine was one of the twelve young ladies chosen as "honorary members" of the Horticultural Show at which her father's grapes took a prize: "I wore conspicuously across my shoulder for all the world to see a scarlet band with M.H.S. in gold on it. I wore my gray dress, lace bow, pearl cross, buckle, lace ruche, and fuchsias in my hair. Nellie, for once in her life, was satisfied with my appearance. I exhibited a basket of fruit

which the Chancellor took to be Papa's!" Josephine had inherited her mother's love of flowers and exquisite taste in arranging them, and often entered designs of her own in the horticultural exhibits.

. . . The tribe were here to tea last night which little Alice & I got all alone. . . . I made quite a grand supper for them and they ate up nearly all the bread in the house, so that we were destitute for breakfast. . . .

P. S. I have opened my letter to tell you that the strawberries you preserved whole have fermented, what shall we do with them? I mean to send you money to get bulbs & flower-seeds. If you can, do get some shells & sea weed. Adieu ma chère Mère.

Josephine

P. S. General Sherman is coming this afternoon to Madison, he went to Janesville to the State Fair, could not get a room in any of the hotels & was obliged to sleep in the Cars with Gen. Butler.

And in her next letter:

. . . The scene changes, Exit myself, enter Gen. Sherman. He came on the 4 o'clock train, a procession went down to meet him, we had a very good view of the hero, he is just like his picture only rather more careworn, Papa & I went to the Assembly Chamber in the evening to hear him speak, he said only a very few words, but what struck me the most was his declaring he knew nothing of Politics, that he had never voted but once in his life & then voted wrong, a beautiful bouquet of roses was presented to him at the depot by Lily Reynolds, who told me she had attended the same school with his daughters for two years, he is a catholic. . . .

By the first of October Joseph was missing his wife very deeply:

Your letters are read again and again . . . . I don't like the East a bit. *You* may enjoy yourself there, that is only natural perhaps, you *belong* there. Won't you please to stay there, or shall I have to pray you to come home? But what is the good of this style of writing? Don't you want to come back! I think you do by the *tone* of your last. Well, I am willing to pay your passage, and that

is more than many a man would do for his wife. I enclose a Post Office order on Boston P. O. for fifty dollars. I want no Carpets, no things for the house. We shall have trouble *enough* to get you back, I expect. I have *almost learned to do without you.* So you had better be in a hurry. I don't feel inclined to write more, as I *expect* to see you *soon.*

Believe me ever yours (if you come at once.)

J. H.

P. S. I am reminded, our *Wedding Day* is not far off. Do you remember it?

Sarah did not need to be reminded:

. . . to your very kind & welcome letter I hasten to return a few lines lest my note be too late to wish you many happy returns (but *not without me*) of the anniversary of our Wedding Day. What shall I send in return to you? Shall I gather fresh flowers & leaves & enclose them in my note? They would be faded & withered before you received them, no type of our future I trust, no I will send you a sprig of Evergreen that the *droughts* and *frosts* have not injured, with its bright tiny blue berries upon it, neither will Wintry Storms change it, it is ever the *same*, storm or sunshine (14). Will that type for the future please you? Among the leaves there are some kisses too, the occasion must excuse the boldness. This is the first time we have been separated on this day. I hope it may be the last, but you have the Children & I know they will try to make this day pleasant . . . for me October 11th will be so filled with thoughts of return to my dear home & meeting you all, that will in itself make me happy. . . .

This morning Mother & I took a two hours ramble & I enjoyed it. The trees are all tinted with the gorgeous autumn hues, do you not think that long walk looks as if I must be stronger?

A very happy group welcomed the fond wife and mother when she returned at the end of October.

During her visit with her parents Sarah had come to realize the rather straitened circumstances in which they were living and which they had thoughtfully refrained from mentioning in their letters; and she was happy that she could now send

them a generous box of provisions. Into it were packed, she wrote her Aunt Sylvia,

A package of Coffee one of Tea & one of Tapioco, several glasses of Jelly a Tin of Butter, some Poultry & the spaces filled in with Apples. The Box is Tin & will not of course break, a thick flannel is fastened around it & over that paper almost as thick as cardboard, securely fastened, quite sufficient to stand the journey. Later I shall send a Cask of Beef & Tongues which will keep any length of time, & some time this Winter I will send the flour.

How often do I think of you all—I certainly am rich for I have *two worlds* one here, one with You all—but both have their shaddows, for so it pleaseth our Heavenly Father that there shall be no perfect peace or happiness in this world, only in that better world may we look for this, & how near we are to it—a few brief years & all our earthly joys & sorrows will be past—but if these have been blessed to us we have not lived in vain. Still there is enough of happiness to sweeten every day of our lives if only the blessings we receive we feel come from our kind Heavenly Father, *whatever* our lot in life is—& it is not always when we have most that we are most thankful. . . .

Write me soon how my dear Mother is, how I wish I was nearer to You that I could send you in nice things occasionally. . . .

* * * * *

The three daughters were growing up, and the differences in their characters were becoming more marked. Josephine, the tallest, was slender, had thick, wavy brown hair, large, serene blue eyes, and was of a quiet, intellectual, and dependable disposition. She had a profound love of nature, particularly gardens and landscapes.

Nellie, the vivacious one, was small, lithe, and agile, with very dark curly hair and sparkling gray eyes. She was full of rhythm and grace, never so happy as when playing the piano, singing, or dancing. Without effort she expressed her emotions in poetic form, and had more than a little talent for drawing. The life of the woods and open fields appealed to her; the shy-

est of wild creatures quickly became her friends, and she was seldom without a pet. She was the unpredictable one, too talented to be dependable.

"Alice the little one" was small and delicate, with soft golden ringlets, gentle blue eyes, and very fair skin. She was affectionate and lovable, eager to be helpful, and already gave promise of initiative and persistence.

All three attended Mrs. Tappan's private school for girls, the only one in the town, and on Saturday afternoons went to her dancing class. Josephine, who showed a special aptitude for languages, had tutors in Latin, French, and German, and also studied botany. The parents early endeavored to cultivate literary tastes in their daughters, and encouraged them to write compositions; and as a special reward each was permitted to copy her "best" into their father's large volume, "Le Mien." When they had done so, Joseph said, "Now, your Mother must write something in it, too. Sarah, you must contribute one of your poems." And so one day she wrote

On the New Year

I would not seek nor ask to know
The future coming years,
Their light and shades of joy and woe,
Their sunshine and their tears.

E'en the old year, in taking leave,
Its shadows o'er them cast,
As if in parting it must breathe
A warning as it past.

Yet I will heed its dying tone
That lingers in my breast,
And though it is a mournful one,
To me it may be blest.

Alas! not oft in sunny years
We seek the spirit's home,

But when their light is dim'd with tears
And the joys of life are gone
We turn with a sad and weary heart
From the storms of life away,
And choose the wise and better part
That cheers the gloomiest day.

After they had read it, Josephine said, "It's your turn now, Papa dear, and I know what you'll write about, something about the garden."

"Perhaps you're right, my dear, I have often wanted to set down some of my ideas on the benefits of a garden." And in time Joseph did set down those ideas in "Le Mien," and they were included in an essay later published in the *Wisconsin Farm Journal* of November 30, 1876:

Garden Thoughts

Of all the pursuits which occupy or interest the mind of man, none is more interesting, more inspiring, or satisfying than that of gardening. . . .

There is little in the garden to excite our evil passions. . . .

Gardening is an occupation preeminently calculated to subdue the evil tendencies of our nature. . . .

The man who digs his own garden seldom digs his own grave. He who has a taste for floriculture or for horticulture, and who devotes his leisure hours to those pursuits, has seldom any very great vices to undermine his happiness, his health, or his life. The garden is one of the sweetest, as it is one of the most beautiful, pages of the grand and glorious volume of nature that the Creator has opened for the delight and the benefit of mankind. And when the mere man of business, the mere utilitarian, lightly insinuates that the love of flowers, the love of the pure and the beautiful, is a weakness, or an effeminacy in a man's character, he forgets that it was in a garden, a perfect garden of flowers — in an Eden — in a Paradise — that man was first placed by the all wise Creator himself. . . .

The love of gardens, of fields and of flowers, has been sung by

almost every poet of every age, from Homer the majestic to Bloomenfield the lowly. Nor have philosophers, statesmen, and physicians been less devoted to their praise. The great and wise Lord Bacon taught the art of gardening, and the good and noble Sir Thomas More taught his children to love all created things, but particularly the flowers of the garden. Nor is Galen, one of the early fathers of medicine, less earnest when he says: "He who has two cakes of bread, let him sell one and buy some flowers; for bread is food for the body, but flowers are food for the soul." . . .

I walk into my garden, and there read a lesson that teaches me humanity — my relationship to all men. I see that all men, not the Caucassian alone, but all races alike, that all nations have contributed to my happiness, my comfort, and my convenience. All nations are there represented. I am on every hand indebted for the flowers which charm the eye, or the fruits which gratify the palate — to all people — to Europe, Asia, Africa and to the different races of this country. Do I owe *them* nothing in return for all these things . . . ? Or do I expect to receive all things and give nothing in return? Every where I see that men are linked to each other by these useful and beautiful ties. And the little daisy that looks us in the face so gaily and prettily — or the lily that suggests a thousand reflections of purity, of simplicity and peace, are the sweetest teachers — silent though they be — of the link, the chain, the humanity that binds us all together.

The influences of a garden are a thousandfold. It is — or perhaps ought to be — our own creation, if we are to gather from it all the pleasure that it is capable of giving. . . .

MADISON A CITY

A subject of concern to Wisconsin in the late fifties was the building of a new Capitol, for the old one had become quite inadequate. Despite a strong movement to change the seat of government to Milwaukee, the legislature appropriated funds in 1857 to erect the new building on the site of the old one. The firm of Donnel and Kutzbock completed the plans, in Italian Renaissance style, work was begun on the east wing, and in the meantime the little old Capitol continued to serve.

Progress was slow because of hard times, and during the war the work was stopped temporarily for lack of building funds. But the architects, unwilling to remain idle, began designing other buildings and put their men to work on a new City Hall, designed in Italian Romanesque style. Not until after the war was construction of the Capitol resumed.

Josephine had cause to remember well the building of this Capitol, begun when she was about twelve. Crossing the Park late one afternoon on her way home, she was startled at the sight of a drunken man staggering toward her. There was no one near and, greatly frightened, she ran in and out among the piles of building materials which were scattered about, the drunkard running after her. Seeking a hiding place, she quickly crawled into one of the huge, hollow iron portico columns that lay on the ground. For some time, as she lay there terrified, she could hear him stumbling and cursing as he tried to find her. After a while, when all was quiet again, she tremblingly crept out and ran home.

Young Samuel H. Donnel had come from Sandusky, Ohio, in 1855, and the unusually fine work represented by these public structures soon brought him good commissions for private residences. During the latter half of the nineteenth century Eastern families of means and culture continued to come out to Madison to establish themselves and build substantial homes. One of these he erected in 1858 for a Mr. MacDonald at the southwest corner of North Pinckney and Gilman streets, upon the wooded ridge overlooking Lake Mendota, near the Julius T. White house, an area no longer "out in the country." Employing for it the domestic Romanesque style and expending on it all his talents, he gave careful consideration to the proportion of masses, the placing of beautifully arched and moulded windows, and the perfection of detail. The finished structure was a mansion of dignity and refinement, a rarely handsome residence eloquent of what Ruskin called "the expression of man's joy in his work."

From the quarries of Prairie du Chien came the sandstone of which the house was built; from Sweden the handwrought ironwork for long, two-storied balcony, entrance porch, window grills, and surrounding fence; and from Carrara, Italy, the carved marble mantelpieces. Of solid mahogany were the paneled and hand-carved doors of the front entry and the beautiful balusters and rail of the spiral staircase which ascends four flights, from basement to cupola. Skilled craftsmen moulded the elaborate stucco acanthus-leaf cornices and large ceiling rosettes, in designs to match those of the mantels.

From a little group of elegant houses that were soon built near this corner of upper Pinckney Street, popularly known as "Aristocracy Hill," the road wound a block westward on Gilman Street past the spacious red brick house of Julius T. Clark, set amid beautiful grounds, then along the lake shore on Engle (Langdon) Street toward the University, between woods, hayfields, and cow pastures. On the way it passed an occasional residence, a brick kiln near the bend of the road, and a lumber mill and foundry at the lower end, where the street terminated. Here the campus rose abruptly, crowned at the far end by the new Main (later Bascom) Hall, just above North Hall and South Hall.

Across town, on the shore of Lake Monona, architect Donnel built for another patron a fine large brick house. When the plans were being drawn, the client, whose marital life was running none too smoothly, stipulated that each and every room must have two doors, so that when his wife entered by one he could, if he wished, leave by the other. And just so it was built, from wine cellar to attic!

Donnel, who collaborated with August Kutzbock, was a versatile person. He also built houses of the unusual octagonal design which had become something of a vogue — a small one at 121 West Wilson Street for Mr. William B. Jarvis, and a very pretentious one for former Governor Farwell, on the north shore of Lake Monona, about two miles from town.

The latter house, built of dressed sandstone, was three stories high and two hundred feet in circumference, and was encircled by a double balcony. Farwell lived here for some years and entertained in elegant style.

Of somewhat later date, and far more romantic than any of these, was the Castle, designed by another, now unidentifiable architect for a couple who were among the numerous English people who came to Madison. Benjamin Walker and his bride had arrived sometime in 1861. The lady, being of rank, had always lived in a castle and had consented to come to this wild, unsettled region — as it seemed to her — only on the condition that her husband would build a castle for their new home. They selected a remote and lonely site away out on East Prospect (930 Gorham) Street, an extensive wooded tract which rose gently for some distance from the highway and then sloped steeply down to Lake Mendota. On a broad terrace at the summit, commanding a beautiful panorama of the lake and its distant shore, the English bride's dream slowly took form. Through a gateway in the high stone wall which guarded the premises from the highway and insured the seclusion so dear to the Britisher, one approached by way of a long graveled path through park-like grounds planted with a great variety of fine trees and shrubs. At the end of the path a flight of stone steps, flanked by large urns, led to the broad graveled terrace. Here stood a miniature stone castle in late Norman style, with low twin circular towers connected by a curtain wall with central entrance and large paneled door. Behind and above the towers rose the main part of the edifice. All these features were castellated; the deep-set doors and windows were arched or slightly pointed and heavily moulded; and above the main entrance was carved in stone a coat of arms, a recumbent lion protecting a shield bearing the motto "Semper Paratus."

The vestibule opened into a large hall flanked by two spacious circular rooms, each with massive fireplace. Beyond were

the dining room and kitchen. A stone stairway led to the second floor of the rear part, on which were three sleeping rooms From the cellar a mysterious subterranean passage led to an underground room, then to the stone stables, also of Norman character, and thence down to the lake.

Mr. Walker naturally chose Dr. Joseph Hobbins, a compatriot, for his physician, and occasionally invited him to dinner at the Castle. Much to their delight the girls were sometimes asked to accompany their father.

About 1865 Mr. William T. Leitch, a gentleman of Scottish descent, came from New York, and Donnel designed for him a spacious stone house of English domestic Gothic style, also out on East Prospect (752 Gorham) Street. Leitch became a prominent figure in local politics and was mayor of Madison for several terms. Though an American citizen, he annually celebrated Queen Victoria's birthday so royally that his friends had to escort him home.

For so small a city, Madison was beginning to have an unusual social and cultural life. During the winters there were many functions, especially at holiday time, masquerade balls being in high favor. There were skating and sleighride parties, too, formal and informal dinners and receptions. The city was also becoming a popular summer resort, particularly for people from Southern points, who enjoyed its cooler climate and outings on the lakes. As a governmental and educational center it was already attracting persons of prominence in political, literary, theatrical, and musical fields. Well-known lecturers, actors, and musicians came to Madison regularly, confident of an appreciative and enthusiastic audience. All these guests could find comfortable accommodations at the newly opened Park Hotel, advertised in a local publication, *Field, Lawn and Garden*, as follows: "This New and Elegant Hotel is situated on the highest point of ground in the center of the City of Madison, directly opposite the State Capitol, and every window commands a magnificent view of the celebrated Lakes . . .

which surround the City. . . . The House has all the modern improvements—is furnished in a superior and most substantial manner, with Velvet and Brussels Carpets, Blackwalnut and Marble Top Furniture, Spring Beds and Hair Mattresses, throughout. . . . B. Jefferson & Co.'s Omnibusses and Baggage Wagons in attendance on arrival of all trains." The new hotel met the charge that the city could not accommodate the rapidly increasing number of politicians and others coming in.

Joseph and Sarah were most hospitable in opening their home to visiting notables. Often an evening was devoted to music, for Joseph had a beautiful baritone voice, which was still as clear and mellow as in his youth. With remarkable feeling he sang the old English songs and ballads, accompanied by his wife or Nellie. Some of their favorites were *A Fine Old English Gentleman, Friar of Orders Grey, Robin Adair, I've been Roaming, Kathleen Mavourneen,* and *Cherry Ripe.*

The doctor also took pleasure in forming local groups of persons with intellectual tastes and often brought them together at his home for an evening of informal discussion of some chosen topic. And before many years these gatherings resulted in his founding, in 1877, of the Madison Literary Club, of which he was made president, an office he retained for seventeen years. The club held its first meeting in the Vilas House.

Dr. Joseph Hobbins' life was a very busy one, for he had a wide practice and belonged to numerous medical societies, in which he took an active part. He was a member of the Royal College of Surgeons and the Society of Apothecaries, both of London, and of the South Staffordshire Medical Society; a Fellow of the Massachusetts Medical Society; a member of the Wisconsin and Dane County medical societies; and chairman of Madison's first Health Committee. He was constructively interested in matters outside his profession and belonged to the Royal Horticultural, Geographical, and Botanical societies and the Geological Society, all of London; to the Massachusetts

Natural History Society, Boston Society of Natural History, and Literary Society of Brookline, Massachusetts; and to the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences. He was president and secretary of the Wisconsin State Historical Society, and chairman of its committee on art galleries and museums. His tastes were indeed diversified; music, art, and literature appealed to him strongly, and he himself had the gift of poetry. He contributed to various periodicals many articles on medical subjects, horticulture, travel, and belles lettres. Whatever the topic, his style was good, because "he was always in earnest, knew his subject, and had something to say that was really worth the saying."

But his greatest pleasure lay in cultivating his garden, inspiring others to do the same, and promoting a wider interest in horticulture. He accomplished much through his contributions to horticultural journals and, more intimately, through frequent addresses to the Madison Horticultural Society, which he founded in 1858 and of which he was president for twelve years. When he was invited to address one of the Society's meetings on the growth of horticulture in the county he spoke as follows:

You have asked me for a brief history of horticulture in this county, but to speak of the history of horticulture in Dane County, whose existence began, as it were, but yesterday, seems somewhat like pretention. However, I will give you a few facts about it.

A small nurseryman here told me that he was the first to peddle fruit trees from a wagon in Madison and through the county in 1845. Another says that there was then no such thing, practically speaking, as fruit hereabouts. Soon afterward, however, a few currants and raspberries were brought in by new settlers. About 1854, the year I brought my family here, the only fruit grown in Madison that I could buy was 10 cents' worth of pie-plant out of almost the only fruit garden in the town; and there were only two grape vines here then. So, Simeon Mills, Alexander Botkin, and myself sent to Rochester, New York, for some young fruit trees, as at that time there were no orchards in bearing in Dane County.

Three years later Ernest Sommers planted an orchard of 800

apple trees for ex-Gov. Farwell, and then began to plant for himself. There were also a few small orchards started in the rural districts around here, and our English friends, the Turvilles, across Lake Monona, set out some fruit trees. At the Dane County Fair held here in 1857 there was but one exhibitor of apples grown in the county.

More nurserymen and farmers began planting, but for some years all these orchards failed to produce fruit, owing to ignorance about the soil and climate, and the right varieties for this district. But undaunted, the orchardists continued, and in the meantime their efforts were given the needed impetus by the founding of the Madison Horticultural Society in 1858; and some of its officers, as William T. Leitch and myself, have been its president or secretary for many years. As you know, we have held three exhibitions each year, and our monthly winter papers and discussions have been published. It is proposed that in the future we spend part of our ample funds in planting shade trees, landscaping, and otherwise beautifying the city.

When the question of growing grapes in Wisconsin arose, I began experimenting in my own garden, have tested over 400 varieties, and have now about 90. To prove that grapes could be raised in this state, and to induce people to grow them, I raised several hundred plants annually and gave them away. Today we have an abundance of the best varieties of grape, apple, crab, pear, plum, cherry, raspberry, blackberry, strawberry, currant, etc., by which it can be readily judged that fruit has grown, does grow, and will continue to grow, most luxuriantly in our county, if we only pay it the attention that every living thing, animal or vegetable, requires for its well being.

And now a word about the vegetable and flower gardens in our County. When I came here the only real flower garden that I remember belonged to Mr. G. P. Delaplaine, adjoining his cottage on the Square; and the only vegetable and fruit garden, to Col. Fairchild on Lake Monona. Mrs. Williams, one of the most active and observant members of our society, tells me that about 200 varieties of flowers are grown in Dane; but I think this estimate too low, as I have grown in my own garden 120 varieties in one year. Of house plants the county can claim over 150 varieties; of foliage

plants, over 100; of flowering shrubs, some 75 to 100; and of roses, at least 100.

Today, in driving through our rural districts we note that every decent looking farmhouse has its orchard, large or small, its kitchen-garden full of vegetables, and its flower beds.

Joseph was president of the Wisconsin Horticultural Society for five years, and for his active part in the furtherance of horticulture in the state he came to be called "The Father of Horticulture in the Northwest."

THE CHANGING YEARS

But the years were passing, and many changes were taking place in the several family groups. Joseph's sister, Mary Ann Barwise, and her family left Madison in 1867 to locate at Menomonie, a small new lumber town in the pine forest district of northern Wisconsin, where George, her husband, became cashier and bookkeeper for the Knapp-Stout Lumber Company, one of the largest in the country.

Young Dr. James A. Jackson came home from New York after graduating from Bellevue Hospital Medical College. The severe training he had received during his four years in the army medical corps had enabled him to earn his degree in two winter semesters of six months each. He presently found an opening at Stoughton, a small town near Madison, and as soon as he was settled there his mother and Sarah went down to visit him. Mrs. Kenrick, on hearing of it, showed her interest in a letter of May 9, 1870: "James was a great favorite of mine when I was in England and I thought him a most remarkable boy and from late accounts I find he is regarded as a very likely & promising man & skilfull Physician, please give my regards to him."

The rest of her letter, while expressing her continued cheerfulness and appreciation of life's blessings, was tinged with a note of wistfulness over the passing of time and friends, and the arrival of old age:

The past winter was a long one for me . . . for I have been more confined to the house but still make myself contented we are blessed with good fires and plenty of books & papers our parlor Stove is a great comfort. I admire to look on the lighted Gas Lamps in the street in front of the houses. It seems so cheerful Mrs. Goddard and several others have two now at their gateways, all of which we can see plainly from here. . . . The 13th and 25th of this month — anniversaries of my Wedding Day and your Birthday — are always remembered by me. It does indeed seem a long time to look back to these two events. How many changes have taken place during these past 55 years, nearly two generations are gone & a new one arisen almost all our relations and friends of that former day are now gone. What great improvements in Steam ships, in Railroads now that the Eastern and Western Lines have met, & above all what wonders in the Telegraph. What travel to all parts of the World there are a great many gone traveling from Newton this spring and what *extravagance* prevails in almost everything at the present time.

They are all pretty well down at the Dale though Mrs. John Kenrick seems very lonely since her husband's death. She desires to be remembered to you all and wishes me to say how happy she should be to have your girls come and visit her and see the *Old Homestead* which you loved & thought so much of.

And Sarah, in reply, on May 25:

Of all that have kindly remembered the anniversary of my Birthday, none can have remembered it so lovingly I feel as you have done, for there is no love like a Mother's, and as I recall yours from the time I can remember, I know how great it has been. All your forbearance and patience, all your self sacrifice is brought to mind, & many of the habits that I did not heed in my girlhood I have tried to imitate in after years. I only know now what I might & ought to have been to you, dear Mother and Father, but as years have passed away leading me through untried paths & deep sorrows my heart has always turned to you, and more and more it has been my desire that I might in the fullest, highest sense of the word be a blessing to you, & how thankful I feel that you are still spared to me. I know not how lost I should feel without my dear good Mother.

Some finishing touches have just been put on our Chamber which has come out really attractive, although the old furniture remains with a little additional. We left it to Josephine entirely, who by the aid of a pretty, delicate striped green & white paper, and white muslin curtains with gilded cornices that match the bordering of the paper, makes a pretty contrast, & a still brighter one by the scarlet ground of the carpet & the looping of the curtains with scarlet bands. The effect is excellent, (although you might think it rather gay) so good is the contrast. Then there hangs a scarlet pincushion embroidered with white, and watch case to match, keepsakes from friends. A delicate set for the toilet in white porcelain finished with a Parisian candlestick and matchbox to be placed on a Bracket by the Bedside for the Dr.'s convenience in the night when called out. The French Picture of the Lady looking over the Sea for her Lover, "Viendra-t-il?" which Joseph gave me when we were engaged, & which was saved from the Shipwreck, & several Medallions and other Pictures adorn the walls. . . . The cosy little room which we use in the summer and call our *Bird's Nest* I feel even more at home in, for when we opened our blinds in the morning it was so refreshing to look out upon our little grove of various trees and the old post with a cross bar which is now nearly draped with ivy, the blue birds building their nest in one corner of it & Robins hopping about, & the shrubbery all in bloom. Although it is unpretentious, it is a *dear little home* & I feel so contented in it that I would not change it for a splendid one, for what it is my Husband has made it & I thoroughly enjoy it.

During the past several winters Sarah had been much confined to the house; and though she was only fifty-five, her health was definitely failing. But she too retained her same faith, cheerfulness, courage, and devotion. Her letter was crossed by one from her "dear good Mother":

I was very much surprised and grieved to learn from Joseph that your health had been so much poorer than formerly and that you had been confined to the house for six months. . . . I feel rejoiced when I think how fortunate you are to have such good daughters always ready to do everything for your comfort and above all you

are blessed with a kind & affectionate husband who will do everything in his power to restore your health.

Tomorrow is your birthday, the 25th, how happy I should be if I could spend the day with you all. I hope my dear Sarah you will see many returns of the same. I well remember in bygone years how anxiously you always looked forward to your birthday for the *promised* Book which I believe always came. In former days birthdays were not [as] much thought of in this Country as at the present time. . . .

* * * * *

Time and distance had, through the years, gradually lessened the intercourse between the families in the Old World and those in the New. Joseph Hobbins, Sr. had enjoyed only a few years at Clarence Villa, the comfortable home he had built after returning to England fourteen years before, in 1856; and now only an occasional letter brought news of Dr. Joseph's mother, such as the one her granddaughter Betsey Constable sent from Clarence Villa, West Bromwich, on March 9, 1870:

My dear Uncle Joe:

On February 13th we kept your Mother's 79th birthday, with all her brothers and sisters to spend the day, and Uncle Henry Wright, Aunt, and four of their children came in the evening. We sat down eighteen to supper. They were a fine looking lot of old folk and heartily enjoyed themselves, the first time in many years that Grandma saw them all together. She is quite well, looked beautiful, her eyes so bright, her complexion fair and rosy, her face the most unwrinkled of the lot, and she looked years younger than most of them . . . .

* * * * *

During the summer of 1870 Sarah spent many hours enjoying the sunshine and flowers of the garden, and she and Joseph frequently drove into the country. Her health improved, but only temporarily; the cold and rain of late autumn confined her to the house, and she began to fail rapidly. Joseph wrote of her condition to her mother, from whom they had kept the bad news

in the hope that she would recover. Mrs. Kenrick answered at once, expressing all the anxiety of a devoted mother:

I was very much grieved and overwhelmed, my Dear Daughter to learn of the state of your health. Had I known there was serious cause for alarm I should have come on during the past Autumn to see you. . . . You are in my last thoughts at night . . . and you are with me ever through the day. Dear Sarah, you have ever been one of the kindest and *best of daughters* to me, and through all your cares of married life you have never neglected or forgotten to write to me, and to do everything you could for my happiness and comfort. . . . May God bless you and prolong your life is the fervent prayer of your loving Mother.

To this her father, depressed by the news of Sarah's condition, added a few lines:

. . . Thank you for your many kind expressions in your letter to me. As to my former "generosity," and kindness to you in your early years, it was indeed due to you, and to your Mother's Happiness, as well as mine, to do all I could for you, you being our only one. . . . Surely, if I have done you any good I have my reward, for none have been so kind & generous to us as you and the Dr. have been . . .

The unevenness of his writing, once so firm, showed that he too was failing, and rapidly.

Sarah died on December 13, 1870, and was laid to rest, in accordance with her wishes, in the little old Centre Street Cemetery at Newton, beside her many Jackson ancestors, from Edward Senior down through many generations. Her passing was the deepest sorrow to enter Joseph's family. In the home there was great loneliness, but they all tried to carry on, each endeavoring to fill the mother's place for the others. The girls wrote regularly to Grandmother Kenrick, to assure her of their welfare and of their affection: "It would be impossible for a Father to be kinder to his children than he is to us," Josephine wrote; and her grandmother, in turn: "I thank you and Alice for your kindness in writing to me for your letters

are now a great *comfort.* . . . Mr. K. cannot now see to read and feels as he says, lost, for reading was a great pleasure to him. . . . He now has a very good ear Trumpet by the aid of which I can read to him. He can no longer work in the garden which is a great trial, for you know how he always loved it."

The Reaper was busy, and only a few months later claimed William Kenrick at the age of eighty-two. On his tombstone in Newton Centre Cemetery were cut the lines:

He was one of the greatest
benefactors of the town of
Newton
where he was born and died.
An honest man the noblest work
of God

* * * * *

Over at Stoughton Dr. James Jackson, though successful in his practice, was realizing that he could do still better with more medical education, and so decided to go to New York for a year of postgraduate work. On returning to Madison he was taken into practice by Dr. Joseph. As the latter's office was still — according to English custom — in the wing of his home, the young doctor was now brought into closer association with the family; he and Joseph's brother Dr. Will spent many evenings with them. The result was more frequent companionship between Jim and Josephine, which led to their engagement and, a year later, on February 6, 1872, their marriage in a quiet ceremony in the home. It seemed strange to the bride that she had now taken her mother's maiden name; but there was no relationship between the Jacksons of Newton and her husband's family, though both were of English origin. She wrote happily of her wedding apparel to her grandmother:

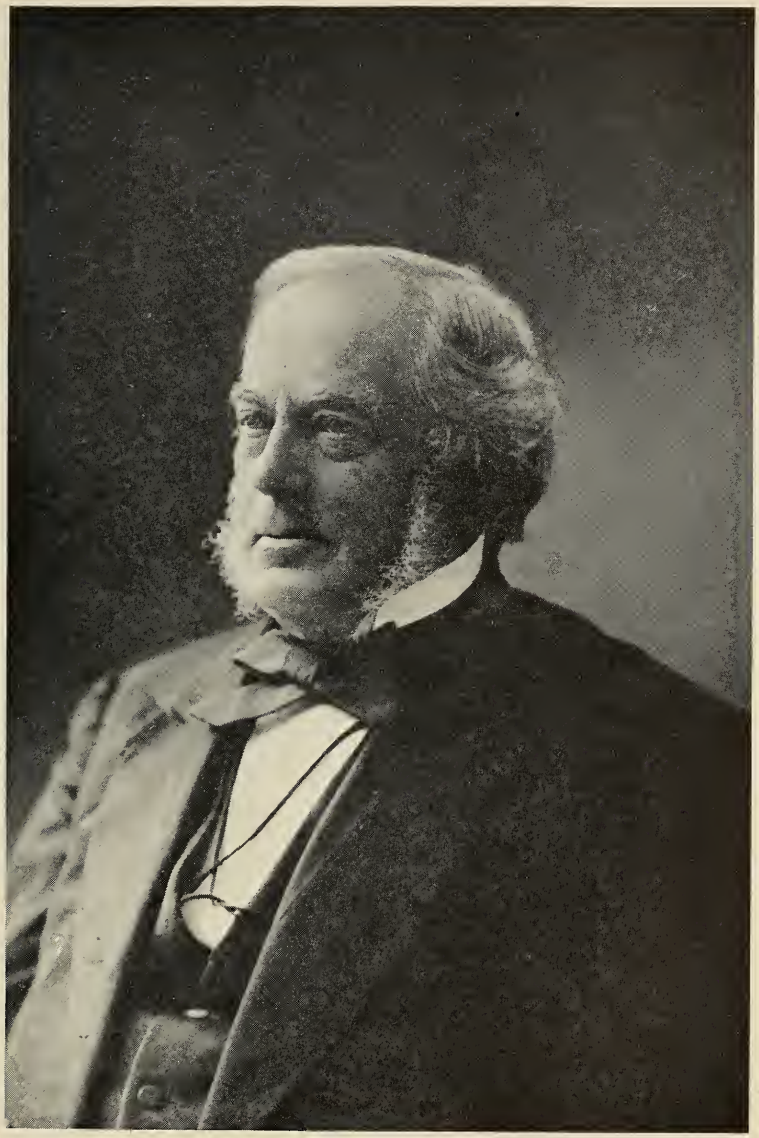
My trousseau was made by Madison's best dressmaker and is very complete. My wedding gown is of lavender silk, a soft heavy grosgrain, made with fitted bodice, polonaise and train. It is elab-

orately trimmed with rows of narrow fringed plaitings, rose-point lace and white corded silk buttons. It is interlined with linen crinoline and lined with white glazed cambric. My lingerie is of fine cambric with many alternate rows of narrow embroidery insertion and puffing. I will borrow the veil and spray of orange blossoms from my friend Josie Mason. I also have a gown of taffeta in rich sapphire blue, and one of corded silk faille in the new gaslight green color. This one is trimmed with bias satin bands of the same green in various widths. Like my wedding gown, these are made with fitted bodice buttoned in front, long bell sleeves and full polonaise skirt with train.

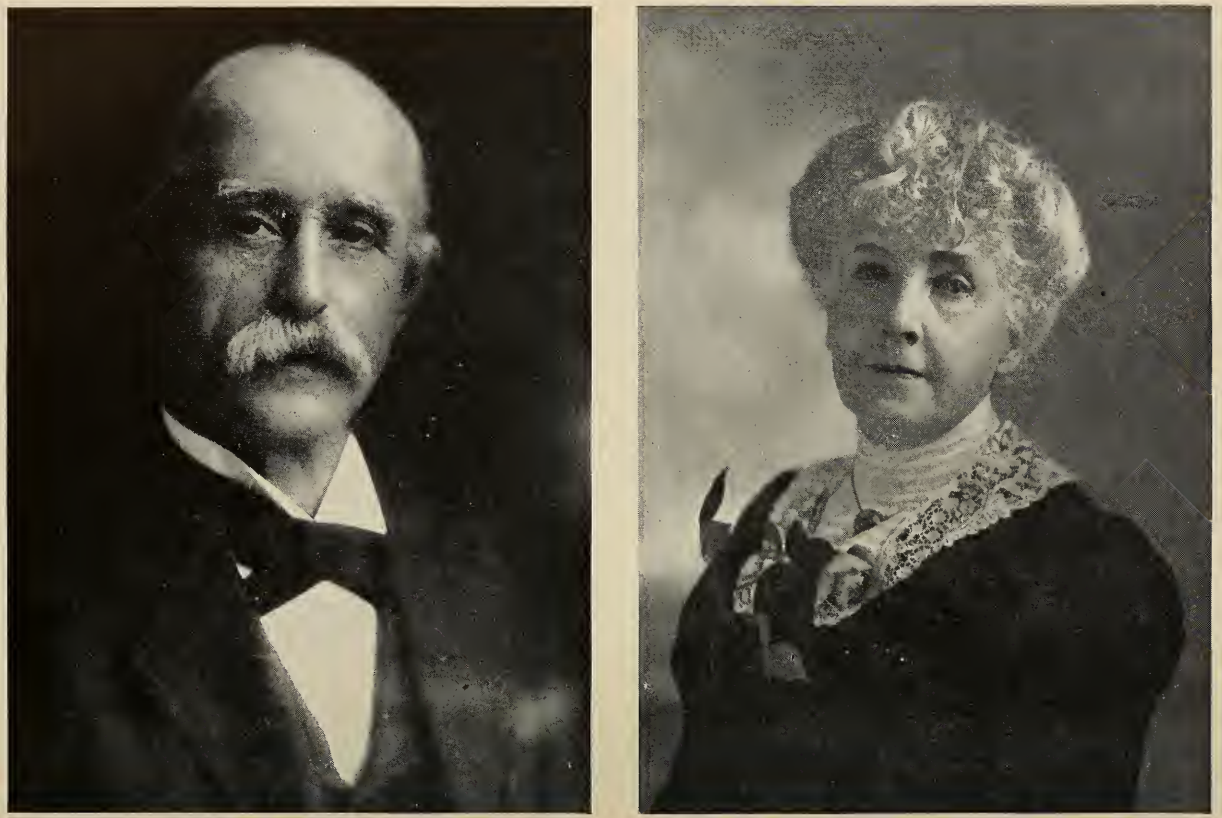
From Grandmother Kenrick had come her wedding slippers, of soft white kid, with squared toes, low heels, and large kid-petaled rosettes fastened in the center with oval silver buckles. With them came knee-length stockings of the purest white silk in lacy openwork pattern. And Great-aunt Sylvia had sent a charmingly etched silver calling-card case. In the next letter to Newton:

Among my many beautiful wedding gifts are a lovely gold ring with short chain, at the end of which is a pair of little gold cockle-shaped tongs to hold my wedding handkerchief, a handsome set of gold brooch and earrings in Etruscan style, and a pair of wide gold bracelets, both from Alice. A round silver fruit basket etched with grape pattern, two silver and gold serving spoons with handles in the form of calla lillies from Mr. Charles Gregory, the best man. And just think, a full dinner set of fine white porcelain bordered with dull gold.

The wedding journey included first a visit to Chicago, then to Niagara, where bride and groom, protected by raincoats, went down behind the falls. Then on to New York City, where they enjoyed concerts and theaters, especially Booth and Barrett in *Macbeth*. Then to historic Boston, and finally to Newton, where they spent several days with the grandmother. Josephine was very happy to see the old home and the gardens of Nonantum, where her mother had grown up and of which she had heard so much.



Dr. Joseph Hobbins about 1890



Dr. James A. and Mrs. Jackson (Syndonia Josephine Hobbins), 1912 and 1913 respectively

The evening before they came away Mrs. Kenrick brought out a beautiful large shawl of heavy white silk crepe bordered with deeply knotted fringe; draping it around the bride's shoulders, she said, "This, dear Josephine, is for you. Your great-great-uncle Jonathan Russell brought it from China many years ago." She also gave her the beautiful Louis XV rosewood writing stand which she herself had brought from Paris in 1840. "We bought this the year Mr. Kenrick and I took your dear mother on her first trip to Europe, the year before she was married. Take care of it always."

A Madison marriage which a year and a half earlier had attracted national notice was that of Miss Sara C. Thorp to Ole B. Bull, the world-famous Norwegian violinist. The élite of the city and many from away had attended the grand wedding reception at the Joseph Thorp mansion, the fine stone house overlooking Lake Mendota which Julius T. White had built nearly a quarter of a century earlier. Young Alice Hobbins, whose fondness for writing was increasing, begged her father to take her with him, that she might witness this important social event and write a description of it. So important, indeed, was "the Ole Bull wedding" that a New York paper had sent out a special reporter, who filled several columns with flowery details of the affair:

> . . . The bride wore a rich toilette of white satin overdress, and white silk underdress, flounced with point lace, the back breadths trimmed with pink satin, and the pannier looped up in pink and white alternately. Her hair was dressed high and fashionable, without being conspicuous, and was ornamented with a simple but beautiful japonica. Her jewels consisted of pearls in flower shape and of a few chaste rings. Her slight but well formed figure was admirably draped and her presence was such as to attract at once the admiration and the friendship of the beholder.
>
> Mrs. Thorp, the bride's mother, was elaborately and superbly attired in a dress which was made in London for the occasion. It was of royal purple velvet, with front breadths of lavender satin, trimmed with point lace, and an immense velvet train. The collar

was of rich Argenten lace; the velvet sleeve was tightly banded at the wrist and set off with a demi-sleeve of black satin. Mrs. Thorp wore her hair in old style, low on the cheek, and ornamented with point lace and purple feathers. Her jewels consisted of pink cameos, with pearls and diamonds. The lady entertained right royally, in presence, grave and with self possession.

Mrs. George Fairchild was dressed in a lovely canary-colored silk with black lace shawl, and ornaments in garnet . . . Mrs. H. O. Stowe, of Chicago, wore an apricot silk, *en traine*, and *décolleté*, with satin trimming, a black lace shawl, a full set of superb diamonds and pearl necklace . . . Mrs. Garnhardt appeared in a green silk, with train, white lace shawl, and diamonds . . . Mrs. Garnett of St. Louis was dressed in dove silk, with elegant thread-lace shawl. . . .

And so, on and on. The innumerable wedding gifts received equal attention from the reporter out of the East.

After Dr. James and Josephine returned to Madison from their wedding trip, there were further changes in the family life. Josephine's father had, during the previous year, made the acquaintance of one of Madison's summer visitors, the attractive Mary Elizabeth McLane, daughter of Louis McLane of Baltimore, and in the spring of 1872 they were married.

A few months later Dr. James had an opportunity to take over a medical practice in De Pere, a small town in northern Wisconsin, near Green Bay. Upon his arrival he found the place still in the pioneer stage, and much frequented by Indians; but he saw that with the thriving lumber business of the region the outlook was promising and that there was also plenty of work for a physician in the surrounding rural district. Josephine wrote her grandmother in October:

My Husband is just as busy as he can be, from morning till night, and out nights more than half the time, on cases in the country, he is perfectly satisfied and says that not one physician in a thousand has such an opening. Our house is small but comfortable & prettily furnished, and we pay only $15 a month rent, and I was only obliged to get table linen & bed linen, & a few cooking uten-

sils. I have a very good girl for $1.75 a week. Little Alice is now visiting me and Nellie is with Aunt Polly Barwise in Menomonie. There is not much society life in De Pere, but there are a few nice people. There are many Indians around here and I must tell you what happened lately. The cook and I were in the kitchen when there suddenly walked in through the front door a tall, vicious-looking half breed, and at the same moment, through the back door, a huge, full blooded Indian. The half breed walked over to the stove, and without saying a word, jerked off the cover of the soup kettle and was about to help himself to a piece of meat, when the Indian seized his arm and grunted, "No, no take." I was frightened, but gave them something to eat & they left, much to my relief. I would have been much more frightened had I known that the half breed had lately murdered a man.

The following year promised to be a prosperous one, for the doctor had all the practice he could take care of. But these good prospects declined early in the autumn with the disturbing news that bank runs in New York were causing financial troubles in the East. And soon the effects of the resultant panic brought business and financial distress out in the West. This crisis of '73, like a preceding one, was called "Black Friday"; and it struck heavily. With the passing months its full import began to be realized, even in little out-of-the-way De Pere.

The next May the little home was made lively by the arrival of the first child, whom his parents called Russell, his Great-grandmother Kenrick's maiden name. Josephine was especially glad that they had done this when, in the summer, word came from Mrs. John Kenrick at Newton that the baby's great-grandmother, who had been ailing, had passed away:

. . . I was with her more or less during the last six months . . . . We went there almost every day, for she and Sylvia felt lonely without seeing us. . . . Although 82 years old she was able to dress herself and go downstairs and see Dr. Hosmer till within a fortnight of her death . . . and did not keep her bed until a week before she died . . . and she was aware of her danger, and would talk so composedly about leaving this world. . . . She would talk freely

with her minister upon Religion, and with us upon everything pertaining to her death and funeral. Her mental and bodily faculties held out to the last, she had no marks of *old* age about her, her eyesight good, hearing perfect, no lameness or rheumatic pains, her teeth preserved, her figure as erect as ever, and she kept her strength to the last. She would raise herself without help only a few hours before her death. And then she lay quietly breathing her life out, so peacefully and happily and without a struggle, and was conscious to within an hour of her death. I was with her, as well as her sister Sylvia, who never left her, day or night, for the last six months, and Mrs. Kenrick would often exclaim what a good sister she had been in sickness and in health. . . . And Sylvia too appreciated all. . . .

Harriot Caroline Kenrick had been granted full many years, but her passing, on June 30, 1874, nevertheless brought deep regret, especially to Josephine, who had always loved her grandmother and greatly admired her noble character. She was buried beside her husband in Centre Street Cemetery.

During 1875 Dr. Jackson continued to have plenty of patients and outstanding accounts, but was finding it increasingly difficult to collect his bills. Less and less cash came in, and currency began to disappear. "The region is suffering terribly," he wrote his mother, "money vanishes like snow under the hot sun, and I have not seen a single dollar for a long time. All trading is being done with 'scrip,' which is practically worthless. I do not know how much longer we can stand it up here."

The struggle for a livelihood grew more and more critical; an unusually severe winter added to their trials, and in January, 1876, a second son, Reginald Henry, was born to them. Somehow they kept going for a few months longer, but then they decided it would be best to return to Madison and start anew. Jim managed to collect barely enough to send his little family home by train. This left nothing for himself or for shipping his horse, which he must keep, so he made the long, weary trip back to Madison on horseback. Soon after their

arrival they settled in a modest little home on East Gorham Street, halfway up "Aristocracy Hill," now more often called "Yankee Hill."

Other members of the family had begun to leave the Monona side of town. Dr. William Hobbins and his wife were now living with their elder son, Joseph William, who was doing well in an insurance company and had purchased a house on Gilman Street, between the Square and Lake Mendota. In August, 1875, Dr. Will's wife Fanny wrote about it to her sister Hannah in the old Ashbourne home in England:

. . . As regards my family, you will be pleased to hear they all enjoy good health. Our boys, Joseph and Harry are in Madison . . . Joe is such a dear good boy and so very prosperous. I must tell you about our new House & grounds, it is such a large stone house & about one of the best locations in the town. Joe bought it with his own money & had a decided bargain, he gave $5,000 for it & it cost $7,000 to build. There is not its equal to look at in Ashbourne. I wish you could see our beautiful home, so nicely furnished, not far from 300 yards of carpeting it took . . . .

One of our neighbors, Judge Vilas, owns a large House & very much land, some cultivated & some not, & that next to ours is the uncultivated, and beyond that a pasture for his cows, so you may imagine how pleasant it must be, although in the town yet we can look out at the back and sides & we are in the country, in fact my Dear Sister we are just as happy as we can possibly be, good health & good children & my husband so kind.

Our house on Wilson Street, on Monona shore we let for $300 per year and that is given to me for pocket money. . . . All my family desire to be kindly remembered to all of you. I wish I could divest myself of fear & come and see you all, but I cannot cross the ocean again. May God bless you all.

On December 11 of that year their son Joseph married Mary M. Mears and brought his bride home, and his parents moved into a smaller house next door. Four years later the younger son, Henry Bagnald, married Katherine L. Stone.

Josephine, who had looked forward to being near her sisters when she returned to Madison to live, was greatly disappointed to learn that they were planning to go away. Alice had always wanted to write, for a newspaper if possible; and since a larger city would offer her better opportunities, she went to Chicago, taking Nellie with her. This was a bold venture. Newspapers rarely employed a woman on the staff; and it took courage and stamina for one barely in her twenties, brought up in a sheltered home, to go out into the world of city life, take a position among men, and do work that might take her out at night, and probably alone. She obtained a position as social reporter on the Chicago *Inter Ocean,* where her youth and winning manners, her alertness and special aptitude for interviewing, soon brought her success and promotion. Being a woman was in many ways a handicap, but she found that it could also be a help; for her employers presently perceived that some who refused to receive a male reporter would grant their Miss Hobbins an interview.

After several years of social reporting Alice decided to go East, where the scope would be broader and assignments more varied. So to New York she and Nellie went, the latter to develop her marked talent in music. Alice became a newspaper critic of musicales, drama, and opera, and her uncommon descriptive powers also won her an occasional assignment of a quite different sort:

> . . . Such an experience I had last week! I was sent out to report the great balloon ascension, which you may have read about. Our rival newspaper had scheduled their best reporter to go up as one of the only two passengers allowed. A few minutes before the balloon was to be released, I was standing quite near it taking notes. The pilot and one passenger were already in the car, but at the very last moment the reporter lost his nerve and backed out. Instantly I saw the chance of getting a good story for my paper — "What I saw from a Balloon!" Stepping forward at once, I exclaimed, "I'll take his place, I'm a reporter." "All right, Miss, get in quickly!"

No sooner in than up we went, very fast. It was marvellous, like flying! The view below and around grew wider every second. I was just starting to take notes, when I heard a gasp and saw that the other passenger had turned deathly pale. "Stop! stop!" he shouted, "I want to get out!" He jumped up and leaned over, as if about to leap out. The car lurched dangerously and the pilot shouted, "Quick, Miss, hang onto him, or we'll all be killed!"

You may be sure my full attention was immediately devoted to the frenzied man, and I succeeded in keeping him quiet until we were safely back on the ground. But alas!, I had no story for my paper! However, in a flash a better one popped into my head, so I hurried back to the office and penned a thriller, "Up in a Balloon with a Crazy Man."

But the best assignment came when her newspaper sent her to Paris as foreign correspondent, the first American woman to be sent abroad in that capacity. This was certainly gratifying, especially as she had been selected in preference to a prominent male reporter, her senior in the field. The two sisters spent several months in the French capital.

It was a strenuous but fascinating life. They loved the musical and artistic atmosphere of the foreign metropolis, delighted in its beauty and excitement; but they were little aware of its dangers and pitfalls. One day, while riding on a bus, they were politely addressed by a pleasant-faced woman who seemed interested in them as young Americans and drew them into conversation. Before they left the bus the stranger handed Alice her card and invited them to a musicale at her home on the coming Friday evening. Scarcely had they reached the curb when a gentleman who had left the bus at the same time courteously lifted his hat, stopped the young women, and in earnest tones warned them that on no account should they accept the invitation, for the woman was known to be a notorious character.

Back in New York, Alice continued her newspaper feature writing and at the same time contributed to periodicals, winning the praise and encouragement of prominent figures in

the journalistic world. On March 7, 1884, she married there a rising young English journalist, Robert P. Porter, whom she had met while on the Chicago *Inter Ocean*. In the following years they collaborated in much of their work, both in America and in Europe; and for some time they maintained a home in England, where three children were born to them: twin sons, Russell H. and Harry O., and a daughter, Mary W. During the years when her husband was connected editorially with the *New York Press*, the *Philadelphia Press*, and the *Cleveland World*, Alice R. Porter contributed many feature articles to these and other papers; and occasionally some of Nellie's poems appeared in newspapers and magazines. In later years Mr. Porter was on the staff of *The Times* of London.

* * * * *

After some years in the old home on West Main Street, near Lake Monona, Dr. Joseph and his wife Mary Elizabeth and their son, little Louis M., had moved to a modern brick house in the newer residential section on Wisconsin Avenue. Regretfully he left his beautiful garden, which for many years he had fostered with loving care; but he had begun to feel that soon he would no longer have the strength to maintain it, so consoled himself with the small grove of fine old oaks around the new home.

It was a hospitable home, and as the "Father of the Madison Literary Club" Joseph opened it annually to the members for the special gathering of the year. The club was still his greatest pleasure and pride, and to it he continued to contribute addresses, preferably on the English writers. On its tenth anniversary the Literary Club held a meeting at which a special ceremony was performed: the unveiling of a fine oil portrait of the doctor, painted by James R. Stuart, which was to be hung permanently in the rooms of the State Historical Society. Professor Charles N. Gregory, who acted as presiding officer on this pleasant occasion, rose to say:

. . . We have remembered that when this community was little more than a frontier post, you joined yourself to it and brought to its midst the learning and accomplishments which you had won at the metropolis of the world, and that learning and those accomplishments have been active in our service ever since. At no time have voluntary associations which direct the thought and taste of a community been more potent than during the latter half of this century and in these useful factors of civilization you have been from the first a principal figure. We remember your long labors as the head of a horticultural society which formed a taste which has made this the best planted city of the state. We recall your valuable and unrequited labors as president of the Humane Society . . . .

But more than all else, at this time, we remember your long service in the good cause of books, of letters, and literary pursuits. The kindness, the intelligent assistance, the encouragement in lettered occupations, which we have received from you in the ten years of our association, we can remember far more easily than we can recount. . . .

There is no better memorial of a good man than his face. There are traced not only his good deeds but the good thoughts of all his life; and that memorial of you, Mr. President . . . , I solicit your consent to place upon the walls of the State Historical Society, there forever to be preserved . . . as the enduring memorial of a good man and a good life. . . .

Dr. Hobbins continued as president of the Madison Literary Club through his remaining years. Only seven years later, on January 24, 1894, death took the man who for so many years had devoted to his community his best efforts, professional and intellectual, and throughout a far wider area had inspired an interest in horticulture and civic improvement.

* * * * *

Now permanently settled in Madison, a steadily growing city considered the most beautiful of the Midwest, Dr. James A. Jackson was making a name for himself in his profession. He had early learned to seize every opportunity of increasing his knowledge, both medical and general. Always eager to

keep abreast of the times, he devoted many spare hours to reading and study, keeping in touch with world affairs and the latest activities in science, medicine, and surgery. In a number of instances he was the first physician in the Middle West to adopt some new method or treatment, but never without previous study and consideration.

Having a mechanical bent, he would frequently devise and fashion some special type of instrument, splint, or apparatus, sometimes taking his ideas to a clever locksmith who could follow his directions. In professional work he was exceedingly particular, and would never leave important details to subordinates.

His fondness for good literature centered around the works of Shakespeare and other English poets; and he read ardently the works of the great philosophers and scientists. A natural liking for languages and a thorough foundation in Latin and Greek led him to study French and German also. Good music gave him pleasure, and it was easy for him to catch and carry a new tune. He helped to organize Madison's first band, in which he played the cornet. Semi-classical and light opera were his favorites, and he often sang or hummed the Gilbert and Sullivan airs.

Dr. Jim took an active part in the organization of county and state medical societies, and, being a good speaker, was often called upon to give an address at their meetings. The struggling Humane Society, too, owed much to his efforts, for he could not endure to see animals maltreated.

THE YOUNGER GENERATION

About 1880 he built for his growing family a new house on a corner of Pinckney and Dayton streets, a small wing of which served as his office. In the large grassy plot enclosed by a picket fence were several fine old oak trees. Josephine, with her innate love of gardens, soon began to improve and beautify the grounds, planting syringas and honeysuckle shrubs,

tall hollyhocks and asters, and American ivy to climb on house and lattice. Her five flower beds were arranged in the current Victorian style — a circular one filled with pale pink geraniums bordered with silver-gray "dusty miller," and four surrounding wedge-shaped ones full of gay verbenas. And along the grass strip between plank sidewalk and road the doctor set out a row of young maples.

In this home the parents devoted much time to their children, watching over their health, supervising lessons and play, and fostering spiritual growth. Holidays and birthdays were unfailingly celebrated. For the Christmas tree the father drew and cut from cardboard a variety of funny men, women, animals, and stars to serve as guides for Josephine's cookies, which she frosted and sprinkled with candied caraway. She taught the children to make the other trimmings — long strings of bright red cranberries and of snowy popcorn, and gilded or silvered walnuts and eggshells, to be hung up by loops of scarlet yarn. She helped them make the decorative cornucopias from glazed papers of gay colors, finishing the tops with gold-paper lace and handles of ribbon, both presented by the grocer, who saved them for the children from his boxes of Spanish raisins. These were filled with candy, nuts, and raisins, and little red tarletan bags were filled with popcorn, to be hung upon the tree on Christmas Eve. When the many little colored wax candles were lighted, old Santa Claus came in, jingling sleighbells, to distribute the gifts piled under the tree. And each child awakened early next morning to find hanging on the bedpost a stocking full of goodies and little packages, and — rare treat! — an orange from California down in the toe. At breakfast all joined in the lively singing of the old English carol "I saw three ships come sailing by on Christmas Day in the morning."

Following the old family recipes, the mother annually prepared for the holidays her famous "puff pastry" for individual mince pies and dainty "cheese cakes." Days in advance she

made the large, rich plum pudding, which each child must stir, which must boil for a day, and when served must be stuck full of blanched split almonds, topped with a sprig of holly, and brought to the table on a platter midst flaming brandy, to be greeted with handclapping and lusty cheers from everyone around the board.

For birthdays there would be a party, sometimes a "fancy dress" one, for which Josephine made a frosted cake adorned with candles and wreathed with flowers. The preparation of Easter eggs reflected a careful household economy. The "insides" must first be removed for use in cooking, an operation which the children enjoyed; with a darning needle a little hole was carefully picked out at each end, a straw inserted, and the contents gently blown out, first the white into one bowl, and then, at precisely the right moment, the yolk into another. The empty shells then vanished, to reappear on Easter morning magically dyed in bright colors. The English May Day was never forgotten, and for the little girls their mother made diminutive baskets filled with candies and flowers, to be hung on the front doorknobs of friends after dark, their presence announced by a loud peal of the bell.

On winter evenings Jim amused the youngsters with his homemade "magic lantern," for which he painted slides showing quaint dwarfs, clowns, and animals in funny antics. On February 14 the children would tiptoe downstairs while it was yet dark, to find the large letter box inside the front door stuffed tight with valentines! Pretty ones for the little ladies, and not-so-pretty ones for the boys, some indeed—the "comics"—approaching the naughty in caricature and verse. On the Fourth of July the father, pretending to be still an Englishman, always grumbled loudly that it was an insult for a Britisher to have to hand out hard-earned cash to buy fireworks for Yankees to celebrate their independence; and forthwith distributed nickels, dimes, and quarters. Though a loyal Ameri-

can citizen, he never lost his love for the land of his birth, and the least unfavorable criticism of England quickly brought him to her defense.

Wanting his boys to know how to use and handle a gun properly, he gave them each a rifle, trained them very strictly, and taught them to shoot their first ducks, cautioning them over and over again, "Remember, every gun is *always* loaded, *all the time*."

By the time the children had increased to six the little house was crowded, so Dr. Jim gave up his home office and took one on the Square. With a continually growing family there was always the seasonable succession of chicken pox, measles, whooping cough, mumps, or croup, which had to be alleviated with syrups, quinine, ipecac, or suffocating sulphur fumes. Clothing, too, was seasonable and was planned with good taste, common sense, and the economy that was necessary. For the cold winters, warm red-flannel homemade "shirts 'n drawers," full length in arm and leg; long hand-knitted woolen stockings, stout shoes and overshoes, and, over all, knitted leggings. For the boys, woolen suits, overcoats, and caps. For the girls, woolen dresses, dainty pinafores, warm coats, and "pussy hoods" of soft angora yarn—gray for weekdays, white for Sunday. Each night their mother saw that the little garments were brushed and neatly laid out for the morning; and with the help of the maid some half dozen pairs of small shoes were polished. All just as her mother, in her time, had done.

For spiritual teaching the children were sent to Grace Episcopal Sunday School and Church. To instill in them a liking for good literature their mother often read them the best of the children's stories and poems. Like her own mother, she was proud of her colonial ancestry, and loved to tell them about Edward the Pioneer, General Michael the Patriot and his wife Ruth, who had given her pewter spoons for bullets, and Stephen Badger the Missionary to the Indians. And she would

add, "You are the tenth generation in America on my Mother's side, you are three hundred years American."

The father helped the older ones with lessons in Greek and Latin, for which he laboriously wrote with charcoal, on large sheets of paper, all the tenses of the principal verbs and hung them about the dining room. Then, like a concert master, with pointer in hand, he trained them to chant the forms in chorus! And they never forgot them.

And what trials the parents patiently endured with their children's pets—a long succession of dogs, cats, chickens, rabbits, pigeons, guinea pigs, turtles, squirrels, a white rat, a chirping canary, a large noisy crow, a goat, and a pony! Even more numerous were the items the youngsters collected: stamps and coins; shells, stones, butterflies, and birds' eggs; cigarette pictures and cigar-box covers; dolls and souvenirs from foreign lands. And however insignificant their value, all must be neatly arranged on shelves or in boxes.

In summer there were frequent picnics, that the children might learn early to love nature, to enjoy walking through woods and fields, to know the names and haunts of wild flowers and ferns, to recognize the different trees, and to identify the birds. A few weeks of the season must be spent on a farm becoming familiar with all the aspects of country life, learning to know the different fruits, vegetables, and grains and their seasons. They became accomplished in imitating the soft lowing of cattle, the clucking of hens, and the triumphant crow of roosters, even the squealing and grunting of pigs! Blowing the dinner horn, gathering eggs, shelling corn, bringing in the "punkins," picking cherries or apples, and helping to churn, these were all special treats rather than chores. Their wise parents knew that in this way would be instilled in them something of lifelong interest, something fundamental and precious that could be acquired in no other way. When their mother could not go with them she knew she could safely entrust them to the kindly farm couple whom they had known for years.

To meet the inevitable expenses of food, clothing, and schooling for so many required constant labor on the father's part. Potatoes bought from a farmer cost only thirty or forty cents a bushel, but forty bushels had to be put into the cellar against the winter. Good butter cost only about fifteen cents a pound, and eggs ten cents a dozen, but the butter-and-egg man brought a crock of twenty pounds of butter and twenty-four dozen eggs every fortnight! Delicious broilers cost as little as twenty-five cents apiece, but for Sunday morning breakfast four were needed. For holidays a twenty-pound turkey was none too large, and a weekday porterhouse steak, though it cost but fifteen cents a pound, must weigh at least three pounds. A barrel of good apples was priced at two to three dollars, fresh berries five to eight cents a quart, bread five cents a loaf, and milk five cents a quart. But hungry boys and girls consumed such quantities! Oak could be had for three dollars a cord, and anthracite coal for eight dollars a ton, but it took many cords and tons for the cooking and heating. Clothing and shoes were cheap and of good quality, but they needed constantly to be replaced. Incidentals were multitudinous. And as one child after another entered school the list of textbooks and other supplies to be purchased grew ever longer. Then there were always household repairs, taxes, and insurance. The drain on the checkbook was never ended. All this meant sacrifice on the part of both parents, which alone enabled them to always balance the budget, remain free of debt, and somehow manage to save for the future.

After some years of strenuous practice—for there were still no hospital facilities in Madison, and calls into the surrounding rural district were many and arduous—the doctor felt the need of rest and change. Opportunely there came from a friend, Dr. Nicholas Senn of Chicago, an urgent invitation to join several physicians on a three-month trip to Europe. And since it was Queen Victoria's Jubilee Year, 1887, not much persuasion was needed. The group toured many of the large

cities of Great Britain, France, Switzerland, Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Bohemia, where they spent part of their time visiting hospitals, watching the leading surgeons operate, and studying their special techniques. On his return home Dr. Jim seemed a veritable Santa Claus, so filled was his baggage with gifts for all, especially novel toys for the younger ones.

In England he had visited Gloucester, where lived the family of Henry Wright, who had long been chairman of the board of directors of the Gloucester Railway Carriage and Wagon Company. He was now a fine old gentleman of eighty, keen and active, and was to retain his position until he retired at ninety-four, when he said, "I feel the need of a little rest." For the remaining three years of his life he devoted himself to completing his Notebook, a detailed family history begun many years before. His son Arthur Hobbins Wright had gone out to New Zealand when a young man, where he had married Elizabeth Fletcher in 1880. They eventually settled in Wellington, and had a family of twelve children.

In time the Jackson children attended the "Little Red Brick" school; the ward schools; and the Wisconsin Academy (later the University of Wisconsin High School) to prepare for the University of Wisconsin, which was on the way to becoming one of the foremost in the country.

The flock had increased to eight, too many for the house they were occupying, so in the summer of 1896 the family moved to 323 North Carroll Street, into a large, comfortable house surrounded by a garden, and here they lived for forty years. In 1901 a plan which Josephine had long cherished was realized when the doctor's sister, "Aunt Meg," came to look after the family while she took her two daughters on their first trip to Europe, where they spent six carefree, happy, and profitable months.

In 1919 the doctor and two of his sons who had entered the medical profession — Reginald H. and James A., Jr. — founded the Jackson Clinic, with his eldest son, Russell, as legal advisor,

and Joseph W. as business director. Later two other sons, Drs. Arnold S. and Sydney C., also became affiliated with the Clinic, which was to develop into a large and successful institution. "The Old Doctor" had seen Madison grow from a village into a beautiful, important, and well-known city.

* * * * *

As is the way of life, the great-grandparents and the grandparents of this American family had passed on. Uncles, aunts, and parents had reached middle life, and many of them had gone. Dr. James A. Jackson, Sr. died in 1921 and his wife Syndonia Josephine in 1934, and they were buried in the family lot in Forest Hill Cemetery. Their places were filled by the younger generations of the nineteenth century, who carried the family lines on into the twentieth. In Great Britain and in America many generations of the descendants of Thomas and Mergery Hobyns of Great Alne, Warwickshire, of Edmund and Ann Hurd of Ashbourne, Derbyshire, and of Edward and Frances Jackson of Newton, Massachusetts, have given or are giving to the service of their country men and women of standing in civic capacities, in the professions, the humanities, the arts and industries. During two great World Wars many of the present generations fought and some gave their lives to preserve the flame of Freedom and Liberty that eternally burns in the hearts and minds of righteous men and women.

The Sources

How We Gathered Our Genealogical Data

When Napoleon was somewhat scornfully reminded by a French nobleman that he had no ancestors, the little emperor retorted with devastating finality, "*I* am an ancestor!"

Many persons are indifferent to the past and uninterested in ancestry, their own or anyone else's; but others enjoy acquiring a knowledge of their forebears and coming to know them as real personalities. We grew up with ours. Throughout our childhood Mother told us stories about her earliest American ancestor, Edward Jackson; about General Michael Jackson and his family of Revolutionary days; about the Reverend Stephen Badger; and about the beautiful estate Nonantum at Newton. Nor was the English ancestry neglected. We heard the story of Great-grandfather Joseph Hobbins at Trafalgar, and many tales of the families in dismal, sooty Wednesbury. No, we should never want to go to Wednesbury. Father, too, told us stories of his boyhood in Wolverhampton, his trips in the lumbering stagecoach to school at Rugely, and visits to his grandparents at Ashbourne.

In after years, when older members of the family had gone, we began to put together traditions and facts, to get a perspective of our ancestors, to visualize our own family tree among others in the forest, and to know how it had grown from one generation to the next for more than four hundred years. We read all the old letters so carefully kept in Mother's rosewood writing box, which had once been her great-grandmother's. With them were the three little volumes of our Grandmother Sarah's diary, which she began in her early

twenties and kept faithfully for almost a quarter century. From these letters and diaries we had fascinating glimpses into the lives of our New England forebears, from pre-Revolutionary days to about the year 1875.

But the English lines went further back, so we wrote to the clergy of the parish churches in towns where the families had lived, asking for copies of records pertaining to the Hobbins or Hurd families which might exist in the old registers or on gravestones. Replies gave us some interesting facts: from the Reverend R. A. Wilson at Worcester two entries from a history of Victoria County stating that in the eighteenth century John and William Hobbins had willed money to the poor; from the canon of Trinity Church in Stratford-on-Avon, "There are many Hobbins women in our old Registers. . . . The first entry, in 1616, of the name was the marriage of Henry Hobbins to Mary Baylis. . . . In the Churchyard . . . are tombstones engraved as follows: 'Charles Hobbins Born Dec. 2, 1802 Didd [*sic*] Jan. 8, 1874. Emily Hobbins Died Jan. 18th, 1870, aged 18 years.' The last entry in the old Registers . . . is that of the marriage on Feb. 14, 1786, of Thomas Reeve Hobbins to Ann Wells." From the mayor of Worcester we received a letter putting us in touch with a research worker who located and copied for us the will of Thomas Hobyns, drawn up in 1536. Among old letters in our own possession was one that read in part, "We are three sisters, middle-aged and living together at Walsall, Staffordshire. . . . Our Father's name was James H. Hobbins. His father was John Hobbins, who married a Miss Steward. . . . Our crest is an eagle displayed, with the motto 'Alte volo.' Many years ago our sister met in a railway carriage . . . a stranger named Mr. Hobbins, who, seeing the same name on her luggage . . . informed her that, having a taste for tracing out family names, he had found the name was originally 'St. Aubyn,' gradually corrupted into its present form through several hundred years."

From Wolverhampton and Ashbourne came other data, dis-

connected names and dates, confusing because unrelated to any of our known ancestors. But further research might help to fit them into their proper places. There were successive and collateral generations to be traced, towns and hamlets to be identified, and vital records to be examined. To do all this we must go to the land where our ancestors had lived; and so we went to England in the spring of 1934.

At Plymouth we received a welcoming telegram from two elderly cousins, daughters of Henry Wright, who were living at Torquay. We were their guests for three weeks at Monona House, which stood in lovely hillside gardens, with beautiful views of the sea and the distant Devonshire hills. Cousins Syndonia and Clara told us much about our great-grandparents Joseph and Elizabeth Hobbins, whose portraits they had, and about Clarence Villa, their home at West Bromwich. "It is still standing, and you should have no trouble finding it." They gave us Joseph's birth certificate, his large steel sailor's thimble, and the little gilt button from Lord Nelson's waistcoat mentioned on page 29; also Elizabeth's silk shawl and a piece of the gauze ribbon from her frilled cap, both of which appear in her portrait.

Another cousin at Torquay, Frank Ward, gave us the little sampler worked by Great-great-grandmother Syndonia (Stanton) Hobin (as she had spelled it, and as her and her husband's names are spelled in the register of the parish church at Falmouth). Frank, who has a keen faculty for unearthing family history, told us that in 1902 he had met an elderly collateral relative, Mrs. Ann (Hobbins) Sumner of Birmingham, who had in her possession more than fifty original documents relating to the early generations of the Hobbins family. They had found common ancestors in Oliver (1657–1709) and Maria Hobbins. A niece of the old lady's persuaded her to let Frank go through these papers and copy whatever he wished: items pertaining to births, deaths, and marriages; wills and inventories; land grants, transfers, and deeds; loan and rent pay-

ments; court and death rolls, and jury notices. Among the documents were darkened parchments, almost illegible, ranging from a memorandum about the will of Thomas Hobyns, dated 1536 at Worcester, down through four centuries. Examining these precious relics one by one, he took notes from which he later drafted a comprehensive genealogical chart, a copy of which he sent us with all his original notes. Among them were data concerning a tenancy agreement between Nicholas Throckmorton and Thomas Hobins of Round Alne, County Warwickshire, in 1578, the twentieth year of Elizabeth's reign; the will of Nicholas Hobbins of Great Alne, dated 1626; the inventory of Phyllis, widow of Nicholas, 1634; the apprenticeship indenture of Oliver Hobbins, Jr., 1674; a notice of a rent payment made by Joseph Hobbins to Lord Coventrie in 1768, and so on.

Where are these documents now? No one knows, though Frank Ward has endeavored to locate them. Will they ever be found after the upheavals of two world wars? One fears that, like countless other old records, they have been destroyed. Frank gave us further data which he had found in *Notes & Queries* (August 2, 1902) — entries from an old Hobbins Bible owned by three maiden sisters who lived to a great age and were connected with Worcester and Warwick. Among these entries: "Oliver Hobbins his Bible, 26 Apl. 1674" and "Alice (Hinde) Hobbins widdow died 1 June 1699 about four of the clock in the afternoon." The article further stated that there were "still in Warwickshire a few members of a Catholic yeoman family of Hobbins who for generations were free tenants of the Throckmortons." Nothing more is known about this Bible. Philip H. Johnson of London, also a cousin, loaned us some old letters and parchments and a two-volume autobiographical Notebook of his grandfather, Henry Wright.

From all this material we learned that the home of our earliest Hobbins ancestors was at Great Alne, Warwickshire (also called Round Alne), a hamlet seldom found on modern

maps. Close by is the village of Coughton, where, in the time of Henry VII (1485–1509) the building of Coughton Court manor house was begun. The house soon came to the Throckmortons, an esteemed old Catholic family that made alterations and additions until it became a stately mansion. Venerable clipped yews still stand in front of the imposing gate-tower of the west façade, which is flanked by crenellated octagonal turrets and leads into a large quadrangle, on three sides of which the building rises. On the open side beautiful gardens lead toward a river, beyond which lies part of the ancient Forest of Arden. From a chamber high in the entry tower a secret stairway leads between walls to an underground passageway far below, an avenue of escape in times of duress. This secluded mansion was one of the meeting places of the conspirators in the Gunpowder Plot of 1606. Sir Robert Throckmorton was no longer living, but his nephew Robert Catesby gave the use of the place to Sir Edward Digby and the other conspirators. In the early years of the Tudor era Thomas Hobyns was a free tenant on this domain. Indeed, Warwickshire was obviously a favorite locality of the Hobbins families. Some lived at Stratford-on-Avon, others not far away, at the old town of Alcester to the north; at the villages of Coughton and Lambourne two miles northwest, near Great Alne; and at nearby Studley, Feckenham, and Cookhill.

The old records revealed that for six generations most of the descendants of Thomas Hobyns continued to live at Great Alne; that his sixth great-grandson, William Hobin, went to Falmouth, where he married Syndonia Stanton, and their sons went to sea. We were most interested in the youngest, Joseph Hobbins, our great-grandfather, who had gone into the navy, later married Elizabeth Smith, and eventually settled in Wednesbury. We began to reconstruct the story of his life.

We followed Joseph and Elizabeth to the Midlands, to the gloomy town in the "Black Country," which we rather dreaded seeing. From the station we walked up the main street, through

the business section, and across the old market place, and then turned into Hobbins Street. The sun was bright, the sky blue, and the atmosphere clear—not what we had anticipated. The streets were clean, and the shopwindows filled with attractive goods. In the distance stood the tall stacks of foundries and factories, yet we saw little evidence of poverty. In the opposite direction rose the spire of St. Bartholomew's, and along the Tame ran a grassy park with trees and flowers, and benches here and there. This, we were told, had been converted from the ugly mounds of slag that had once been piled here. We walked up Church Street to the vicarage, to see Prebendary H. W. Jones, who had some records for us. When we remarked upon the unexpected attractiveness of Wednesbury he replied, "Ah, yes, but only thirty years ago you could not have seen blue sky and sunshine for the murkiness from soot and smoke." Then up to the church on the hill, which the family had long attended, where so many of the children had been baptized and so many of the young people married, and in whose close so many lay at rest. At its font our mother had been given the old family names of Syndonia and Josephine, feminine form of the oft-used Joseph.

At West Bromwich, where Great-grandfather had been an ironmaster, we located Clarence Villa, the red-brick Georgian house he had built after returning from his dismal experience in America. As two American strangers, we hesitated, then passed through the gate, went up the steps, and rang the bell. When we explained our mission, Madame, to our relief, graciously invited us in, saying, "Of course you must go through the house, and I'll take you around myself."

The rooms were just as Cousin Syndonia had described them—drawing room, sitting room, dining room, and, upstairs, four bedrooms. On the stair landing, as in many English houses, was the bathroom, the door of which still had the ruby-colored glass panel with a little white stag in a bosque of white trees, as "Donie" had told us. "Now would you care to see the kitchen and the yard?"

"Yes, for we've heard all about them." In England the "yard" is very different from the garden. After seeing the kitchen we stepped out into a large, brick-paved area enclosed by a high brick wall. Here were all the little utility houses of a bygone era, most of them long unused. In the center was still the old iron pump where the cat, a mouse, and birds used to share their food so long ago. Our hostess, Miss Teale, asked, "Wouldn't you like to go around the garden and afterward have lunch with us in the arbor?"

In the long garden we followed paths among flower beds, shrubs, and large trees, many of them planted by our great-grandfather. At each end of the high wall at the rear was embedded a black iron plaque incised with the letters J. H. "Joseph Hobbins!" we exclaimed. At our al fresco lunch we told of our thrill at this discovery, and Miss Teale said delightedly, "Why, we have always wondered what those letters stood for!" On leaving Clarence Villa we entered Sandwell Park, the former estate of Lord Dartmouth, the first piece of which he had sold to Joseph Hobbins Sr., opposite the parade ground where the Royal troops were annually reviewed. At the end of this delightful day we were beginning to know our great-grandparents intimately.

Next morning found us in Wolverhampton, a large industrial Midland town, looking for records of our paternal lineage in St. John's, the early Georgian church, simple and dignified, where our father's family had worshipped. In the close were numerous tombstones bearing the Jackson name; and when we found the grave of Charles Jackson, our paternal grandfather, we had the first link in this chain. On his stone were the names of four of his children. As usual, Alice read the names and dates, while Bettina entered them in our notebook and made a rough sketch of the stone, noting its location in the close. The vicar, the Reverend James Hartill, later sent us a good photograph of it. At No. 8 Dudley Street stood the house where our father was born and where our grandfather had his chemist's shop. We recalled that Grandfather's large,

decorative diploma from the Royal Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain had always hung in Father's office at home. Sir Charles Mander, mayor of the city, helped us to obtain copies of entries in the registers of St. John's and in the early city directories which enabled us to estimate the number of years that Charles Jackson had lived in Wolverhampton, and of court records of his widow's administration of the estate.

We had long known that Fanny Hurd, our paternal grandmother, was born in Ashbourne. We believed her to have been an only daughter with one brother, whose miniature we owned and on the back of which was written, "To my Mother, Dec. 25th, 1727, James Hurd." In our home had hung for many years a large portrait of an elderly English gentleman, to whom Father used to refer as "your Aunt Meg's grandpa." "Aunt Meg" was his sister. To us as children this had meant little, but years later we found written on the back of the canvas, "Charles Kingston, Ashbourne." Who was he, the subject or the artist? There was no one left who could say.

Knowing practically nothing about the Hurd family, we journeyed to Ashbourne in the hope of increasing our knowledge. Our travel diary tells of our success. On June 14, 1934, we took the morning bus to Ashbourne, on the borderline of Staffordshire and Derbyshire. The winding road led up hill and down dale, past meadows sweet with new-cut hay, past many fields of grain and wide pastures where cattle grazed, all separated by hedges. It was a beautiful agricultural country and the bus speeded along all too fast, slowing down only for an occasional herd of cattle. A crossroad signpost read "To Rugely," the town where Father had gone to school, and we wished we might follow that road into the lovely valley of the Trent. The landscape now became more hilly and more beautiful, and its beauty was enhanced by a soft blue-gray mist or a gentle shower which gave way to sunshine. Now and again the road followed a little stream or crossed the narrow Dove. We passed many comfortable farmhouses with numerous out-

buildings and country homes of red brick or local stone. Father's family came from a lovely district.

At noon we alighted in front of the Parish Church at Ashbourne, where we hoped to find some of the data we sought. St. Oswald's, a thirteenth-century church built of reddish sandstone, has a lofty central spire and double adjoining transepts. In its dim interior are many well-preserved effigy tombs of knights and ladies of the Cokayne and Boothby families. In this church Father had been baptized, but we could find no trace of our ancestors here. We asked a woman in the vestry if she knew of any graves of the Hurd family in the close. "Yes, there are many, and I'll show you where they are." When we reached the place where many of them rested, out came the notebook in which we were copying names, dates, and inscriptions, and making sketches. The earlier generations nestled close to the church, later ones lay farther away. On many stones the legends were worn or obliterated, so progress was slow. We could find no direct connections between our grandmother Fanny (Hurd) Jackson and those who had gone before her. Noon came, and we went off to seek lunch.

Resuming our search, we found just one more stone, the inscription on which read, "In memory of William Hurd. . . . Also of Mary, his wife. . . . And John, their son. . . ." It was not enlightening, yet we copied it all, or thought we had; but at the last moment, under the grass at the base, we discovered the words, "Also Edwin, Son of Charles & Fanny Jackson of Wolverhampton, & grandson to the above W. & M. Hurd." Here was the link with which we might continue the chain, since Charles and Fanny Jackson were our grandparents.

Stopping again at the church, we asked the woman if any of the Hurd family still lived in Ashbourne. "No, the last of them, Mr. Edmund Hurd's family, moved away about three years ago. Here's Mrs. Smith, who can tell you where they went." Mrs. Smith gave us the address of a friend of theirs, and a few days later came a note from Mr. Edmund Hurd,

who lived at Carshalton Beeches, Surrey. Certain that there was a family relationship, he invited us to spend a day with them. On entering their little drawing room we were astonished to see on the wall a replica—even to the gold frame—of our portrait of the unknown gentleman. "Why, who is it?" we both asked at once.

"Our common great-grandfather, William Hurd. From the outline you sent I knew immediately that we are second cousins." Cousin Edmund, too, had a flair for genealogy; he gave us a copy of the chart he had made, beginning with Edmund Hurd, who died in 1738, and Ann his wife. He said that the former rector of St. Oswald's had followed the Hurd family back through the old registers for more than four hundred years. Now many seemingly unrelated names could be linked together to form the Hurd ancestral chain. We listened to his tales of the past; saw the great teapot Josiah Wedgwood had made for his grandfather Hurd's large family; learned that our grandmother Fanny had not been an only child but one of ten; and that the modern tearoom at Ashbourne where we had lunched had but lately replaced the old family hostelry, The Green Man and the Black's Head.

Before leaving London we went out to the East End, beyond the Tower, to the old Parish church of St. Dunstan, Stepney, where begins the story of Christopher and Susan Jackson, parents of our first American ancestors. Rough fragments of the ancient city wall still exist in this vicinity; and here once stood Bishopsgate, the entry through which merchants hauled goods purchased from ships at Channel ports. Beyond the gate had nestled the hamlets of Bethnal Green and Spitalfields; and close to the outer wall a settlement of religious refugees, mostly expert silk weavers who had come from Flanders and France. An occasional old house had a continuous row of windows in the upper story, indication of a one-time weavers' loft. At the Bethnal Green Museum we saw rare old Spitalfields silks, woven by early craftsmen. A "bobby" of whom we inquired

about the bus to Stepney gave precise directions, and then asked, "But wot's the attraction in Stepney?"

"To look for our ancestors," answered we.

"A funny errand that!"

The narrow streets of Stepney wound between dingy houses. Men and women quietly went their way, and everywhere children played in the street. Thirty years earlier we had been told that it was unsafe to enter this district without police protection. Now, though poverty was apparent everywhere, we felt safe, for it was a quiet, decent poverty and we were quite unnoticed. St. Dunstan's, a sturdy, simple Gothic structure grayed by age and the soot of East London, had stood there some four centuries, staunch sentinel of fortitude and faith. In the early years it had overlooked the wide-spreading countryside and numerous villages; today it is a little island of peace in an overcrowded area populated by the laboring class.

In this very church Christopher Jackson of Mile End, just beyond the walls of London Town, had wedded Susan Johnson in 1602. And in its registers are the birth or baptismal records of their children and the notice of Christopher's burial in December, 1633. As we rested in one of the old pews the sunlight filtered through the colorful windows, imparting warmth to the gray stone walls. We tried to visualize Christopher and Susan in their wedding garments of Elizabethan style. And what had their infants' christening robes been like, we wondered.

We found the close a lovely green plot of Mother Earth in a district of docks, warehouses, factories, and tenements. Its graveled walks were bordered with fragments of timeworn gravestones, some bearing parts of names or dates, others legends that had almost weathered away. Each fragment had long ago ceased to serve as marker, and only a few upright gray-green stones indicated graves. Doubtless, in this close lay Christopher and Susan. No longer a burial ground, it was an inviting little park with gardens and trees, where tired workers and

the aged came to rest awhile in God's Acre. So we too rested, the while we contemplated the past and the present. "We must tell the Rector how pleased we are to find the ancient church and grounds so well kept." The Reverend Reginald French himself, in long black cassock, opened the rectory door and urged us to come in. He was happy over our expressions of appreciation. During 1940 and 1941 England, fighting alone, was blasted by gigantic shells, and London set ablaze by incendiary bombs. This East End was the first to be strafed by the Nazis, who mistakenly assumed that its poor would quickly collapse and create panic. Night after night, for months, heroically and stubbornly these "little people" took the infernal blitz! Among the pictures of this devastation which the American magazine *Life* published were several of the Reverend French, with children around him, walking the rubbled streets, gazing sadly at the shattered homes of his humble flock. One showed him inside his much damaged St. Dunstan's Church. In acknowledging a small help offering he wrote us in part: "We lost four churches within half a mile of here the other night. St. Dunstan's still stands, though all the windows have gone & the roof for the fourth time resembles the lid of a pepper pot . . . the Churchyard is full of great holes where large calibre bombs have fallen on six or seven occasions."

From Stepney we went to Whitechapel, once the village of White Chapel, where Edward and Frances Jackson had made their home, where he had his smithy and forged "nayles." In this neighborhood had once been little theaters, and perhaps Edward saw some of the plays of the late William Shakespeare, if he was not too much of a Puritan to indulge in such ungodly amusement.

* * * *

From Francis Jackson's *History of Newton* we had already worked out direct and collateral lines of descent from Edward and Frances, but this was only the beginning; so on our home-

ward journey we stopped at Boston to gather further data on our colonial ancestry. We went to Newton and, guided by a map on which the city engineer had outlined the area which had formerly comprised Nonantum, we walked up a high hill to Kenrick Terrace, Kenrick Street, Eliot Road, where stands the John Eliot Monument, and finally to Nonantum Street, overlooking the lower lands. Here had been the beautiful and extensive estate of our great-grandparents, the William Kenricks, and here our grandmother had grown up. Here were the Hill and the Dale where brother John Kenrick lived, places so often referred to in the letters and diaries. In the old Centre Street Cemetery, a quiet enclosure half hidden from the highway by fine old trees, we found among the long green grasses time-weathered, disintegrating gravestones of the Newton pioneers, including many of our ancestors, beginning with the brothers John and Edward. Near them are the graves of General Michael Jackson and some of his brothers and sons. On Michael's monument the inscription to his wife Ruth reads, erroneously, "In Memory of Mrs. Russell Jackson, relict of Michael Jackson . . ." The mistake was only recently discovered through comparison of this inscription with the one on Ruth's gravestone in Mortimer Cemetery, Middletown, Connecticut. On a slab which marks a family vault the last name incised is that of our grandmother, Sarah (Jackson) Hobbins. In the Kenrick lot lies Sylvia Russell. The family graves cover the period from 1681 to 1878. Near the center of the grounds is the Founders' Monument, erected in 1852, on which are inscribed, among other names, those of John and Edward. In the Newton Free Library we saw a plaque bearing a similar list of pioneers' names.

We had once heard that General Michael's legendary green silk umbrella had been deposited in this library, so asked the librarian if she knew anything about it. "Yes, I believe it is here. Wait a minute." Presently she brought out a long old brown cotton bag from which she carefully drew a huge,

staunchly built, handmade umbrella with green silk top, faded and worn. "At last, here really is Michael's umbrella!" we exclaimed. The century-old legend was verified. Later we presented a chart of our direct descent from the original owner, and the library board gave us the coveted umbrella.

We visited the old Homestead at 527 Washington Street, which Major Timothy Jackson built in 1809 on the site of Edward's "spacious mantion" of 1670, incorporating three of the original rooms. For nearly two and one-half centuries since the earlier part was erected the home has been owned or occupied by ten successive generations of the family. Edward's large farm had dwindled to a few lots with gardens and stately trees enclosed by an ornamental white picket fence. Mrs. Louise (Jackson) Keith invited us to dinner, showed us family portraits, the genealogical tree drawn by Francis Jackson, and other heirlooms. In the cellar we saw the old dry well, once Edward's "pure water well" and long afterward a station of the underground railway for fugitive slaves. This old-time home passed out of the family after 1923, but in 1949 was presented to Newton to be restored and preserved as a local museum and center of historical interest.

At Cambridge we called on the Patrick Tracy Jacksons in their beautiful late-colonial home on Brattle Street. They are descendants of Jonathan I, eldest son of Edward Sr. and brother of Sebas, our direct forefather. From Jonathan have descended many noteworthy men and women. Later we visited Harvard University, to which Edward Sr. had bequeathed land and part of his "liberary" when the "colledge" was young and poor.

The material for the history of our ancestry was now ready to be organized. We reread the old letters and diaries; wrote down our recollections of the generations immediately preceding us; and reviewed the early days of Madison, to which the families came in 1853 and 1854, and where many remained. While we worked, additional material came to us, as toward a magnet: Mrs. Whipple's letters to Sylvia Russell; old photographs which were identified as members of earlier genera-

tions; letters, wills, and other documents, or copies of them. A dozen pieces of family silver of the Georgian period were given us. From England came Henry Wright's Notebook, Syndonia Hobin's sampler, and the oil portraits of our great-grandparents Joseph and Elizabeth Hobbins, which had survived the bombings of World War II. Excerpts from diaries, notebooks, and letters, other records, and family traditions all had to be put together in proper sequence. In the succeeding pages are listed the numerous genealogies and other sources which we consulted, also the personal objects mentioned in the narrative which are still extant.

Our book was not to be a statistical genealogy with lists of names and dates and puzzling sets of numerals. We wished it to be the true story of our several families: where they came from, something about their backgrounds and their lives, and how they were eventually united. It was to be a narrative genealogy.

We had many of the thrills that compilation of one's family history brings: the receipt of helpful items from unexpected sources; the discovery of unknown ancestral portraits; the verifying of family traditions; the pleasure of meeting newly found cousins; and the bringing to life, as it were, of interesting ancestral personages. Furthermore, there is the satisfaction of having put into permanent form valuable family records that otherwise would doubtless be lost.

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Unless otherwise specified the extant objects mentioned in the story are in the possession of the authors. Those followed by numbers in parentheses are owned by the following persons and institutions:

(1) *page 14.* A member of the E. B. Manwaring family
(2) *page 15.* Russell H. Porter, Paris
(3) *page 15.* Louis M. Hobbins, Madison, Wisconsin
(4) *page 20.* Jackson Clinic, Madison, Wisconsin
(5) *page 21.* Jackson Clinic, Madison, Wisconsin
(6) *page 34.* Louis M. Hobbins, Madison, Wisconsin
(7) *page 38.* Edmund Hurd, Carshalton Beeches, England
(8) *page 52.* Jackson Clinic, Madison, Wisconsin
(9) *page 123.* Robert Fenwick Jackson, Litchfield, Connecticut.
(10) *page 123.* The original silhouette is in the possession of Mr. Herbert M. Bacon, Newton, Massachusetts.
(11) *page 142.* The authors own a cup and saucer from this set.
(12) *page 158.* This portrait hangs in the Director's Room of Massachusetts Horticultural Hall, Boston.
(13) *page 179.* Mary W. Porter, Oxford, England
(14) *page 290.* This old letter, owned by the authors, still contains the little sprig of juniper.

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